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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

- ART. I.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to make Inquiries relating to Smithfield Market, and the Markets in the City of London for the Sale of Meat.* London. 1850.
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IF, early on a summer morning before the smoke of countless fires had narrowed the horizon of the metropolis, a spectator were to ascend to the top of St. Paul's, and take his stand upon the balcony, that with gilded rail flashes like a fringe of fire upon the summit of the dome, he would see sleeping beneath his feet the greatest camp of men upon which the sun has ever risen. As far as he could distinguish by the morning light he would behold stretched before him the mighty map of the metropolis; and could he ascend still higher, he would note the stream of life overflowing the brim of hills which enclose the basin in which it stands.

In the space swept by his vision would lie the congregated habitations of two millions and a half of his species—but how vain are figures to convey an idea of so immense a multitude. If Norway, stretching from the Frozen Ocean down to the southern extremity of the North Sea, were to summon all its people to one vast conclave, they would number little more than half the souls within the London bills of mortality. Switzerland, in her thousand valleys,

valleys, could not muster such an army; and even busy Holland, within her mast-thronged harbours, humming cities, and populous plains, could barely overmatch the close-packed millions within sound of the great bell at his feet. As the spectator gazed upon this extraordinary prospect, the first stir of the awakening city would gradually steal upon his ear. The rumbling of wheels, the clang of hammers, the clear call of the human voice, all deepening by degrees into a confused hum, would proclaim that the mighty city was once more rousing to the labour of the day, and the blue columns of smoke climbing up to heaven that the morning meal was at hand. At such a moment the thought would naturally arise in his mind,—In what manner is such an assemblage victualled? By what complicated wheels does all the machinery move by which two millions and a half of human beings sit down day by day to their meals as regularly and quietly as though they only formed a snug little party at Lovegrove's on a summer's afternoon? As thus he mused respecting the means by which the supply and demand of so vast a multitude is brought to agree, so that every one is enabled to procure exactly what he wants, at the exact time, without loss to himself or injury to the community; thin lines of steam, sharply marked for the moment, as they advanced one after another from the horizon and converged towards him, would indicate the arrival of the great commissariat trains, stored with produce from all parts of these isles and from the adjacent continent. Could his eye distinguish in addition the fine threads of that far-spreading web which makes London the most sensitive spot on the earth, he would be enabled to take in at a glance the two agents—steam and electricity—which keep the balance true between the wants and the supply of London.

If our spectator will now descend from his giddy height, and will accompany us among the busy haunts of men, we will attempt to point out to him whence those innumerable commodities, which he has seen pouring into the town, have been obtained, the chief marts to which they are consigned, and the manner in which they are distributed from house to house. Had London like Paris its octroi, the difficulty of our task would be limited to the mere display of official figures, but, thanks to a free policy, we have no such means of getting at strictly accurate estimates, and must therefore content ourselves with the results of patient inquiry among the foremost carriers—the railway companies—aided by such other information as we have been able to procure. For the sake of convenience, and of sequence, let us imagine that the principal daily meal is proceeding, and, according to the order of the courses, we will endeavour to trace the



the various edibles to their source—the fish to its sea—the beast to its pasture—the wild animal to its lair—the game to its cover—and the fruit to its orchard ; to point out how they are netted, fattened, bagged, gathered, and conveyed to their ultimate destination—the *great red lane* of London humanity. Let us begin with fish, and that unrivalled fish-market which all the world is aware rears its head by London Bridge.

Those who remember old Billingsgate, with its tumble-down wharf, and dock half choked with corruption and oyster-shells—a dirty remnant of the days of Elizabeth—will enter with pleasure Mr. Bunning's new market. Through its Italian colonnade are seen the masts of the fishing smacks; and the brown wharves of the opposite side—a pleasing picture, which instantly fixes the artistic eye. The busy scene within the market, between the hours of five and seven in the morning, is one of the marvels of the metropolis. Billingsgate is the only wholesale fish-market in London, and it may therefore be imagined how great must be the business transacted within its walls. Of old nine-tenths of the supply came by way of the river, the little that came by land being conveyed from the coast, at great expense, in four-horse vans. Now the railways are day by day supplanting smacks, and in many cases steamers ; for by means of its iron arms, London, whilst its millions slumber, grasps the produce of every sea that beats against our island coast, and ere they have uprisen it is drawn to a focus in this central mart. Thus every night in the season the hardy fishermen of Yarmouth catch a hundred tons (12,081 yearly), principally herring, which, by means of the Eastern Counties Railway, are next morning at Billingsgate. The South-Western Railway sends up annually, with the same speed, 4000 tons of mackerel and other fish, the gatherings of the south coast. The North-Western collects over night the 'catch' from Ireland, Scotland, and the north-east coast of England, and adds to the Thames-street mart 3578 tons, principally of salmon, whilst the Great Northern delivers to the early morning market, or sometimes later in the day, 3248 tons of like sea produce. The Great Western brings up the harvests of the Cornish and Devonshire coasts, chiefly mackerel and pilchards, to the amount of 1560 tons in the year ; and the Brighton and South Coast conveys the incredible number of 15,000 bushels of oysters, besides 4000 tons of other fish. Nearly one-half in fact of the fish-supply of London, instead of following as of old the tedious route of the coast, is hurried in the dead of night across the length and breadth of the land to Billingsgate, and, before the large consumers in Tyburnia and Belgravia have left their beds, may be seen either lying on

the marble slabs of the fishmongers, or penetrating on the peripatetic barrow of the costermonger into the dismal lanes and alleys inhabited by 'London Labour and the London Poor.' These prodigious gleanings from what Goldsmith might well call the 'finny deep,' are conveyed from the termini in spring-vans, drawn by two and occasionally by four horses. Salmon comes in boxes, herrings in barrels, and all other kinds of fish in baskets. Sometimes as many as sixty of these vans will arrive in the narrow street leading to the market in the course of two or three hours, and the scene of confusion occasioned by their rushing among the fishmongers' carts and the costermongers' barrows, the latter often amounting to more than a thousand, is almost as great as that at Smithfield; for the fish, like the live-stock trade, has long outgrown its mart, and Billingsgate, as much as Smithfield, is choked for want of space. Let the visitor beware how he enters it in a good coat, for, as sure as he goes in in broad cloth, he will come out in *scale* armour. They are not polite at Billingsgate, as all the world knows, and 'by your leave' is only a preliminary to your hat being knocked off your head by a bushel of oysters or a basket of crabs. In the early part of the morning, the traffic is carried on in comparative quiet, for the regular fishmongers, who have the first of the market, conduct their business with little disturbance, but it would gladden the heart of a Dutch painter to see the piled produce of a dozen different seas glittering with silver and brilliant with colour. Gigantic salmon, fresh caught from the firths and bays of Scotland, or from the productive Irish seas, flounder about, as the boxes in which they have travelled disgorge them upon the board. Quantities of delicate red mullet, that have been hurried up by the Great Western, all the way from Cornwall, for the purpose of being furnished fresh to the fastidious palates at the West End; smelts brought by the Dutch boats, their delicate skins varying in hue like an opal as you pass; pyramids of lobsters, a moving mass of spiteful claws and restless feelers, savage at their late abduction from some Norwegian fiord; great heaps of pinky shrimps; turbot, that lately fattened upon the Doggerbank, with their white bellies bent as for some tremendous leap; and humbler plaice and dabs, from our own craft—all this bountiful accumulation forms a mingled scene of strange forms and vivid colours, that no one with an eye for the picturesque can contemplate without interest. Neither is the scene always one of still life, for it is no rare occurrence for the visitor to behold a yelling knot of men dragging with ropes through the excited crowd a royal sturgeon, nine feet in length. If the spectator now peeps down the large square opening into the  
dismal

dismal space below, which appears like the hold of a ship lately recovered from the deep, he will see the shell-fish market, where piles of blue-black muscles, whelks, and grey cockles turned up with yellow, give the place a repulsive aspect of dirt and slop. There are but few buyers seen here, and they are generally women belonging to the costermonger class, for the men rather disdain the shell-fish trade. These female itinerants may be noticed wandering about from basket to basket, occasionally gouging out a whelk from the shell with the thumb, to test the lot, and then passing on to the next.

Busiest among the busy is seen the 'Bommeree,' or middleman—sometimes called the forestaller. The province of this individual is to purchase the fish as it comes into the market, and divide it into lots to suit large and small buyers, separating the qualities according as they are designed for St. James's or St. Giles's. These worthies used at one time to forestall the market extensively, when they felt certain, from the state of the tide, that no fish supplies could be poured in for the day, but now the railway defeats their tactics, and the utter uncertainty of the arrivals has done away with this branch of their business. After the 'trade' has been supplied, and the serge-aproned 'regulars' have loaded their light spring carts, there comes, especially in certain fish seasons, an eruption of purchasers of a totally different character—the costermongers of the streets. This nomade tribe, which wanders in thousands from market to market, performs a most important part in the distribution of food. They are for the greater part the tradesmen of the poor, and by their energy and enterprise secure to our working-classes many of the fruits of both sea and land, which they would never taste but for them. About seven o'clock the army of street-vendors, foot and 'donkey,' for the greater number rattle up in barrows drawn by that useful animal, begin visibly to change the whole hue and appearance of the place. Young fellows in fustian coats and Belcher handkerchiefs throng the market, and board the smacks, 'chaffing,' higgling, joking, and swearing—but never fighting, for the costermonger has too much to do at present to make physical demonstrations. Among the most eager of the itinerant salesmen the visitor speedily distinguishes the Judaic nose. The Hebrews, who are in great force about this neighbourhood on account of the dried-fruit trade, which is mainly in their hands, deal largely also in fish. The poorer members of the fraternity purchase the bigger portion of the fresh-water supply, such as plaice, roach, dace, &c., in fact, nearly everything caught by the Wandsworth fisherman, whose picturesque 'bawley' boats, which often contain both his family and



and fortune, may generally be seen moored in the stream between Battersea reach and Kew bridge, a mass of brown nets and umber canopies lit up by the brilliant red caps of their owners, just such as Constable loved to paint in the foregrounds of his landscapes. These fish, if not alive, must at least retain the spasmodic quivering of the flesh which remains immediately after death, or the Jews will not buy, for reasons we suppose connected with their religion, since their chief trade is among the rich and poor of their own people. The Wandsworth fishermen also supply all the white-bait that is consumed at Greenwich and Blackwall: it is caught generally between the latter place and Woolwich at night, and it is singular that a fish which is among the most delicate we have should flourish in one of the foulest parts of the foulest river in Europe. The area of the market, as soon as the costermongers appear, speedily becomes broken up into numbers of little circles, strictly intent upon the eye of individuals who take up a position high over their heads upon the boards or stands. These are the salesmen, disposing by auction of the fish consigned to them. Some of the dealers are moneyed men, and will lay out their fifty pounds of a morning, re-selling to their fellows again at a profit. The smaller capitalists combine in threes and fours, and thus manage to get their commodities at wholesale prices. The activity of the market mainly depends upon the season of the year and the amount of fish. The energy of these peripatetics is surprising: they look in at Billingsgate, and if the supply runs short they are off again immediately to Covent-Garden, for they deal in everything, and the barrow that one morning you see filled with fresh herrings, the next is blooming with plums. If, on the contrary, a large cargo of sprats comes suddenly into London, or if soles should be unusually plentiful, it is known in an incredibly short space of time all over the town, and they flock to the market in thousands; as many as five thousand is the usual attendance on such occasions. These costermongers absorb more than a third of the whole Billingsgate supply; of sprats and fresh herrings they take fully two-thirds. Turbot and all the costlier fish they purchase sparingly, but they buy largely when it chances to be cheap, as in the cholera year of 1849, when prime salmon went a-begging at four-pence a pound! If the market is dull, and prices are high, the fact is speedily known, and the cry of 'No smacks at the Gate' is sufficient to turn the current immediately in the direction of the 'Garden.'

Steam, as we have already intimated, has revolutionized the fish-trade, and is rapidly sweeping away the whole fleet of  
smacks

smacks propelled by sails, as ruthlessly as the rail did stage-coaches. A few years ago all the oysters were brought by water to Billingsgate; but a short time since a great natural bed, called the Mid Channel Bed, which stretches for forty miles between the ports of Shoreham and Havre, was discovered, and, the dredging-ground being free to all comers, a vast field of wealth has been opened to fishermen, especially as from the proximity of the Brighton and South Coast Railway the produce can be sent immediately to town, and escape the dues of metage and other tolls to which all fish landed at the market is liable. Seaborne oysters are thus placed at a great disadvantage, and the different companies owning them justly complain at a city exaction which takes a large sum annually out of their pockets, besides the charge for portage it entails upon the purchasers. Mr. Alston, who is, without doubt, the largest oyster-fisher in the world, sent up last year between 40,000 and 50,000 bushels from his fishery Cheyney Rock, near Sheerness, and paid 800*l.* for metage. The whole trade paid no less than 3000*l.*, and this for services which their own men could do as well themselves, were it not for a custom which enforces idleness upon the smack people.\*

The 'scuttle-mouths,' as they are termed from their huge shell, pay no attention to season, and consequently oyster-day has now in a great degree lost its significance. The 4th of August is still, it is true, the opening day at Billingsgate, but the supply from without has taken the wind out of its sails. Only those who have witnessed the crowds filling all the streets leading to the Market long before the hour of business—6 o'clock in the morning—can understand the eagerness exhibited of old to obtain some of the first day's oysters. All this is now gone. There were not more than eighteen smacks at the opening of the present year, and, few as were the arrivals, the buyers were not eager. The Mid-Channel oysters, which have thus disturbed the old trade, are of a large and by no means delicate kind, such as come from Tenby, Jersey, &c.—coarse fish, eaten by rough men—third-class oysters, in fact, which rarely penetrate to the West End, unless to make sauce. Real Natives are greater aristocrats among their fellows than ever; the demand for them

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\* If the spectator, while leaning over the rail of the wharf and watching 'Oyster Street,' as the costermongers call the line of oyster-boats moored side by side, has ever been at a loss to understand why it is that in the very height of the market, when the decks are crowded with purchasers, the sailors are seen hanging about the boats, or seated upon the bulwarks, taking their morning pipes, whilst the duty of measuring and carrying the oysters is being performed by the 'Fellowships' belonging to the corporation of London, he will now know the reason. Steam will, however, surely abolish many of these city abuses, and rail-borne oysters will lend their powerful aid to rail-borne coal in abolishing regulations which are not in accordance with the emancipated spirit of the age.

has for a long time far exceeded the supply, and the price has consequently risen. Of the birth, parentage, and nurture of this delicate fish, a curious tale could be told. Designed for fastidious palates, much care and attention is bestowed upon its breeding. The *habitué* of the Opera, who strolls up the brilliantly lighted Haymarket towards midnight, and turns in to any one of the fish supper-rooms that line its western side, little dreams of the organisation at work to enable him to enjoy his native. Most of the oysters, with the exception of the Mid-Channel bed, are regularly cultivated by different companies, who rear and tend them at different parts of the south coast and of the Thames at its mouth. Of these companies there are nine, in addition to individuals who possess and work what might be called sea-farms, several of which are miles in extent. In all the beds there is a certain space dedicated to natives. At Burnham, Essex, the 'spat,' or fecundated sperm, is stored in large pits, and sold as native brood, which is afterwards 'laid' in that portion of the different beds appropriated to privileged oysters. Here the young natives remain for three years, when they are generally brought to market. So far their education is left, in a certain degree, to nature; but once in the possession of the fish-shopkeepers, art steps in to perfect their condition. They are now stored in large shallow vats, being carefully laid with their proper sides uppermost, and supplied daily with oatmeal: a process which is calculated rather to fatten than to flavour, and there are many who think that, like show cattle, they are none the better for over-feeding. 'Natives' packed in barrels form one of the articles of food that is largely sent out of London into the country, as all persons know who travel much at Christmas-time, and notice with astonishment the pyramids of oyster-barrels which crowd the platforms of all the termini of the metropolis.

The frying-pans of London are mainly supplied with soles all the year round by the trolling-boats of Barking, of which there are upwards of 150 belonging to different companies. They fish the North Sea off the coasts of Yorkshire and Holland, particularly the Silver and Brown banks. Of old the smacks used to carry their own catch to Billingsgate, but the loss of time was so great, that latterly fast-sailing cutters have been employed to attend upon the fishing-smacks and bring their produce to market packed in ice. Of this splendid craft, which can sail almost in the eye of the wind, there are 40; and the total number of seamen employed is not less than 2000, the greater part of whom have been taken as boys from the workhouse and trained by this capital service into first-rate seamen. It is curious to follow  
the



the small proceedings of the world into their ultimate results. The gastronome, smiling complacently as he withdraws the cover and reveals a well-browned pair of soles, would never guess that they and their kind are the immediate cause of a happy transmutation of parish burthens into the right arm of our strength. Eels are constantly imported to Billingsgate by the Dutch boats. The galliots never moor close alongside the wharf, as the wells in which they bring their fish alive cause them to draw too much water, but they anchor midway in the stream, by twos and threes—their brown sides, flat bows with high cheek-bones like their navigators, and bright verd-green rudders, adding to the picturesque appearance of the river. The great fat creatures brought by them mainly supply the eel-pie houses, and contribute largely, we are informed, to that oleaginous kind of soup which people too hungry to be curious mistake for veritable oxtail and calves' head. The Dutch boats do not, however, confine themselves to eels. They deal in turbot, soles, and all kinds of flat-fish, such as frequent the Dogger Bank, much to the discredit of our native enterprise, neglecting, as we do, the splendid deep-sea fishing-ground off the south-west coast of Ireland, where cod and salmon are to be found in abundant quantities, whilst those who know the west coast well, declare there is turbot enough in Galway Bay 'to supply the whole of Europe for the next hundred years.'

We believe, however, it is now in contemplation to go to work upon a large scale in those waters, having screw-steamers to collect the produce and bring it to Milford Haven alive in wells, from which port it would come, *viâ* the South Wales and Great Western Railways, to Billingsgate within twenty-four hours after it was caught. The value of screw-steamers having capacious wells has been fully tested by Mr. Howard, of Manningtree, Essex, who fitted an engine and screw into one of his welled fishing-smacks. Scarcely a lobster, out of twenty thousand put alive into the boat, was lost, whilst large numbers of those brought in sailing smacks perish. The last week in July of the present year he tried the experiment of bringing salmon alive from Sir James Matheson's salmon fishery in the Lewis Islands, Scotland, to Grimsby, and on the 1st of August they were sold in Billingsgate for 1s. 2d. per lb., while, on the same morning, salmon of the same size brought in ice sold for 6½d. per lb. Cod and other fish are brought alive with the same success in the welled steamers from the North Sea and the coasts of Scotland. It is almost time that some new ground were found in place of the famous Dogger Bank, which has now been preyed upon by so many nations for centuries, and has supplied so many generations

rations of Catholics and Protestants with fast and feast food. No better proof that its stores are failing could be given than the fact that, although the ground, counting the Long Bank and the north-west flat in its vicinity, covers 11,800 square miles, and that in fine weather it is fished by the London companies with from fifteen to twenty dozen of long lines, extending to ten or twelve miles, and containing from 9000 to 12,000 hooks, it is yet not at all common to secure even as many as four score fish of a night—a poverty which can be better appreciated when we learn that 600 fish for 800 hooks is the catch for deep-sea fishing about Kinsale.

Towards the latter end of August the great herring season commences. Yarmouth is the chief seat of this branch of the piscatory trade. Every night when the weather is fine the fishermen of this old port ‘shoot’ upwards of 300 square miles of net. Neptune in his ample arms never gave the ocean so magnificent an embrace. The produce of this wholesale sweeping of the sea is brought to town by the Eastern Counties Railway. They come up to Billingsgate packed in barrels and in bulk, and the number sold in the year seems almost fabulous, being upwards of a *billion*. Next to the herring fishery the sea-harvest of most importance to the poor of London is that of sprats, which come in about Lord Mayor’s day, and it is a popular belief that the first dish is always sent to the chief magistrate of the city. If a telegraph were to be laid down to all the alleys and courts, the fact of a large arrival of these little creatures at Billingsgate would not be sooner made known to the lower orders than, by some mysterious process, it is at present. Mr. Goldham, the clerk of the market, accustomed as he is to the sudden invasions of the costermongers, informs us that the scene on board the smacks laden with sprats is really frightful. The people hang thick as sea-weed from the rigging, throng the decks, and swarm on every available inch of plank, until the wonder is that the whole of the puny fleet does not capsize with the weight. The cause of the scramble is that the street sellers will not buy until they have seen the sample, and every one consequently tries to gain the highest point, that he may look down into the hold whilst a man tumbles about the sprats with a shovel in silver showers. The plaice season succeeds to that of sprats, with the interval of mackerel, which continues until the end of May, when Scotland and Ireland begin to pass down their salmon into the market. But where do all the lobsters come from? The lovers of this most delicious of the crustaceæ tribe will probably be astonished to learn that they are mainly brought from Norway. France and the Channel Islands, Orkney and Shetland, do,



do, it is true, contribute a few to the metropolitan market, but full two-thirds are reluctantly, and with much pinching and twisting, dragged out of the thousand rock-bound inlets which indent the Norwegian coast. They are conveyed alive in a screw-steamer and by smacks in baskets, sometimes to the extent of 20,000 of a night, to Great Grimsby, and are thence forwarded to town by the Great Northern Railway—another ten thousand arriving perhaps from points on our own and the French coast. The fighting, twisting, blue-black masses are taken as soon as purchased to what are termed ‘the boiling-houses,’ of which there are four, situated in Duck and Love Lanes, close to the market, and here, for a trifling sum per score, they change their dark for scarlet uniforms. They are plunged into the boiling cauldron, basket and all, and in twenty minutes they are done. Crabs are cooked in the same establishments, but their nervous systems are so acute, that they dash off their claws in convulsive agony if placed alive in hot water. To prevent this mutilation, which would spoil their sale, they are first killed by the insertion of a needle through the head. The lobster trade is mostly in the hands of one salesman, Mr. Saunders, of Thames Street, who often has upwards of 15,000 consigned to him of a morning, and who causes no less than 15,000*l.* a-year to flow into the fishy palms of Norwegians for this single article of commerce. As to the total supply of fish to the London market, we borrow the following estimate from Mr. Mayhew’s very clever book on ‘London Labour and the London Poor.’ The figures seemed to us at first sight so enormous, that we hesitatingly submitted the table to one of the largest salesmen, who assured us that it was no overstatement:—

Description of Fish.	No. of Fish.	Weight of Fish.
<i>Wet Fish.</i>		<i>lbs.</i>
Salmon and salmon trout (29,000 boxes, 14 fish } per box) . . . . .	406,000	3,480,000
Live cod (averaging 10 lbs. each) . . . . .	400,000	4,000,000
Soles (averaging $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each) . . . . .	97,520,000	26,880,000
Whiting (averaging 6 oz. each) . . . . .	17,920,000	6,720,000
Haddock (averaging 2 lbs. each) . . . . .	2,470,000	5,040,000
Plaice (averaging 1 lb. each) . . . . .	33,600,000	33,600,000
Mackerel (averaging 1 lb. each) . . . . .	23,520,000	23,520,000
Fresh herrings (250,000 barrels, 700 fish per } barrel) . . . . .	175,000,000	42,000,000
Ditto in bulk . . . . .	1,050,000,000	252,000,000
Sprats. . . . .	.....	4,000,000
Eels from Holland (principally), England, and } Ireland (6 fish per lb.) . . . . .	9,797,760	{ 1,505,280 127,680
Flounders (7,200 quarterns, 36 fish per qtn.)	259,200	43,200
Dabs (7,500 quarterns, 36 fish per quartern)	270,000	48,750

*Dry*

Description of Fish.	No. of Fish.	Weight of Fish.
<i>Dry Fish.</i>		lbs.
Barrelled cod (15,000 barrels, 40 fish per barrel)	750,000	4,200,000
Dried salt cod (5 lbs. each) . . . . .	1,600,000	8,000,000
Smoked haddock (65,000 barrels, 300 fish per barrel) . . . . .	19,500,000	10,920,000
Bloaters (265,000 baskets, 150 fish per basket)	147,000,000	10,600,000
Red herrings (100,000 barrels, 500 fish per barrel)	50,000,000	14,000,000
Dried sprats (9,600 large bundles, 30 fish per bundle) . . . . .	288,000	96,000
<i>Shell Fish.</i>		
Oysters . . . . .	495,896,000	....
Lobsters (averaging 1 lb. each fish) . . . . .	1,200,000	1,200,000
Crabs (averaging 1 lb. each fish) . . . . .	600,000	600,000
Shrimps (324 to a pint) . . . . .	498,428,648	....
Whelks (227 to half bushel) . . . . .	4,943,200	....
Mussels (1,000 to half bushel) . . . . .	50,400,000	....
Cockles (2,000 to half bushel) . . . . .	67,392,000	....
Periwinkles (4,000 to half bushel) . . . . .	304,000,000	....

And now for the *pièce de résistance*.

London has always been celebrated for the excellence of its meat, and her sons do justice to it; at least it has become the universal impression that they consume more, man for man, than any other town population in the world. It was a sirloin, fresh and ruddy, hanging at the door of some Giblett or Slater in a former century, that inspired, we suspect, the song which ever since has stirred Englishmen in a foreign land, 'The Roast Beef of Old England.' The visitor accustomed to the markets of our large provincial towns would doubtless expect to find the emporium of the live-stock trade for so vast a population of an imposing size. The foreigner, after seeing the magnificence of our docks—the solidity and span of our bridges—might naturally look for a national exposition of our greatness in the chief market dedicated to that British beef which is the boast of John Bull. What they do see in reality, if they have courage to wend their way along any of the narrow tumble-down streets approaching to Smithfield, which the great fire unfortunately spared, is an irregular space bounded by dirty houses and the ragged party-walls of demolished habitations, which give it the appearance of the site of a recent conflagration—the whole space comprising just six acres, fifteen perches, roads and public thoroughfares included. Into this narrow area, surrounded with slaughter-houses, triperies, bone-boiling houses, gut-scraperies, &c., the mutton-chops, scrags, saddles, legs, sirloins, and rounds, which grace the smiling boards of our noble imperial capital throughout the year, have, for the major part, been goaded and contused for the

the benefit of the civic corporation installed at Guildhall. Thanks to the common sense which has at length lifted up its potential voice, the days of Smithfield are numbered, and those who wish to see this enormous aggregation of edible quadrupeds before it takes its departure to its spacious new abode at Copenhagen Fields must not delay the visit much longer. The best time is early in the morning—say one or two o'clock of the 'great day,' as the last market before Christmas-day is called. On this occasion, not only the space—calculated to hold 4100 oxen and 30,000 sheep, besides calves and pigs—is crammed, but the approaches around it overflow with live stock for many hundred feet, and sometimes the cattle are seen blocking up the passage as far as St. Sepulchre's church. If the stranger can make his way through the crowd, and by means of some vantage-ground or door-step can manage to raise himself a few feet above the general level, he sees before him in one direction, by the dim red light of hundreds of torches, a writhing party-coloured mass, surmounted by twisting horns, some in rows, tied to rails which run along the whole length of the open space, some gathered together in one struggling knot. In another quarter, the moving torches reveal to him now and then, through the misty light, a couple of acres of living wool, or roods of pigs' skins. If he ventures into this closely wedged and labouring mass, he is enabled to watch more narrowly the reason of the universal ferment among the beasts. The drover with his goad is forcing the cattle into the smallest possible compass, and a little further on half a dozen men are making desperate efforts to drag refractory oxen up to the rails with ropes. In the scuffle which ensues the slipping of the ropes often snaps the fingers of the persons who are conducting the operation, and there is scarce a drover in the market who has not had some of his digits broken. The sheep, squeezed into hurdles like figs into a drum, lie down upon each other, 'and make no sign;' the pigs, on the other hand, cry out before they are hurt. This scene, which has more the appearance of a hideous nightmare than a weekly exhibition in a civilised country, is accompanied by the barking of dogs, the bellowing of cattle, the cursing of men, and the dull blows of sticks—a charivari of sound that must be heard to be appreciated. The hubbub gradually abates from 12 o'clock at night, the time of opening, to its close at 3 P.M. next day; although during the whole period, as fresh lots are 'headed up,' individual acts of cruelty continue. Can it excite surprise that a state of things, the worst details of which we have suppressed, because of the pain which such horrors excite, sometimes so injures the stock that, to quote the words of one of the witnesses before the Smithfield Commission, 'a grazier will not know his own beast four days after it has left him'? The meat  
itself



itself suffers in quality; for anything like fright or passion is well known to affect the blood, and consequently the flesh. Beasts subjected to such disturbances will often turn green within twenty-four hours after death. Mr. Slater, the well-known butcher of Kensington and Jermyn Street, states that mutton is often so disfigured by blows and the goad that it cannot be sold for the West-end tables. Many of the drovers we doubt not are ruffians, but we believe the greater part of this cruelty is to be ascribed to the market-place itself, which, considering the immense amount of business to be got through on Mondays and Fridays, is absurdly and disgracefully confined. According to the official account, the number of live stock exhibited in 1853 was—

Oxen.	Sheep.	Calves.	Pigs.	Total.
294,571	1,518,040	36,791	29,593	1,893,888

But this is far from giving a true idea of the whole amount brought into London. Much stock arrives in the capital which never enters the great mart. For example, Mr. Slater, who kills per week, on the average, 200 sheep and from 20 to 25 oxen, says, in his evidence before the Smithfield Commission, that he buys a great deal of his stock from the graziers in Norfolk and Essex. Again, 'town' pigs are slaughtered and sent direct to the meat market, while many sheep are bought from the parks, where they have been temporarily placed till they find a purchaser. A much more correct estimate of the flocks and herds which are annually consumed in London may be gathered from a report of the numbers transmitted by the different lines of railway, compiled from official sources by Mr. Ormandy, the cattle-traffic manager of the North-Western Railway. From this able pamphlet we extract the following table:—

	Oxen.	Sheep.	Calves.	Pigs.	Total for 1853.
By Eastern Counties . .	81,744	277,735	3,492	23,427	386,398
„ L. & N. Western . .	70,435	248,445	5,113	24,287	348,280
„ Great Northern . . .	15,439	120,333	563	8,973	145,308
„ Great Western . . .	6,813	104,607	2,320	2,909	116,649
„ L. & S. Western . . .	4,885	100,960	1,781	516	108,142
„ South Eastern . . . .	875	58,320	114	142	59,451
„ L. & B. & S. Coast .	863	13,690	117	54	14,724
„ Sea from North of Eng- land and Scotland . . }	14,662	11,141	421	3,672	29,896
„ Sea from Ireland . . .	2,311	3,472	21	5,476	11,280
Imported from the Conti- nent . . . . .	55,065	229,918	25,720	10,131	320,834
Driven in by road, and from the neighbourhood of the metropolis (obtained from the toll-gate lessees) . . }	69,096	462,172	62,114	48,265	641,647
Total . . . . .	322,188	1,630,793	101,776	127,852	2,182,609

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These numbers show at a glance what a part the railway plays in supplying animal food to the metropolis, and how trifling in comparison is the amount that travels up on foot. The Eastern Counties lines, penetrating and monopolising the rich breeding and fattening districts of Norfolk and Essex, bring up the largest share. Many of the little black cattle, that tourists see in Scotland climbing the hills like cats, come directly from these counties, having some months before been sent thither from their native north to clothe their bones with English substance. By the same line we receive a fair portion of that great foreign contribution to our larders, the mere shadow of which so frightened our graziers some years ago, principally Danish stock, which finds its way from Tønning to Lowestoff, a route newly opened up by the North of Europe Steam-ship Company. The North-Western is next in rank as a carrier of live stock. This line takes in the contributions from the midland counties, and, by way of Liverpool, abundance of Irish and Scotch cattle. The Great Northern is perhaps destined to surpass both in the quantities of food it will eventually pour into London, running as it does through the northern breeding districts, and receiving at its extremity the herds which come from Aberdeen and its neighbourhood.

The foreign supply last year of cattle, sheep, pigs, and calves was more than a seventh of the entire number sent to London. The Daily Bill of Entries at the Custom House furnishes us with a valuable indication of the fields from which we have already received, and may in future expect to receive still further additions of what Englishmen greatly covet—good beef and mutton at a moderate price. The arrivals by steam in the port of London in 1853 were as follows:—

	Oxen.	Sheep.	Calves.	Pigs.	Total.
From Holland . . . . .	40,538	172,730	24,280	9,370	246,918
„ Denmark . . . . .	9,487	7,515	60	..	17,062
„ Hanseatic Towns . . .	4,366	37,443	1	632	42,442
„ Belgium . . . . .	449	12,006	1,244	..	13,699
„ France . . . . .	105	224	135	129	593
„ Portugal . . . . .	100	..	..	..	100
„ Spain . . . . .	17	..	..	..	17
„ Russia . . . . .	3	..	..	..	3
Total . . . . .	55,065	229,918	25,720	10,131	320,834

Holland, Denmark, and the Hanseatic Towns, it will be seen, were the principal contributors. A more striking example of the influence of the legislation of one country in modifying the occupations

occupations of the people of another could not be cited, than the manner in which Sir Robert Peel's tariff revolutionized the character of Danish and Dutch farming. Before 1844 the pastures of the two countries, more especially the rich marshes of Holland, were almost exclusively devoted to dairy purposes: the abolition of the duty on live stock in that year quickly introduced a new state of things. The farmers began to breed stock, and consequently turnips and mangel-wurzel have been creeping over fields, where once the dairy-maid carried the milking-pail, as gradually as one landscape succeeds another in the Polytechnic dissolving views. We get now from both countries excellent beef, especially from Jutland, whose lowing herds used formerly to go to Hamburg—and who has not heard of the famous Hambro' beef? We may expect in time to receive still finer meat from this quarter, for the Danes have been sedulously improving their breed, and agriculturists, who saw the beasts which were sent over to the last Baker-street show, admitted that they were in every respect equal to our own short-horns. It is gratifying to note how ready the world is to follow our lead in the matter of stock-breeding. Bulls are bought up at fabulous prices by foreigners, and especially by our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, for the purpose of raising the indigenous cattle to the British standard. An American, for instance, purchased last year, for 1000*l.*, the celebrated bull bred by Earl Ducie, though unfortunately the animal broke his neck on his passage out. Another noble specimen was secured, we have heard, for the same quarter, for 600*l.*

A considerable proportion of the pork consumed in London—a much larger proportion than people imagine—is 'town made,' or at least is the produce of the immediate suburbs. Shepherd's Bush might perhaps be termed *the* pigsty of the metropolis; for here every house has its piggery, and the air is sonorous with the grunting of porkers. Again, in those portions of the outskirts, such as Kensington, which are inhabited by Irish colonies, the Celtic population does not forget its old habits or companions, especially that all-important 'jintleman who pays the rint.' The Cockney taste for pork must have greatly fallen off during the past century and a half, for last year there were sold in Smithfield only 24,287 pigs, against 250,000 which Stow tells us were disposed of in the same market in 1698; that is not a tenth of what were eaten when the population was only 550,000! With this and the still more remarkable exception of sheep, the arrivals at Smithfield have in some degree kept pace with the increase of the population. The supply of sheep and lambs has, during the last twenty years, stood nearly still; for in 1828 there were brought



brought to market 1,412,032, and in 1849 but 1,417,000—or only an extra four thousand for the 500,000 mouths which have been added to the metropolis between these two periods. That London has of late years abjured mutton, as our immediate ancestors appear to have done pork, the evidence of our senses denies. How then are we to explain this stagnation in the Smithfield returns? By the fact that a new channel has been found in the rapid rise of Newgate market, the great receptacle of country-killed meat brought up to town by the railways. Those who remember the place forty years ago, state that there were not then 20 salesmen, and now there are 200! This enormous development is due to steam, which bids fair to give Newgate, in the cold season at least, the lead over Smithfield. The new agent has more than quadrupled the area from which London draws its meat. Twenty years ago, 80 miles was the farthest distance from which carcasses ever came; now the Great Northern and North-Western railways, during the winter months, bring hundreds of tons from as far north as Aberdeen, whilst some are fetched from Hamburg and Ostend. Country slaughtering will in time, we have little doubt, deliver the capital from the nuisances which grow out of this horrible trade. Aberdeen is in fact becoming little else than a London abattoir. The style in which the butchers of that place dress and pack the carcasses leaves nothing to be desired, and in the course of the year mountains of beef, mutton, pork, and veal arrive the night after it is slaughtered in perfect condition. According to returns obligingly forwarded to us by the different Railway Companies, we find that the following was the weight of country-killed meat by the under-mentioned lines:—

	Tons.
Eastern Counties . . . . .	10,398
North-Western . . . . .	4,602
Great Western . . . . .	5,200
Great Northern . . . . .	13,152*
South-Eastern . . . . .	1,035
South-Western . . . . .	2,000
Brighton and South Coast . . . . .	100
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	36,487

Thus no less than 36,487 tons of meat are annually ‘pitched’ at Newgate and Leadenhall markets. As the Scotch boats convey about 700 tons more, we have at least 37,187 tons of country-killed meat brought into London by steam, and these immense contributions are totally independent of the amount slaughtered at Smithfield, which is estimated to average weekly 1000 oxen, 3000 sheep and lambs, and 400 calves and pigs. We have

\* This return contains some small proportion of game, the quantity of which is not stated.

given the average supply, but on some occasions the quantity is enormously increased. The Eastern Counties line, during last Christmas week, deposited at Newgate about 1000 tons of meat; and the weight sent by other companies on the same day would be proportionately large. No less than 40 waggons were waiting on one occasion to discharge their beef and mutton into the market. And what does our reader imagine may be the area in which nine-tenths of this mass of meat are sold? Just 2 roods 45 perches, having one carriage-entrance, which varies from 14 to 18 feet in width, and 4 foot-entrances, the widest of which is only 16 feet 6 inches, and the narrowest 5 feet 8 inches. No wonder that, as we are informed by more than one of the witnesses before the Smithfield Inquiry Commission, there is often not sufficient space to expose the meat for sale, and it becomes putrid in consequence. Though we have acquired the fame of being a practical people, it must be confessed that we conduct many of our every-day transactions in a blundering manner when we cannot provide commodious markets for perishable commodities, or even turn out an omnibus that can be mounted without an effort of agility and daring.

Mr. Giblett, the noted butcher, late of Bond Street, calculates that the amount of meat brought by the railways into Newgate is three times that supplied by the London carcase butchers, who annually send 52,000 oxen, 156,000 sheep, 10,400 calves, and 10,400 pigs. Taking this estimate, and applying it also to the Leadenhall market, we shall have at

	Beasts.	Sheep.	Calves.	Pigs.
Newgate, meat . . . . .	156,000	468,000	31,200	31,200
Leadenhall, ditto . . . . .	5,200	41,600	..	..
	161,200	509,600	31,200	31,200
Live stock brought to London . .	322,188	1,630,793	101,776	127,852
Total supply of live stock and meat to London . . . . .	483,388	2,140,393	132,976	159,052

This we are convinced is still below the truth, for we have not included the country-killed meat sold at Farringdon and White-chapel markets.\* The total value of this enormous supply of flesh cannot be much less than 14 millions annually.

These

\* There is, we confess, some little discrepancy between this estimate of the country-killed meat at Newgate, and the known quantity brought in by railway, as most assuredly 161,200 oxen, 509,600 sheep, and 62,400 calves and pigs far outweigh the 36,487 tons of meat brought by the different lines, even 'sinking' the offal. But so assured is Mr. Giblett, and the Smithfield Commissioners with him



These figures demonstrate that the falling off of sheep sold at Smithfield is solely because they now come to town in the form of mutton. It is sent to a much greater extent than beef, in consequence of its arriving in finer condition, being more easily carried, and better worth the cost of conveyance on account of the larger proportion of prime joints. Indeed, the entire carcass of the oxen is never sent, since the coarse boiling pieces would have to pay the same carriage as the picked 'roastings.' Newgate, be it remembered, is eminently a West End market, and fully two-thirds of its meat find its way to that quarter of the town. Accordingly most of the beef 'pitched' here consists of sirloins and ribs; and, in addition to whole carcasses of sheep, there are numerous separate legs and saddles of mutton. This accounts for a fact that has puzzled many, namely, how London manages to get such myriads of chops. Go into any part of the metropolis and look into the windows of the thousand eating-houses and coffee-shops in the great thoroughfares, and in every one of them there is the invariable blue dish with half-a-dozen juicy, well-trimmed chops, crowned with a sprig of parsley. To justify such a number, either four-fold the supply of sheep must come to London that we have any account of, or, in lieu of the ordinary number of vertebræ, they must possess as many as the great boar. When the prodigious store of saddles which the country spares the town have once been seen the wonder ceases. 'Sometimes I cut 100 saddles into mutton chops to supply the eating-houses,' says Mr. Banister, of Threadneedle Street.

The weather preserves a most delicate balance between Newgate and Smithfield. Winter is the busy time at the former market, when meat can be carried any distance without fear of taint. As soon as summer sets in Smithfield takes its turn; for butchers then prefer to purchase live-stock, in order that they may kill them the exact moment they are required. Sometimes as many as 1200 beasts and from 12,000 to 15,000 sheep are slaughtered in hot weather on a Friday night in the neighbourhood of Smithfield for Saturday's market. Every precaution is taken on the railways to keep the meat sweet. The Eastern Counties Company provide 'peds,' or cloths cut to the shape of the carcass or joint, for the use of their customers, and sometimes it is conveyed from the north in boxes. When, in spite of care, it turns out to be tainted, the salesman to whom it is consigned calls the officer of the market, by whom it is forthwith sent to Cow Cross, and there burnt in the nacker's yard. According, however, to a competent

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him, that he is under the mark, that we give credit to his estimate, and take it for granted that much country-killed meat must come to market by other conveyance than the railway.

witness—Mr. Harper—bad meat in any quantity can be disposed of in the metropolis to butchers living in low neighbourhoods, who impose it upon the poor at night. ‘There is one shop, I believe,’ he says, ‘doing 500*l.* per week in diseased meat. This firm has a large foreign trade. The trade in diseased meat is very alarming, and anything in the shape of flesh can be sold at about 1*d.* per lb. or 8*d.* per stone.’

If the reader is not already surfeited with the mountains of meat we have piled before his eyes, let us beg his attention for a few minutes to game and poultry, which we bring on in their proper course. Leadenhall and Newgate, as all the world knows, are the great metropolitan depôts for this class of food, especially the former, which receives perhaps two-thirds of the entire supply. The quantities of game and wild birds consigned to some of the large salesmen almost exceeds belief. After a few successful battues in the Highlands, it is not at all unusual for one firm to receive 5000 head of game, and as many as 20,000 to 30,000 larks are often sent up to market together. All other kinds of the feathered tribe which are reputed good for food are received in proportionate abundance. If it were not for the great salesmen, many a merry dinner would be marred, for the retail poulterers would be totally incapable of executing the constant and sudden orders for the banquets which are always proceeding. The good people at the Crystal Palace have already learned to consume, besides unnumbered other items, 600 chickens daily; and from this we may guess how vast the wants of the entire metropolis. The sources from which game and poultry are derived are fewer than might be imagined. The Highlands and Yorkshire send up nearly all the grouse; and scores of noblemen, members of Parliament, and other wealthy or enthusiastic sportsmen, who are at this present moment beating over the Moors, and walking for their pleasure twenty-five miles a-day, assist to furnish this delicacy to the London public at a moderate rate.

Pheasants and partridges mainly come from Norfolk and Suffolk; snipes from the marshy lowlands of Holland, which also provides our entire supply of teal, widgeon, and other kinds of wild fowl, with the exception of those caught in the ‘decoys’ of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire. From Ostend there are annually transmitted to London 600,000 tame rabbits, which are reared for the purpose on the neighbouring sand dunes. We are indebted to Ireland for flocks of plovers, and quails are brought from Egypt and the south of Europe. In most of our poulterers’ windows may be seen the long wooden boxes, with a narrow slit, in which these latter little birds are kept until required for the spit. Not long since upwards of 17,000 came to London *viâ* Liverpool,

Liverpool, whither they had been brought from the Campagna near Rome. Of the 2,000,000 of fowls that every year find a resting-place *vis-à-vis* to boiled tongues on our London tables, by far the greatest quantity are drawn from the counties of Surrey and Sussex, where the Dorking breed is in favour. Ireland also sends much poultry. No less than 1400 tons of chickens, geese, and ducks are brought to town annually by the Great Western Railway, most of which are from the neighbourhood of Cork and Waterford, whence they are shipped to Bristol. Londoners are accustomed to see shops of late years which profess to sell ‘West of England produce,’ such as young pork, poultry, butter, and clouted cream. All these delicacies are brought by the Great Western Railway, and are principally the contributions of Somersetshire and Devonshire. The bulk of the geese, ducks, and turkeys, however, come from Norfolk, Cambridge, Essex, and Suffolk—four fat counties, which do much to supply the London commissariat, the Eastern Counties Railway alone having brought thence last year 22,462 tons of fish, flesh, fowl, and good red herrings.

For pigeons we are indebted to ‘our fair enemy France,’ as Sir Philip Sidney calls her, but now we trust our fast friend. They proceed principally from the interior, and are shipped for our market from Boulogne and Calais. How many eggs we get from across the Channel we scarcely like to say. Mr. M’Culloch considers that the capital receives from 70 to 75 million—a number which we think must be much below the mark, seeing that the Brighton and South Coast line brings annually 2600 tons, the produce of Belgium and France. At Bastoign, in the latter country, there is a farm of 200 acres entirely devoted to the rearing of poultry and the production of eggs for the supply of London.

No perfectly accurate account can be given of the number per annum of poultry, game, and wild birds which enter Leadenhall and Newgate markets; but the following estimate was handed to us by a dealer who turns over 100,000*l.* a year in this trade. As the list takes no account of the quantity which goes direct to the retailer, nor of the thousands sent as presents, it must fall short of the actual consumption:—

Grouse	. . . . .	100,000
Partridges	. . . . .	125,000
Pheasants	. . . . .	70,000
Snipes	. . . . .	80,000
Wild Birds (mostly small)	. . . . .	150,000
Plovers	. . . . .	150,000
Quails	. . . . .	30,000

Carried forward . . . 705,000

Larks



	Brought forward	705,000
Larks		400,000
Widgeon		70,000
Teal		30,000
Wild Ducks		200,000
Pigeons		400,000
Domestic Fowls		2,000,000
Geese		100,000
Ducks		350,000
Turkeys		104,000
Hares		100,000
Rabbits		1,300,000
		<hr/>
		5,759,000

In addition to its dead game and wild fowl, Leadenhall market is quite a Noah's ark of live animals. Geese, ducks, swans, pigeons, and cocks, bewilder you with their noise. Intermingled with these birds of a feather are hawks, ferrets, dogs and cats, moving about in their wicker cages, and almost aggravated to madness by the proximity of their prey. The major portion of the live stock is designed either for sporting purposes or for 'petting' and breeding, and do not belong to the commissariat department. Of the dead game and poultry, the seven railways bring to London about 7871 tons weight in the course of the year.

In taking leave of the poultry-yard we are reminded of the dairy, and of the large establishments required to fill the milk-jugs of London. There are at the present moment, as near as we can learn, 20,000 cows in the metropolitan and suburban dairies, some of which number 500 cows apiece. Even these gigantic establishments have been occasionally exceeded, and one individual, several years ago, possessed 1500 milkers—a fact fatal to the popular superstition, that, notwithstanding many attempts, no dairyman could ever muster more than 999. The terrible ravages of pleuro-pneumonia, which many believe to be a contagious disease, have cured the passion for such extensive herds. The larger dairies of the metropolis are on the whole admirably managed, and the cows luxuriate in airy outhouses, but the smaller owners are often confined for space, and the animals are sometimes cooped in sheds, placed in tiers one above another. The country dairymaid laughs at the ignorance which the Londoner betrays of rural matters when on a visit to her master, but she would be perplexed in her turn if told that in the capital they fed the cows chiefly upon brewers' grains, and milked them on the *second story*? A few years since Mr. Rugg appalled the town, which had forgotten Matthew Bramble, Esq., and the '*New Bath Guide*,' by detailing a nauseous process which he affirmed was in use among cunning milkmen for the adulteration of their milk. There was, however, a great deal of exaggeration

exaggeration in the account, and Dr. Hassell, whose analyses of various articles of food in the 'Lancet' are widely known, states that the 'iron-tailed cow' is the main agent employed in the fraud, and that the only colouring matter he has been enabled to discover is annatto. Nearly all the cream goes to the West End; and one dairyman living at Islington informed us that he made 1200*l.* a-year by the trade he carried on in that single article with the fashionable part of the town. It must be evident upon the least consideration, that the London and suburban dairies alone could not supply the metropolis. If each of the 20,000 cows give on the average 12 quarts a-day, the sum total would only be 240,000 quarts. If we suppose this quantity to be increased by the exhaustless 'iron-tailed cow' of which Dr. Hassell speaks, to 300,000 quarts, the allowance to each individual of the two millions and a quarter of population would be little more than a quarter of a pint. This is clearly below the exigencies of the tea-table, the nursery, and the kitchen, and we do not think we shall make an over estimate if we assume that half as much again is daily consumed. Here again the railway, which in some cases brings milk from as far as eighty miles, makes up the deficiency. The Eastern Counties line conveyed last year to London 3,174,179 quarts, the North-Western 144,000 quarts, the Great Western 23,400 quarts, the Brighton and South Coast 100 tons, and the Great Northern as much perhaps as the North-Western. The milk is collected from the farmers by agents in the country, who sell it to the milkmen, of whom there are 1347, to distribute it over the town. In course of time it is possible that town dairies may entirely disappear. Cowsheds, often narrow and low, in thickly populated localities, cannot be as healthy for the animals as a purer atmosphere; and though experiment has shown that they thrive admirably when stalled, the food they get in these urban prisons can hardly be as wholesome as that provided by the verdant pastures of the farm. The milk which comes by railway has, however, this disadvantage, that it will not keep nearly so long as the indigenous produce of the metropolitan dairies. The different companies have constructed waggons lightly hung on springs, but the churning effect of sudden joltings cannot be altogether got rid of.

Of the vegetables and fruit that are brought into the various markets of the capital, but especially to Covent Garden, a very large quantity is grown in the immediate neighbourhood. From whatever quarter the railway traveller approaches London, he perceives that the cultivation of the land gradually heightens, until he arrives at those suburban residences which form the advanced guards of the metropolis. The fields give place to hedgeless

hedgeless gardens, in which, to use a phrase of Washington Irving, 'the furrows seem finished rather with the pencil than the plough.' Acre after acre flashes with hand-glasses, streaks of verdure are ruled in close parallel lines across the soil with mathematical precision, interspersed here and there with patches as sharp cut at the edges as though they were pieces of green baize—these are the far-famed market-gardens. They are principally situated in the long level tracts of land that must once have been overflowed by the Thames—such as the flat alluvial soil known as the Jerusalem Level, extending between London Bridge and Greenwich—and the grounds about Fulham, Battersea, Chelsea, Putney, and Brentford. Mr. Cuthill, who is perhaps the best authority on this subject, estimates that there are 12,000 acres under cultivation for the supply of vegetables and 5000 for fruit-trees. This seems an insufficient area for the supply of so many mouths, but manure and active spade husbandry compensate for lack of space. By these agencies four and sometimes five crops are extracted from the land in the course of the year. The old-fashioned farmer, accustomed to the restrictions of old-fashioned leases, would stare at such a statement, and ask how long it would last. But his surprise would be still greater at being told that after every clearance the ground is deeply trenched, and its powers restored with a load of manure to every thirty square feet of ground. This is the secret of the splendid return, and it could be effected nowhere but in the neighbourhood of such cities as London, where the produce of the fertilizer is sufficiently great to keep down its price. And here we have a striking example of town and country reciprocation. The same waggon that in the morning brings a load of cabbages, is seen returning a few hours later filled with dung. An exact balance as far as it goes is thus kept up, and the manure, instead of remaining to fester among human beings, is carted away to make vegetables. What a pity we cannot extend the system, and turn the whole sewerage by drain-pipes entirely into the rural districts, to feed the land, instead of allowing it, as we do, to run into the Thames and pollute the water to be used in our dwellings.

The care and attention bestowed by the market-gardeners is incredible to those who have not witnessed it; every inch of ground is taken advantage of—cultivation runs between the fruit-trees; storming-parties of cabbages and cauliflowers swarm up to the very trunks of apple-trees; raspberry-bushes are surrounded and cut off by young seedlings. If you see an acre of celery growing in ridges, be sure that, on a narrow inspection, you will find long files of young peas picking their way along the furrows. Everything



Everything flourishes here except weeds, and you may go over a 150-acre piece of ground without discovering a single one. Quality, even more than quantity, is attended to by the best growers; and they nurse their plants as they would children. The visitor will sometimes see 'the heads' of an acre of cauliflowers one by one folded up in their own leaves as carefully as an anxious wife wraps up an asthmatic husband on a November night; and if rain should fall, attendants run to cover them up, as quickly as they cover up the zoological specimens at the Crystal Palace when the watering-pots are set to work.

Insects and blight are also banished as strictly as from the court of Oberon. To such a pitch is vigilance carried, that, according to a writer in 'Household Words,' blight and fungi are searched after with a microscope, woodlice exterminated by bantems dressed in socks to prevent too much scratching, and other destructive insects despatched by the aid of batches of toads, purchased at the rate of six shillings a dozen!

The continued extension of London is, however, rapidly encroaching upon all the old market-gardens, and they are obliged to move farther afield: thus high cultivation, like a green fairy-ring, is gradually widening and enlarging its circle round the metropolis. The coarser kinds of vegetables are but sparingly grown in these valuable grounds, but come up in large quantities from all parts of the country; and some of the choice kinds are now reared far away in Devonshire and Cornwall, where they are favoured by the climate. It would be interesting to get an authentic statement of the acreage dedicated to fruit and vegetables for the London market, but we find the information unattainable. Mr. Cuthill calculates that there are 200 acres employed around the metropolis in the growth of strawberries, and 5 acres planted as mushroom-beds. Cucumbers were once very largely cultivated. He has seen as many as 14 acres under hand-glasses in a single domain, and has known 200,000 gherkins cut in a morning for the pickle-merchants. Strangely enough, they have refused to grow well around London ever since the outbreak of the potato disease. The disastrous epidemic of 1849, we have little doubt, had much to do with the diminished supply, for the cholera soon brought about the result desired by Mrs. Gamp, 'when cowcubers is three for twopence,' prices quite explanatory of the indisposition of the land to produce them. The very high state of cultivation in the metropolitan market-gardens necessitates the employment of a large amount of labour; and it is supposed that no less than 35,000 persons are engaged in the service of filling the vegetable and dessert-dishes of the metropolis. This estimate leaves out those

those in the provinces and on the Continent, which would, we doubt not, nearly double the calculation, and show a troop of men and women as large as the allied army now acting in the East. There are five marts in London devoted to the sale of fruit—Covent-Garden, Spitalfields, the Borough, Farringdon, and Portman-markets—besides a vast number of street offsets, such as Clare-market, in which hawkers generally stand with their barrows. Covent-Garden is not only their type, but it does nearly as much business as all of them put together, and for that reason we shall dwell upon it to the exclusion of the others.

At the first dawn of morning in the midst of squalid London, sweet country odours greet the early-riser, and cool orchards and green strawberry slopes seem ever present to the mind.

‘Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.’

If those who seek pleasure in gaiety have never visited the market in its prime, let them journey thither some summer morning, and note how fresh will seem the air, and how full of life the people, after the languid waltz in Grosvenor-square. The central alley of ‘the ‘Garden,’ as it is called by the costermongers, is one of the prettiest lounges in town; and, whether by chance or design, it exhibits, in its arrangement from east to west, a complete march of the seasons. At the western entrance the visitor is greeted with the breath of flowers; and there they show in smiling banks piled upon the stalls, or sorted with frilled edges into ladies’ bouquets. As he proceeds, he comes upon the more delicate spring vegetables—pink shafts of the oriental-looking rhubarb, delicate cos lettuce, &c.; still further along the arcade, the plate-glass windows on either side display delicate fruits, done up in dainty boxes, and set off with tinted paper shreds. Behind these windows also might be seen those rarities which it is the pride of the London market-gardeners to provide, and in producing which they all struggle to steal the longest march upon time—a sieve-full of early potatoes, each as small and costly as the egg of a Cochin-China fowl—a basin-full of peas, at a guinea a pint—a cucumber marked 5s., and strawberries 18s. the ounce.

The market-gardeners of Penzance are beginning to send up many of these early vegetables, the mildness of the south-western extremity of Cornwall giving them a wonderful advantage over every other part of the kingdom. Gentlemen’s gardeners also contribute somewhat, by sending to the salesmen such of the produce of their glazed houses as is not consumed in the family,



family, and receive articles in return of which they happen to have an insufficient quantity themselves. These forced vegetables give way, it is true, as the season advances ; but when in, they are always most to be found at that end of the walk nearest the rising sun. As the year proceeds, the lustier and more natural fruits are displayed—peaches that have ripened with blushing cheek to the wind, gigantic strawberries, raspberries, nectarines, or blooming plums. Feathery pines add their mellow hue ; and when these fail, the colour deepens into amber piles of oranges, umber filberts, and the rich brown of Spanish chestnuts, the produce of the waning year.

To leave, however, our fancied procession of the seasons, and to return to the actual business of the market. As early as two o'clock in the morning, a person looking down the dip of Piccadilly will perceive the first influx of the daily supply of vegetables and fruit to Covent-Garden market : waggons of cabbages, built up and regularly faced, with the art rather of the mason than the market-gardener ; light spring-vans fragrant with strawberries ; and milk-white loads of turnips which slowly roll along the great western road, and bring the produce of the fertile alluvial shores of the Thames to the great West End mart. The pedestrian proceeding along the southern and eastern roads sees the like stream of vegetable food quietly converging to the same spot. From this hour, especially upon a Saturday morning, until nine o'clock, the scene at the market itself is of the most exciting description.

Without some organisation it would be impossible to receive and display to the advantage of the buyer and seller the varied products that in the grey of the morning pours into so limited a space. Accordingly different portions of it are dedicated to distinct classes of vegetables and fruits. The finest of the delicate soft fruit, such as strawberries, peaches, &c., are lodged, as we have mentioned, in the central alley of the market—the inmost leaf of the rose. On the large covered space to the north of this central alley is the wholesale fruit-station, fragrant with apples, pears, greengages, or whatever is in season. The southern open space is dedicated to cabbages and other vegetables ; and the extreme south front is wholly occupied by potato-salesmen. Around the whole quadrangle, during a busy morning, there is a party-coloured fringe of waggons backed in towards the central space, in which the light green of cabbages forms the prevailing colour, interrupted here and there with the white of turnips, or the deep orange of digit-like carrots ; and as the spectator watches the whole mass is gradually absorbed into the centre of the market. Meanwhile the space dedicated  
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to wholesale fruit sales is all alive. Columns of empty baskets twelve feet high seem progressing through the crowd 'of their own motion.' The vans have arrived from the railways, and rural England, side by side with the Continent, pours in its supplies from many a sheltered mossy nook. It is very easy to discover by a glance which are the home-grown, which the foreign contributions. There stand the English baskets and sieves, solid and stout as Harry the Eighth, amidst little hampers, as delicate as French ladies, and seemingly as incapable of withstanding hard usage. Yet some of these have come from Algiers, others from the south of France with greengages, and the majority from Normandy. France is beginning to send large quantities of peaches and nectarines, carefully packed with paper-shavings in small boxes; and even strawberries this summer have found their way here from the same quarter. The frost which occurred in the early part of the present year destroyed nearly all the fruit-crops in the neighbourhood of London; and were it not for the bountiful stores which are brought from abroad, Covent-Garden would have been little better than a desert.

The repeal of the high duty upon foreign fruit has so far widened the field of supply that it can no longer be destroyed by an unusual fall of the mercury. By means of the telegraph, the steamboat, and the railroad, we annul the effects of frost, obliterate the sea, and command, at a few hours' notice, the produce of the Continent. When there is a dearth in this country the fact is immediately noticed by the great fruit-dealers in the City: the telegraph forthwith conveys the information to Holland, France, and Belgium; and within forty hours steamers from one or other of these countries will be seen making towards the Downs and adjoining coasts, and in another six their cargoes, fresh plucked from the neighbourhoods of old Norman abbeys and quaint Flemish stadthouses, are blooming in Covent Garden. Fruit that will bear delay comes up the Thames by boat, and is discharged at the wharfs near London bridge, but the major part eventually finds its way to the 'Garden.' The South-Western and South-Eastern are the two principal lines for foreign fruit; the former brings large quantities of Spanish and Portuguese produce—such as oranges, grapes, melons, nuts, &c.; the latter conveys apples, pears, strawberries, peaches, nectarines, &c., from Dover, to which place they are brought by steamers. To show how enormous is the supply from abroad, we give, on the authority of the goods-manager of the South-Eastern line, the amount brought by them in one night:—

100 tons of green peas from France.  
 50 „ of fruit from Kent.  
 10 „ of filberts from Kent.  
 25 „ of plums from France.  
 10 „ of black currants from France.

In all 195 tons ; out of which 135 were from across the water. The Brighton and South Coast transmit the produce of Jersey and Dieppe—apples, pears, and plums—to the extent last year of about 300 tons. Of vegetables the Great Northern is the principal carrier ; last year they brought to town the enormous quantity of 45,819 tons of potatoes, besides 1940 tons of other vegetables. The potatoes mainly proceed from the fen country. Walnuts generally come by the Antwerp boats, which sometimes carry cargoes of between 400 and 500 tons. \*Everybody who has travelled in the Low Countries remembers the magnificent walnut-trees which grow along the sides of the canals as commonly as elms in our own country. These eke out our scantier native stores, and help to make cosier the after-dinner chat over the glass of port. During two mornings that we visited Covent Garden we saw 613 bushel-baskets of strawberries that had just come from Honfleur, and upwards of 1000 baskets of greengages arrived from the same neighbourhood during the week. As we gazed, on one of these occasions, upon the solid walls of baskets extending down the market, crowned with parapets of peach and nectarine boxes, we wondered in our own minds whether it would ever be all sold, and the wonder increased as waggon after waggon arrived, piled up as high as the second-floor windows of the piazza. Venturing to express this doubt to a lazy-looking man who was plaiting the strands of a whip, ‘Blessee, sir,’ he replied without looking up from his work, ‘the main part on ’em will be at Brummagem by dinner-time.’ True enough, while we had been guessing and wondering, a nimble fellow had run to the telegraph and inquired of Birmingham and a few distant towns whether they were in want of certain fruits that morning. The answer being in the affirmative, the vans turned round, rattled off to the North-Western station, and in another hour the superfluity of Covent Garden was rushing on its way to fill up the deficiency of the midland counties. Thus the wire \* and steam, both at home and abroad, cause the

\* It ought to have been mentioned in the article in our last number on the Electric Telegraph, that the idea of sending forward by it an account of the thieves who had started from the London Terminus originated with Dr. Hawtrey, in his desire to preserve to the Etonians their triennial Montem, by guarding, as far as possible, against the evils to which it was liable. The trial which took place, with such success, at his suggestion, familiarised the officials with the notion, and was the cause of its being instantly acted upon in the case of Tawell.



supply to respond instantly to the demand, however wide apart the two principles may be working.

The strawberry trade of Covent Garden is not likely, however, at present to fall into the hands of foreigners. The London market-gardeners have long looked with justice upon this fruit as particularly their own. By the skill they have bestowed upon its culture it has advanced enormously, both in flavour and size, from the old standard 'hautboy' of our fathers, and which foreigners mainly cultivate to the present day. Mr. Miatt, of Deptford, is the great grower; by judicious grafting he has produced from the old stock half-a-dozen different kinds, the most celebrated being the 'British Queen,' which attains a prodigious size. Large quantities of strawberries are sent to the market in light spring-vans. They are placed in 1 lb. punnets or round willow baskets, or they are carefully piled in pottles, and the process of 'topping-up,' as it is called, is considered quite an art in the trade. The rarest and ripest fruit, which goes direct to the pastrycooks, is still more deftly treated. Lest it should be injured by jolting, horse is exchanged for human carriage. A procession of eight or ten stout women, carrying baskets full of strawberry-pottles upon their heads, may often be seen streaming in hot haste up Piccadilly, preceded by a man, like so many sheep by a bell-wether. It is probable that they have trudged all the way from Isleworth with the fruit, and, as they frequently make two journeys in the day, the distance traversed is not less than twenty-six miles.

After strawberries, perhaps peas are the most important article produced by the market-gardeners. Dealers, in order to consult the convenience of hotel-keepers and such as require suddenly a large supply for the table, keep them ready for the saucepan; and not the least curious feature of Covent Garden, about midday, is to see a dense mass of women—generally old—seated in rows at the corners of the market, engaged in shelling them. One salesman often employs as many as 400 persons in this occupation. The major part of these auxiliaries belong to the poor-houses around; they obtain permission to go out for this purpose, and the shilling or eighteen pence a-day earned by some of the more expert is gladly exchanged for the monotonous rations of the parish. In the autumn, again, there will be a row of poor creatures, extending along the whole north side of the square, shelling walnuts, each person having two baskets, one for the nuts, another for the shells, which are bought by the ketchup-makers. The poor flock from all parts of the town directly a job of the kind is to be had. If a fog happens in November, thousands of link-boys and men spring up with ready-made torches; if a frost occurs, hundreds



hundreds of men are to be found on the Serpentine and other park waters, to sweep the ice or to put on your skates: there are in the busy part of the town half-a-dozen fellows ready of a wet day to rush simultaneously to call a cab 'for your honour;' and every crossing when it grows muddy almost instantly has its man and broom. A sad comment this upon the large floating population of starving labour always to be found in the streets of London.

The busiest time at the market is about six o'clock, when the costermongers surround Covent Garden with their barrows, and hundreds of street hawkers, with their hand-baskets and trays, come for their day's supply. The same system of purchase is pursued here as at Billingsgate—the rich dealers buy largely and sell again, and the poorer club their means and divide the produce. The regular street vendor who keeps his barrow, drawn by a donkey or a pony, looks down with a certain contempt upon the inferior hawkers, principally Irish. They only deal in a certain class of vegetables, such as peas, young potatoes, broccoli, or cauliflowers, and have nothing to do with *mere greens*. Another class of purchasers are the little girls who vend watercresses. Such is the demand for cresses, that they are now largely cultivated for the market, the spontaneous growth proving quite inadequate to the demand. They are produced principally at 'Spring Head,' at Walthamstow, in Essex, and at Cookham, Shrivenham, and Faringdon, on the line of the Great Western, which brings to town no less than a ton a week of this wholesome breakfast salad. The best, however, come from Camden Town. Most people fancy that clear purling streams are necessary for their production; but the Camden Town beds are planted in an old brick-field, watered by the Fleet ditch; and though the stream at this point is comparatively pure, they owe their unusually luxuriant appearance to a certain admixture of the sewerage. A great many hundreds of bunches are sold every morning in Covent Garden; but the largest share goes to Farringdon Market. The entire supply to the various metropolitan markets cannot be less than three tons weekly. Rhubarb is almost wholly furnished by the London market-gardeners. It was first introduced by Mr. Miatt forty years ago, who sent his two sons to the Borough market with five bunches, of which they only sold three. From this time he continued its cultivation, notwithstanding the sneers at what were called his 'physic pies.' As he predicted, it soon became a favourite, and now hundreds of tons weight are sold in Covent Garden in the course of the year. It would be impossible to give any precise account of the fruit and vegetable produce that is poured day by day into London; for

for the authorities themselves only know how many baskets arrive, not how much they contain. The railway returns give us the quantity brought from a distance, and we find that the seven lines transmit annually somewhere about 70,000 tons of vegetables and soft green fruit. This is irrespective of dried fruit, oranges, &c.—a business of itself, involving great interests and employing an immense capital, and of which we will say a few words.

The foreign-fruit trade has its head-quarters in the city. The pedestrian who walks down Fish Street Hill would assuredly never surmise that at certain seasons a regular fruit exhibition is kept up within those dull brick houses, before which the tall column lifts its head. All the world knows the Messrs. Keeling and Hunt, whose effigies seem to stand in the public eye upon a vast pyramid of pine-apples. This firm hold sales of various kinds of fruit in their auction-rooms in Monument Yard. On these occasions the long apartment makes a show, before which, for quantity at least, that of Chiswick pales. Pine-apples by thousands, melons, forbidden fruit, and mangoes, fill the room from end to end; so famous indeed is the display, that there are lithographic engravings of it, in which the salesmen are seen walking about, as perplexed apparently by the luscious luxuriance around them, as Adam might have been in his own happy garden. The pine-apple market is of modern date. The first cargo was brought over about twelve years ago, and since that time the traffic has rapidly increased, and at the present moment 200,000 pines come yearly into the port of London, of which nine-tenths are consigned to Messrs. Keeling and Hunt, the original importers. They are principally from the Bahamas, in the West Indies, where they grow almost spontaneously; but of late years they have been more carefully cultivated, and grafts of our best hot-house pines have been taken out to improve their quality. There are five clippers appropriated to the carriage across the sea of this single fruit. The melons come from Spain, Portugal, and Holland. Spain is known to abound in melons, for Murillo's beggar-boys are perpetually eating them; but we believe it will be news to most Englishmen that the land of dykes supplies London with fragrant cargoes of an almost tropical fruit. The largest foreign-fruit trade, however, by far, is that in oranges. We shall perhaps astonish our readers when we tell them that upwards of 60,000,000 are imported for the use of London alone, accompanied by not less than 15,000,000 lemons. Any time between December and May the orange clippers from the Azores and Lisbon may be seen unloading their cargoes in the neighbourhood of the great stores in Pudding and Botolph Lanes. There are 240 of these fast-sailing vessels engaged in the entire trade, and  
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of this fleet 70 at least are employed in supplying the windows of the fruiterers and the apple-stalls of London. All these fruits, together with nuts and walnuts, apples, plums, pears, and some peaches, &c., are disposed of weekly at the auction sales in Monument Yard to the general dealers, the majority of whom are located in Duke's Place, close at hand, and are mostly Jews. Indeed we are informed that many of them are the identical boys grown up to manhood that used some twenty-five years ago to sell oranges about the streets, and whose old place has gradually been taken by the Irish. They act as middlemen between the importers and the tribe of peripatetics, who at certain times of the day resort hither to fill their baskets and barrows. Covent Garden also supplies retailers with oranges and nuts, especially on Sunday mornings, when the place is sometimes crowded like a fair. The following bill of quantities, drawn up by Mr. Keeling, is derived, we believe, from the Custom House returns:—

*Fruit.*

Apples . . . . .	39,561 bushels.
Pears . . . . .	19,742 „
Cherries . . . . .	264,240 lbs.
Grapes . . . . .	1,328,190 „
Pine-apples . . . . .	200,000
Oranges . . . . .	61,635,146
Lemons . . . . .	15,408,789

*Nuts.*

Spanish nuts } . . . . .	72,509 bushels.
Barcelona }	
Brazil . . . . .	11,700 „
Chestnuts . . . . .	26,250 „
Walnuts . . . . .	36,088 „
Cocoa-nuts . . . . .	1,255,000

Of the amount of bread consumed in London we have no specific information, but there are data which enable us to approximate to the truth. Porter, in his 'Progress of the Nation,' gives us the returns of eight schools, families, and institutions, containing 1902 men, women, and children, each of whom ate on the average  $331\frac{1}{8}$  lbs. of bread per annum. Now if we multiply this quantity by the number of the inhabitants of the metropolis—2,500,000 or thereabouts—we have a total of 413,760,000 half-quartern loaves of 2 lbs. weight each. The flour used in puddings, pies, &c., we throw in as a kind of offset against the London babies under one year old. Some of this bread is a contribution from the country, and one Railway—the Eastern Counties—brought last year 237 tons 12 cwts. to town.

Now let us see how much sack goes to all this quantity of bread—with what rivers of stout, &c., we wash down such



mountains of flesh. According to the excise returns, there were 747,050 quarters of malt consumed in London in the year 1853 by the seventeen great brewers. As each quarter of malt, with its proportionate allowance of hops, produces three and a half barrels of beer, we get as the total brew of last year 1,614,675, or pretty nearly a thousand million tumblers of ale and porter. On countless sign-boards of the metropolis this last is advertised by the title of 'entire,' and it is thus that the liquid and its name arose. Prior to the year 1730, publicans were in the habit of selling ale, beer, and twopenny, and the 'thirsty souls' of that day were accustomed to combine either of these in a drink called half and half. From this they proceeded to spin 'three threads,' as they called it, or to have their glass filled from each of the three taps. In the year 1730, however, a certain publican, named Horwood, to save himself the trouble of making the triune mixture, brewed a liquor intended to imitate the taste of the 'three threads,' and to this he applied the term 'entire.' His concoction was approved, and, being puffed as good porters' drink, it speedily came to be called porter itself. Of the seventeen great London breweries, the house of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co. stood last year at the top of the list, having consumed 140,000 quarters of malt, and paid to the excise 180,000*l.*, or enough to build two ninety-gun ships, at the usual cost of a thousand pounds per gun. The visitor in proceeding through this establishment realizes, perhaps better than in any other place, the enormous scale on which certain creature-comforts for the use of the town are produced. As he walks between the huge boilers in which 1600 barrels are brewed nearly every day, or makes the circuit of the four great vats, each containing 80,000 gallons of liquor, or loses himself amid the labyrinth of 135 enormous reservoirs, which altogether hold 3,500,000 gallons—he begins to fancy himself an inhabitant of Lilliput, who has gone astray in a Brobdignagian cellar. There is a popular notion that the far-famed London stout owes its flavour to the Thames water: this, however, is a 'vulgar error.' Not even the Messrs. Barclay, who are upon the stream, draw any of their supply from that source, but it is got entirely from wells, and those sunk so deep, that they and the Messrs. Calvert, whose brewery is half a mile distant upon the opposite side of the river, find they are rivals for the same spring. When one brewery pumps, it drains the wells of the other, and the firms are obliged to obtain their water on alternate days. Whether it is owing to the increase of the great breweries and of other manufactories, which alone consume millions of barrels of water yearly, we know not, but it is an ascertained fact, that the depth of water in the London wells has  
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for the last twenty-five years been diminishing at the rate of a foot a year. 'It is comforting to reflect,' said one of the great brewers, 'that the reason simply is, because the water which used to be buried underground is now brought up to fill the bodies, wash the faces, and turn the wheels of two millions and a half of people.'

If the underground stock of water is shrinking, it has increased vastly on the surface. The seven companies which supply the metropolis bring in between them forty-four million gallons daily—a quantity which, large as it is, could be delivered in twenty-four hours by a brook nine feet wide and three feet deep, running at the rate of three feet per second, or a little more than two miles per hour.

The inability of figures to convey an adequate impression to the mind of the series of units of which the sums are composed renders it impossible to give more than a faint idea of the enormous supplies of food required to victual the capital for a single year. But the conception may be somewhat assisted by varying the process. Country papers now and then astonish their readers by calculations to show how many times the steel pens manufactured in England would form a necklace round their own little town, or how many thousand miles the matches of their local factory would extend if laid in a straight line from the centre of their market-place. Let us try our hand on the same sort of picture, and endeavour to fill the eye with a prospect that would satisfy the appetite of the far-famed Dragon of Wantley himself.

If we fix upon Hyde Park as our exhibition ground, and pile together all the barrels of beer consumed in London, they would form a thousand columns not far short of a mile in perpendicular height. Let us imagine ourselves on the top of this tower, and we shall have a look-out worthy of the feast we are about to summon to our feet. Herefrom we might discover the Great Northern road stretching far away into the length and breadth of the land. Lo! as we look, a mighty herd of oxen, with loud bellowing, are beheld approaching from the north. For miles and miles the mass of horns is conspicuous winding along the road, ten abreast, and even thus the last animal of the herd would be 72 miles away, and the drover goading his shrinking flank considerably beyond Peterborough. On the other side of the park, as the clouds of dust clear away, we see the great Western road, as far as the eye can reach, thronged with a bleating mass of wool, and the shepherd at the end of the flock (ten abreast) and the dog that is worrying the last sheep are just leaving the environs of Bristol, 121 miles from our beer-built pillar. Along Piccadilly, Regent-street, the Strand, Fleet-street, Cheapside,  
x 2 and

and the eastward Mile-end-road line, for  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles, street and causeway are thronged with calves, still ten abreast; and in the great parallel thoroughfares of Bayswater-road, Oxford-street, and Holborn, we see nothing for nine long miles but a slowly-pacing, deeply-grunting herd of swine. As we watch this moving mass approaching from all points of the horizon, the air suddenly becomes dark—a black pall seems drawn over the sky—it is the great flock of birds—game, poultry, and wild-fowl, that, like Mrs. Bond's ducks, are come up to be killed: as they fly wing to wing and tail to beak they form a square whose superficies is not much less than the whole enclosed portion of St. James's Park, or 51 acres. No sooner does this huge flight clear away than we behold the park at our feet inundated with hares and rabbits. Feeding 2000 abreast, they extend from the marble arch to the round pond in Kensington Gardens—at least a mile. Let us now pile up all the half-quartern loaves consumed in the metropolis in the year, and we shall find they form a pyramid which measures 200 square feet at its base, and extends into the air a height of 1293 feet, or nearly three times that of St. Paul's. Turning now towards the sound of rushing waters, we find that the seven companies are filling the mains for the day. If they were allowed to flow into the area of the adjacent St. James's Park, they would in the course of the 24 hours flood its entire space with a depth of 30 inches of water, and the whole annual supply would be quite sufficient to submerge the city (one mile square) 90 feet. Of the fish we confess we are able to say nothing: when numbers mount to billions, the calculations become too trying to our patience. We have little doubt, however, that they would be quite sufficient to make the Serpentine one solid mass. Of ham and bacon again, preserved meats, and all the countless comestibles we have taken no account, and in truth they are little more to the great mass than the ducks and geese were to Sancho Panza's celebrated mess—'the skimmings of the pot.'

Such, then, is a slight sketch of the great London larder. It may be imagined that many of these stores come to the metropolis only as to a centre for redistribution, and are again scattered over the length and breadth of the land. This, however, is not the case. The only line that takes food in any quantities out of London is the North-Western. This railway speeds into the midland counties, but especially to Birmingham, 350 tons of fish consigned to the country dealers, and to the nobility and gentry. As we have before seen, van-loads of fruit are often despatched in the same direction. The South-Eastern conveys large quantities of grain down the line, and the London and Brighton

Brighton and South Coast takes annually to Brighton 26 tons of meat and 1100 cattle; and here all the food carried out of London in bulk ends. A constant dribble of edibles, it is true, is continually escaping by the passenger trains, of which the railways take no notice in their goods-department traffic; but it must be remembered that a much larger quantity is perpetually flowing unheeded into the London commissariat through the same channels. Of the stout and porter brewed in the metropolis by the great houses, again, one-seventh perhaps finds its way abroad—a drop in comparison to that which must be contributed by the 2482 smaller brewers of the town, and the great contingent supplied by Guinness, Allsopp, and other pale-ale brewers. This simple statement will suffice to make it evident that in the foregoing picture we have given anything but ‘heaped measure.’

The railways having poured this enormous amount of food into the metropolis, as the main arterics feed the human body, it is distributed by the various dealers into every quarter of the town, first into the wholesale markets, or great centres, then into the sub-centres, or retail tradesmen’s shops, and lastly into the moving centres, or barrows of the hawkers, by which means nourishment is poured into every corner of the town, and the community at large is supplied as effectually as are the countless tissues of the human body by the infinitely divided network of capillary vessels. According to the census of 1851 these food distributors are classified in the following manner:—

<i>Males.</i>		<i>Females.</i>	
Grocers . . . . .	6,475	Grocers . . . . .	676
Cowkeepers and milksellers . .	3,372	Innkeepers . . . . .	93
Cheesemongers . . . . .	2,156	Innkeepers’ wives . . . . .	217
Butchers . . . . .	7,428	Cowkeepers . . . . .	1,158
Poulterers . . . . .	551	Butchers . . . . .	205
Fishmongers . . . . .	2,238	Butchers’ wives . . . . .	3,086
Other dealers in animal food . .	1,376	Fishmongers . . . . .	151
Greengrocers . . . . .	3,325	Others dealing in animal food . .	283
Bakers . . . . .	9,841	Greengrocers . . . . .	941
Confectioners . . . . .	1,806	Bakers . . . . .	480
Other dealers in vegetable food .	1,303	Confectioners . . . . .	542
Brewers . . . . .	2,499	Other dealers in vegetable food .	939
Licensed victuallers and beer-		Licensed victuallers and beer-	
shop-keepers, &c . . . . .	6,843	shop-keepers . . . . .	970
Wine and spirit merchants . . .	1,915	Wives of ditto . . . . .	4,440
Other dealers in drinks . . . .	3,805	Wine and spirit merchants . . .	15
Saltmakers . . . . .	37	Other dealers in drinks . . . .	457
Water providers . . . . .	428		
Innkeepers . . . . .	433		
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	56,601		14,653

If to this total of 71,254 we add the wandering tribe of costermongers, hawkers, and stallkeepers, estimated at 30,000 persons, we shall have an army exceeding 100,000 persons; and, as indirectly



rectly there must be quadruple this number of persons employed, the merest pauper among the population has hundreds of invisible hands held out to provide him the necessaries and comforts of life. The smooth working of this great distributive machine is due to the principle of competition—that spring which so nicely adjusts all the varying conditions of life, and which, in serving itself, does the best possible service to the community at large, and accomplishes more than the cleverest system of centralization which any individual mind could devise.

ART. II.—1. *The Bell: its Origin, History, and Uses.* By the Rev. Alfred Gatty. London. 1848.

2. *Paper on Bells, with Illustrations.* By the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, in Report of Bristol Architectural Society, 1850.

THERE is abundance of literary evidence to show that in by-gone times the history and office of the bell engaged the attention of the learned. Mr. Ellacombe enumerates nearly forty distinct treatises of foreign origin, ranging from 1495 to the present century. Of these the best known is the work of Magius ‘*De Tintinnabulis*.’ The author, an Italian, was a civil judge in the Venetian service at Candia, when besieged in 1571 by the Turks. He was taken prisoner, and amused his captivity by writing the treatise which has preserved his name. His occupation could gain him no favour in a land where the bell was considered the symbol of sinful infidelity, and he was finally beheaded by order of a pasha. The productions of our native pens are mostly confined to the art of ringing, which is peculiarly an English accomplishment. In other countries there is no attempt at a musical peal, and the only object is to produce the utmost possible noise by a chance, irregular clanging. Such was formerly among ourselves the enthusiasm of the educated classes on the subject, that, in the reign of Queen Mary, Dr. Tresham thought there was no surer method of enticing the students at Oxford to mass than by promising to make the University peal the finest in England. The revived interest in all ecclesiastical studies has extended itself to bells; and the instructive work of Mr. Gatty and the researches of Mr. Ellacombe are worthy fruits of this newly-awakened spirit.

We are accustomed, to use the expression of Mr. Gatty, ‘to hear the bell speak for itself.’ From youth to age the sound is sent forth through crowded streets or floats with sweetest melody above the quiet fields. It gives a tongue to time, which would otherwise



otherwise pass over our heads as silently as the clouds, and lends a warning to its perpetual flight. It is the voice of rejoicing at festivals, at christenings, at marriages, and of mourning at the departure of the soul. From every church-tower it summons the faithful of distant valleys to the house of God; and when life is ended they sleep within the bell's deep sound. Its tone, therefore, comes to be fraught with memorial associations, and we know what a throng of mental images of the past can be aroused by the music of a peal of bells:—

‘ O, what a preacher is the time-worn tower,  
Reading great sermons with its iron tongue!’

The bell has had a continuous existence amongst civilised people from a very early time. For nearly fourteen centuries it has been employed by the Church, and it was known to ancient nations for perhaps as many centuries before our era. Consecrated to christian purposes, its sound has travelled with the light that has lighted the Gentiles; and, now that the Gospel has penetrated to the most distant regions of the globe, there is not perhaps a minute of time in which the melody of bells is not somewhere rising towards Heaven, as—

‘ Earth with her thousand voices praises God.’

For ages before the bell from its airy height in the old church-tower announced its cognizance of human events, diminutive bells were in common use. An eastern patriarch in the twelfth century quotes a writer who gravely avers that Tubal Cain, the artificer in brass and iron, formed the sounding metal into a rude kind of bell, and that Noah employed it to summon his ship-carpenters to their work. Less theoretical historians may be well contented to begin with the golden bells mentioned in the Book of Exodus as attached to the vestment of the high priest in the Sanctuary, in the same way that they were appended to the royal costume amongst the ancient Persians; or with those small bronze bells, apparently intended for horse and chariot furniture, of which a great number were found by Mr. Layard in a chamber of the palace of Nimroud. On being analysed, the curious fact was discovered that they contain one part of tin to ten parts of copper; and if, as Mr. Layard remarks, the tin was obtained, as probably was the case, from Phœnicia, it may actually have been exported nearly three thousand years ago from the British isles.

Amongst the Greeks hand-bells were employed in camps and garrisons, were hung on triumphal cars, sounded in the fish-market of Athens, summoned guests to feasts, preceded funeral processions, and were sometimes used in religious rites in the temples.

temples. Another purpose to which they were put was to hang them about the necks of malefactors on their way to execution, 'lest,' says Zonaras, 'innocent persons should be defiled by touching them.' It is more likely that it was to draw the gaze of the people upon the criminal, and thus aggravate his punishment. From this Greek custom was derived (we are told) the Roman one of fixing a bell and a scourge to the emperor's chariot, that in the height of his power he might be admonished against pride, and be mindful of human misery.

It is needless to recapitulate all the less doubtful applications of bells among the Romans. The hour of bathing and of business at public places was announced by it, and with the imperfect means possessed by the ancients of measuring time, it must have been a far more important signal than at present. The wealthier Romans had them in domestic use to assemble their families, 'just,' says Magius, writing about 1570, 'as the household of nobles and cardinals at Rome are summoned to dinner and supper by a bell hung in the highest part of the building, so that it may not only be heard by the inmates, but by those who are without.' Something larger than the hand-bell would appear to have been common about the same period in English mansions, to judge from the expression in *Macbeth*—

'Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She *strike* upon the bell.'

But in the reign of Elizabeth the horn still hung outside the gate, and did much of the duty which afterwards devolved upon bells. In the court at Penshurst there is a bell of considerable size, suspended from a wooden frame, with the inscription, 'Robert, Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst, 1649.' The horn had by this time been quite superseded. The disuse of the hand-bell was one of the many visible signs of the downfall of the old aristocratic system—an indication that the troop of servants had ceased to be 'in waiting.' Few persons are aware how modern is the present practice of domestic bell-hanging; for no trace of it has been discovered in the old mansions of our nobility, even so late as the reign of Queen Anne. A correspondent of the '*Builder*' states that when he was taken over Belton Hall by Lord Brownlow, about forty years ago, his lordship pointed out two large bells, one suspended over the landing on the stairs at the north end of the hall and the other at the south end, remarking that they were the only means his predecessors had of commanding the services of the domestics; 'but as it is getting into fashion,' he added, 'to have bells hung from the rooms in houses, I must have them also.' The late Duke was  
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the first Northumberland who allowed the walls of Alnwick to be pierced. Each room had its lackey instead of its bell. The palatial mansion of Holkham, which was commenced in 1734 and completed in 1760, had no such conveniences till the present Earl provided them a few years ago. So many centuries did it take to conduct mankind to the simple invention of ringing a bell in a horizontal direction by means of a crank and a piece of wire.

But we have not yet emerged from ancient Rome, where, amongst other fancies, bells were appended to horses, a custom which lingers in many parts of the continent, and which was almost universal, until recent days, with our English teams. On dark nights in narrow lanes they answered the important end of warning horsemen or waggoners of each other's approach, and enabling them to avoid a collision in a spot where there was not room enough to pass. The improvement in roads has put an end to the practice. The Romans 'belled' their flocks as well as their horses, in order, according to Strabo, that wild beasts might be scared away by the sound. 'If any one,' it is enacted in the rural laws of Justinian, 'take away the bell from an ox or sheep, let him, being convicted, be scourged as a thief, and, if the animal be lost thereby, let him pay the loss.' Magius relates that the shepherds of his day continued the custom, 'but not so much to keep off beasts of prey as to enable the owners to trace their cattle when they strayed,' which is its chief modern use, and every flock in Scotland has one such indicator to enable the herdsman to find the whereabouts of his animals when lost in the snow. 'Besides,' adds Magius, 'the shepherds think that the flocks are pleased with the sound of the bell, as they are by the flute, and that they grow fat in consequence.' The notion that animals have some sort of conscious pride in these appendages is countenanced by Southey, who, speaking of the Alpine cattle in his youth, says, that 'they stalk forth proud and pleased when wearing their bells. If the leading cow, who hitherto bore the largest bell, be deprived of it, she manifests a sense of disgrace by lowing incessantly, abstaining from food, and growing lean; and the happy rival on which the bell has been conferred is singled out for her vengeance.'

The material of the bells so long known to heathen antiquity was generally bronze, sometimes silver, and not uncommonly gold. Their first construction in the expanded form with which we are familiar now was due to christians. When the true God was worshipped in lonely caverns, amid the haunts of the wolf, or under the ban of heathens more cruel than the beasts, no sounds proclaimed their whereabouts to their foes; but from the time when praise and incense rose in stately temples, enriched with all the accessories that



that devotion could contrive, the bell assumed its part in the solemnities of religion. Some authors have ascribed its introduction (A.D. 400) to Paulinus Bishop of Nola, in Campania, the contemporary of St. Jerome; but the silence of the bishop with regard to either tower or bells, in an epistle in which he minutely describes his church, is, as Mr. Gatty remarks, a strong argument against the claim, especially as there is no allusion to the subject in any contemporary or immediately subsequent writer. It was not till after A.D. 500, according to Hospinianus, that bells, which he calls *campanæ*, came into ecclesiastical use. They are supposed to have received their designation from the place where they were originally made. 'Because,' says Magius, 'the founders practised this most useful work in Campania, the large bells were called *campanæ* ;'\* and hence the term *campanile* was given to the towers in which they were hung. A species of diminutive bells were in like manner called *nolæ*, from Nola, the city, and these were sometimes attached to a frame and rung during service.

The wandering ecclesiastics would naturally bring over specimens of the *nolæ* from abroad shortly after their primitive application in Italy to sacred purposes, and the portable altar bells seem accordingly to have been the first which were known in England. But the ponderous, far-sounding bell was introduced by the Anglo-Saxons at an early period. It was among the enrichments for his church which Benedick, abbot of Weremouth and Jarrow, brought from Italy in the reign of king Egfrid; and about the same period (A.D. 680) the nuns of St. Hilda's sisterhood, as Bede relates, were summoned by it to prayers. It has been conjectured by several antiquaries that the tower of the church was suggested by the bell, that being lifted up aloft it might throw its solemn tones to a greater distance.

For many centuries the bell-foundries appear to have been set up in the religious houses of Europe, and the abbots, priors, and frequently the bishops were the master-manufacturers. As long as the casting took place in the monasteries a religious character was given to the process. The brethren stood ranged round the furnaces; the 150th Psalm was chanted, and the Almighty was invoked to overshadow the molten metal with his power and bless the work for the honour of the saint to whom it was to be dedicated.†

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\* A Roman gentleman of the present day, well known as an Etrurian collector, claims the title of Marchese Campana in right of an ancestor set up against Bishop Paulinus as inventor of bells, and the title has, we believe, been sanctioned either by Pius IX., or the King of Naples, or both.

† The grand Ode of Schiller on the 'Casting of the Bell' is now so familiar to all the world, that we need do no more than recommend those who are ignorant of German to read it in the translation of Sir E. B. Lytton.



One of the earliest notices of monastic bell-founding occurs in a Life of Charlemagne, quoted by Magius, in which it is stated that in the abbey of St. Gall, a monk, who greatly excelled in the art, produced a specimen of his craft, the tone of which was much admired by the emperor. 'My lord emperor,' said the monk upon this, 'command a great quantity of copper to be brought to me, which I will purify by fire, and let me have silver instead of tin, about a hundred pounds, and I will cast for you such a bell that the other in comparison with it shall be mute.' Magius lamented that princes were more avaricious than formerly, and would no longer bestow the necessary coin to impart a silvery sound to the bells. But we learn from Mr. Gatty, who appears to have derived his information from some cunning artificers of the present day, that the wide-spread notion of the advantage of this ingredient is a complete mistake. 'Persons,' says he, 'talk as familiarly of sweetening the tone of bell-metal by the introduction of a little silver, as they would speak of sweetening a cup of tea, or a glass of negus with a lump of sugar. This is a dream. Silver, if introduced in any large quantity, would injure the sound, being in its nature more like lead as compared with copper, and therefore incapable of producing the hard, brittle, dense, and vibratory amalgam called bell-metal. There are, no question, various little ingredients which the skilful founder employs to improve his composition; but these are the secrets of the craft and peculiar to every separate foundry.' Nor is there any valid reason for supposing that our ancestors employed it any more than ourselves, except that it was a custom to cast a few tributary coins into the furnace. The composition of the amalgam in England six hundred years ago is known to us from the materials delivered in the 36th year of Henry III. for the purpose of making three bells for the church in Dover Castle, when all that was furnished was an old bell, 1050 pounds of copper, and 500 pounds of tin. The mixture was therefore made up of rather more than two parts of copper to one of tin; the modern receipt only differs from the ancient in allowing three parts of copper. The vaunted superiority of a few of the older bells over those of recent times has been ascribed by some to the influence of the atmosphere in the course of centuries; others have suggested that it was due to melting the metal by a fire of wood, which is known to improve the quality of iron, instead of by the rapid process of a blast furnace. But there is another cause which has had its share in the effect. 'If the quantity of metal,' says Mr. Gatty, 'be not in due proportion to the calibre of the bell, the power of its tone will be lost; and only a *panny*, harsh, iron-like sound can be produced from it. For instance, if you try to get the

the note E out of a quantity of metal which is only adapted to sustain F well, the F in that case would be preferable to the E intended.' Now in old bells a far larger mass of metal was allowed to a given note than is the case with us, for modern skill is necessarily directed as much to economy as excellence of manufacture. The tenor bell of Rochester cathedral weighs 28 cwt., but its note F would be reached at present with half the metal, at an equivalent sacrifice of dignity of tone. In science and dexterity the living artificers surpass those of bygone times. By the early part of the fourteenth century a distinct class of workmen followed the trade, and the bell of Crokesden abbey, in Staffordshire, having been fractured in 1313, Master Henry Michel of Lichfield was engaged with his assistants in recasting it from the Octave of the Trinity to the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Notwithstanding the time bestowed upon the process it turned out a failure, and being recommenced anew it took two months more to bring the work to a happy conclusion. A modern bell-founder would have much to teach Master Henry Michel in the technicalities of the trade.

However admirable may be the material employed, the excellence of the bell still depends upon its shape, and the proportion observed in its different parts. Slight defects in the tone are remedied after the casting. 'If the note is too sharp,' says Mr. Gatty, 'the bell is turned thinner: if too flat, its diameter is lessened in proportion to its substance by the edge being cut. When an entire set turn out to be in harmony, they are called 'a maiden peal.' This, however, is a most rare occurrence; many sets of bells have the credit of being 'maiden' without deserving it, and a great many, for the honour of being considered such, are left decidedly out of tune.' Whether the old bell-founders practised these after-processes for the rectification of the tone, or whether they were obliged to abide by the original casting, we are not informed.

In 1463 the manufacture of the smaller sort of bells had attained to such importance in England that on the complaint of the artificers to the king in parliament that they were impoverished by the importation from abroad, it was ordained that no merchant or other person should bring any sacring bells into the country. The great weight, and consequently expensive carriage of the larger kinds, rendered the native artists comparatively safe from foreign competition as to them. An account has been preserved of the cost a few years before (A.D. 1457) of one of these bigger productions. The material is charged 100*s.* 8*d.*; the making it, 20*s.* 1*d.*; for the conveyance of an old broken bell to Bristol, 5*s.*; and the bringing the new one thence to Yeovil, 6*s.* 8*d.*

6s. 8d. Two days and a half were spent in raising the bell, and the wages of three carpenters for this period came to 2s. One of the churchwardens had 6d. for his expenses in superintendence, the other 2d.; and a total sum of 2s. 2½d. went in refreshments.

The Bristol founders appear to have been celebrated in the fifteenth century. Before the year 1684 Abraham Rudall, of Gloucester, had brought the art to great perfection. His descendants in succession continued the business, and down to Lady Day, 1774, the family had cast the enormous number of 3594 bells. Several of the most famous peals in the West of England were of the Rudall make, besides many others in different parts of the country, such as those of All Saints, Fulham, and those of St. Dunstan's, St. Bride's, and St. Martin's in the Fields. The bells of the University Church, Cambridge (*circa* 1730), so much admired by Handel, were from the St. Neot's foundry. The Messrs. Mears, who succeeded to Rudall at Gloucester, and who have also an immense establishment in London, are stated by Mr. Gatty to manufacture annually several hundred bells, and to have not uncommonly thirty tons of molten metal in their furnace. The vast number of new churches which have been built of late years, and the admirable spirit which prevails for restoring old ones to their pristine completeness, must have raised the trade to a pitch of prosperity never known before. Many, however, of the modern towers are of too flimsy a construction to bear the jarring of a full peal. A catastrophe which occurred at Liverpool in 1810, when the spire of St. Nicholas' Church fell upon the roof as the people were assembling for the service, and killed twenty-three of the congregation, was partly caused by the vibration of the bells.

The bell having been cast, the next step in old times was to name it, and in this the ecclesiastics followed all the ceremonies employed in the christening of children. It was carried to the font, it had godfathers and godmothers, was sprinkled with water, was anointed with oil, and was finally covered with the white garment, or chrisom, which in the Roman Catholic ritual was put upon infants at the conclusion of the rite, as an emblem of innocence. Nothing could exceed the pomp and solemnity of the service. 'Costly feasts were given, and even in poor villages a hundred gold crowns were sometimes spent on the ceremony.' The usage is so ancient that it is mentioned by Alcuin, who says that 'it ought not to seem a new thing that bells are blessed and anointed, and a name given to them.' It would be easy to enumerate a variety of instances; but we forbear to subjoin a list which would find few readers, unless perchance among the members of the Society of Antiquaries. The custom  
continued



continued in England down to the Reformation; and we give a single memorial of the practice from the accounts of the churchwardens of St. Laurence, Reading, in 1499:—

‘Payed for halowing of the bell named Harry, vj s. viij d. And over that, Sir William Symes, Richard Clech, and Mistress Smyth being godfaders and godmoder at the consecracyon of the same bell, and beryng all other costs to the suffragan.’

‘By the term baptism,’ says Magius, ‘it is not meant that bells are baptized with that baptism by which the remission of sins is conferred; the term is used because the principal ceremonies observed in the baptism of children are observed in blessing bells.’ This is superfluous as an explanation and inadequate as a defence. ‘Bells,’ says Southey, ‘are not baptized for the remission of sins, because the original sin of a bell would be a flaw in the metal, or a defect in the tone, neither of which the priest undertakes to remove.’ The profanity of the proceeding was in applying the forms of a Christian sacrament to a purpose in which there was no correspondence between the outward sign and the inward effect. When the Roman Catholic rite was done away, Protestants went into the opposite extreme, and superstition was exchanged for indecorous conviviality. White, of Selborne, in noticing the high festival which was observed in his village at the inauguration of a new peal in 1735, states that the treble was fixed bottom upwards and filled with punch. This is still the favourite plan, and we cannot help thinking that it is a bad beginning to teach the parishioners to associate their ‘church-going bells’ with rum and beer.

Comparatively few of the immense number of baptized bells that were existing at the time of the Reformation still hang in their ancient towers, and on these it is often no easy matter to trace in the antique and half-corroded characters the once venerated name that was invoked by their sound. A more careful search in remote districts might make known several, of which no account has been given, though we might hear of none so old as that which was taken down from a church in Cornwall in the time of the late Mr. Davies Gilbert, the President of the Royal Society, and which bore, as he used to relate, with all possible pride, the inscription ‘*Alfredus Rex!*’ It was supposed to have been the gift of King Alfred, and to have done duty for a thousand years. Multitudes of bells, famous for their tone and magnitude, frequently the offerings of wealthy laymen and in the production of which no pains or expense had been spared, were taken away at the dissolution of the monasteries. Nor, though Holinshed remarks that ‘bells remain as in times past,’ were those of the cathedrals and parish churches always spared. King  
Henry

Henry VIII., according to Stow, staked a bell tower, with a lofty spire of timber, which stood in St. Paul's Churchyard and contained four bells, the largest in London, against a hundred pounds, with Sir Miles Partridge, a courtier. Sir Miles won, and had the bells broken up and the tower and spire pulled down. Bulkeley Bishop of Bangor sold the bells of his cathedral in 1541, and Sir Henry Spelman relates that at the period of his boyhood (*circa* 1572), the people used to tell how many had been removed in every part of his county (Norfolk). The destruction began when ecclesiastical property was seized by the Crown and granted to laymen. The hundred of Framland, in Leicestershire, affords an example of the rarity of genuine antique specimens. Out of 38 churches, with an aggregate of 127 bells, 88 have been cast since 1600; of 16 the date is uncertain, and only 23 are clearly of the pre-reformation period. The puritans, though the enemies of church music and of almost everything which had once been put to superstitious uses, did not wage direct war against bells. Yet in the general depredation then committed upon churches, the tower was frequently rifled of its contents. The good people of Yarmouth petitioned the Parliament in 1650 'to be pleased to grant them a part of the lead and other useful materials of that *vast and altogether useless cathedral* in Norwich, towards the building of a workhouse to employ their almost starved poor, and *repairing their piers*.' When the inhabitants of a neighbouring town could propose to strip off the covering from the roof of a noble cathedral and lay it open to the ravages of frost and rain because such edifices were useless, it was not to be expected that bells would be valued except for the metal of which they were made. In the tasteless apathy which succeeded after the Revolution, the belfry was often robbed to repair the church. Very numerous were the instances in which four bells out of five have been sold by the parish to defray the churchwardens' 'little account.' Of those that escaped such accumulated dangers, several in the lapse of time have been injured and recast; and altogether the ancient stock has been sadly reduced.

With Scotland it fared considerably worse than with us. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, told Spelman in 1632 that when he was shown the church at Dunbar by 'a crumpt unseemly person, the minister thereof,' he inquired how many bells they possessed, to which the minister answered, 'None.' His Grace asked how it 'chanced,' and the minister replied, with some astonishment at so simple a question, that 'it was one of the Reformed churches.' In Edinburgh, Abbot found only a single relic. All its companions throughout the city had been shipped to the Low Countries. In France the Revolution was fatal

fatal to many of the bells, and so much the more that the metal was available for cannon. The celebrated 'George of Amboise,' which hung in the cathedral of Rouen, was devoted to the purpose during that sacrilegious delirium when the religion of the people might be said to consist in war.

Some of our old writers delighted to trace the judgments which they imagined had descended on the depredators. Spelman observes significantly that Sir Miles Partridge, who gambled for the bells with Henry VIII., was hanged a few years afterwards on Tower Hill, and the trafficking Bishop of Bangor was affirmed to have been suddenly stricken with blindness when he went to see his peal safely shipped. Bad luck attended many of the bells themselves, the vessels in which they were embarked having been wrecked. It never seems to have occurred to these enthusiastic worthies that church property was not the only cargo lost at sea, or that a miracle, which destroyed instead of preserving the bells, was wrought for a very inadequate end.

Still many great bells remain which are noticeable for antiquity as well as magnitude and beauty of tone. The peal of Exeter Cathedral, the heaviest in England, is a noble example of the occasional superiority of ancient over modern bells in regard to tone. The Exeter peal consists of ten bells; the peal of St. Saviour's, Southwark, which is the next heaviest, numbers twelve, of which nine are upwards of four hundred years old. Another peal of twelve, that of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, was much admired by Queen Elizabeth; and when they rang out in honour of her approach from Hatfield to London, she seldom failed to stop at a short distance from the church and commend their melody. There are peals of ten bells at St. Margaret's Church, Leicester, at St. Mary's, Nottingham, and in the tower of Fulham, which are considered among the finest in the country. The musical bells of Dewsbury are famous, even beyond Yorkshire, as 'England's sweetest melody.' One of the number, which is popularly known as 'Black Tom of Sothill,' is said to have been an expiatory gift for a murder. It is tolled on Christmas-Eve as at a funeral, and this ringing is called 'the devil's knell,' the moral of it being that the devil died when Christ was born.

It has been computed that in England there are 50 peals of ten bells, 360 peals of eight bells, 500 peals of six bells, and 250 peals of five bells. The calculations, however, rest upon superficial data, and are probably wide of the truth. 'Eight bells,' says Mr. Gatty, 'which form the octave or diatonic scale, make the most perfect peal.' It is a matter of pride to be able to ring a vast variety of *changes*, and these increase enormously with the number of the bells. 'This term is used'—we quote  
again



again from Mr. Gatty—‘because every time the peal is rung round, a change can be made in the order of some one bell, thereby causing a change in the succession of notes. The following numbers are placed to show how three bells can ring six changes :—

1	2	3
1	3	2
2	1	3
2	3	1
3	1	2
3	2	1

Four bells will ring four times as many changes as three, viz. 24 ; five bells five times as many as four, viz. 120 ; and so on.’ The progression advances at such a fearful rate that twelve bells will give 479,001,600 changes. These, it was calculated by Southey, who was fond of the curiosities of the art, would take ninety-one years to ring, at the rate of two strokes to a second, or ten rounds to a minute. The changes, he continues, upon fourteen bells could not be rung through at the same rate in less than 16,575 years ; and upon four-and-twenty they would require more than 117,000 billions of years. In practice, bells are rung more than twice as quickly as Southey supposes. He has recorded a feat of eight Birmingham youths, who managed to get through 14,224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes. Their ambition was to have reached a complete peal of ‘15,120 bob major,’ but they were too exhausted to proceed. ‘Great, then,’ exclaims the Laureate, in ‘The Doctor,’ from which we borrow these particulars, ‘are the mysteries of bell-ringing,’ and mysterious, we may add, are its fascinations. Yet one unparalleled enthusiast, whose book was printed in 1618, devoted 475 pages to prove that the principal employment of the blessed in heaven will be the continual ringing of bells. Southey pronounces that the art is at least entitled to the praise of being the most harmless of all the devices for obtaining distinction by making a noise in the world. The justice of the remark, however, is more than doubtful. Bell-ringers as a class have always had the credit, or discredit rather, of being a disorderly set. The fellowship commenced in the belfrey conducts to the public-house, all gratuities are spent in tippling, and it is a common observation that the ringers, after summoning the congregation to church, are prone to slip away themselves.

To go from peals to single bells, Mr. Gatty has drawn up a list of the largest which exist, or till lately existed, in the world :—

	tons. cwt. qrs. lbs.			
The Great Bell of Moscow (height 21 ft. 4½ in., diameter 22 ft. 5½ in., circumference 67 ft. 4 in., greatest thickness 23 in.) weighs . . . . .	198	2	1	0
Another cast in 1819 weighs . . . . .	80	0	0	0
The bell in the tower at St. Ivan's Church at Moscow (height 21 ft., diameter 18 ft., weight of clapper 4200 lbs.) weighs . . . . .	57	1	1	16
Another in the same church weighs . . . . .	17	16	0	0
The Great Bell at Pekin (height 14½ ft., diameter 13 ft.) weighs . . . . .	53	11	1	20
One at Nankin . . . . .	22	6	1	20
One at Olmutz . . . . .	17	18	0	0
The Great Bell of the Cathedral of Rouen, destroyed 1793 (height 13 ft., diameter 11 ft.), weighed . . . .	17	17	0	16
One at Vienna, cast in 1711 by order of the Emperor Joseph from the cannon left by the Turks when they raised the siege of that city (height 10 ft., circumference 31 ft., weight of the clapper 1100 lbs.), weighs . . .	17	14	0	0
One in Notre Dame in Paris, placed in the Cathedral 1680 (circumference 25 ft.), weighs . . . . .	17	0	0	0
One at Erfurt in Germany, and considered to be of the finest bell metal extant (height 10½ ft., diameter 8½ ft.), weighs .	13	15	0	0
One in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Montreal (cast 1847), weighs . . . . .	13	10	0	0
'Great Peter,' which was placed in York Minster in 1845, weighs . . . . .	10	15	0	0
'Great Tom' at Oxford (diameter 7 ft. 1 in., height 6 ft. 9 in.), weighs . . . . .	7	11	3	4
'Great Tom' at Lincoln (recast in 1835 with an additional ton of metal), weighs . . . . .	5	8	0	0
Great Bell of St. Paul's (diameter 9 ft., weight of the clapper 180 lbs.), weighs . . . . .	5	2	1	22
Do. Do. before recast, weighed . . . . .	3	13	3	1
'Dunstan' at Canterbury . . . . .	3	10	0	0

It will be seen that 'Great Peter' of York, which has been cast since the fine peal in the Minster was destroyed by the fire of 1840, is the reigning monarch of all the bells of the United Kingdom. It is stated by Mr. Gatty that the ordinary price of a bell is about six guineas per cwt., but it is probable that the rate increases with the size, for 'Great Peter' cost no less than two thousand pounds, which was contributed by the citizens of York. It is many inches higher than the tallest grenadier in her Majesty's service, and requires fifteen men to ring it. A bell which once added a glory to the cathedral of Canterbury is said to have required twenty-four men to raise it, and another no fewer than thirty-two.

The two 'Toms' of Oxford and Lincoln are supposed by some to have owed their appellation to the circumstance of their giving out a sound which resembled the name. The original Oxford bell, which hung, like the present, in the Gate Tower of Christchurch, was brought from the abbey of Oseney, and was christened Mary at the commencement of the bloody Queen's reign,

reign, by Tresham, the vice-chancellor. ‘O delicate and sweet harmony!’ he exclaimed, when first it summoned him to mass,—‘O beautiful Mary! how musically she sounds! how strangely she pleaseth my ear!’ But musically-tongued Mary was recast in 1680, and has now a voice as masculine as its name, for it is neither accurate in its note nor harmonious in sound. Every evening at nine it tolls 101 times, in commemoration of the number of scholarships with which the college is endowed.

The great bell of St. Paul’s, which is one of the most popular curiosities in the cathedral, hangs in the south or clock tower, above the two bells which sound the quarters. It bears the inscription—‘Richard Phelps made me 1716.’ It is struck hourly by the hammer of the clock, but the clapper hangs idle, except when its ponderous stroke announces the death or funeral of a member of the royal family, a bishop of London, a dean of St. Paul’s, or the Lord Mayor of the year. There is an erroneous notion that most of its metal was derived from the remelting of ‘Great Tom of Westminster,’ which, from a clock-tower that then stood near the door of the Hall, had sounded the hours for four hundred years to the judges of England. This bell, so replete with venerable associations, was given or sold by William III. to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul’s, and re-cast by one Wightman. It was speedily broken in consequence of the cathedral authorities permitting visitors to strike it, on payment of a fee, with an iron hammer, and Phelps was employed by Sir Christopher Wren to make its fine toned successor. It was agreed, however, that he should not remove the old bell till he delivered the new, and thus there is not one single ounce of ‘Great Tom’ in the mass. The latter is destined, after the lapse of a century and a half, to have a mighty substitute, for close to its ancient historic site the external clock of the New Palace of Westminster is to strike the hours on a bell of fifteen tons, and deprive ‘Great Peter’ of York of its short-lived pre-eminence.

But the monster bells of England are mere playthings in comparison with the leviathans of Russia. The Czar Kolokol, or Monarch, as it is called, is the largest in the world. The value of the raw material alone was estimated by Dr. Clarke at 66,565*l.* 16*s.*, and by Erman at 350,000*l.* ‘Great Peter’ of York took fourteen days to cool. The molten metal of the Montreal bell was twelve minutes in filling the mould. What must have been the process when, instead of some eleven or thirteen tons, 198 were employed. It was cast by the order of the Empress Anne in 1734, from the metal of a gigantic predecessor, which had been greatly damaged. The people assert that it was once hung aloft, but that the beam from which it was sus-



pendent being burnt in 1737, it was buried in the earth by the fall, and a piece broken out. Dr. Clarke maintained, without sufficient reason, that the fall was a fable, that the bell remained in the pit in which it was cast, and that the fracture was caused by the water, which was employed to extinguish a fire in the building above, having flowed upon the metal when it was heated by the flames. The Emperor Nicholas had it raised in 1837, and placed on a low circular wall. Steps lead into the pit over which it hangs; and this excavation in the earth, with the Monarch bell for a dome, is consecrated as a chapel. The Czar Kolokol is dumb, but the lesser sovereign in the tower of St. Ivan sends out its mighty voice three times a year, which produces a tremulous effect through the city, and a noise like the rolling of distant thunder. The bells in Russia are fixed immoveably to their beams, and it is merely the clapper which swings to and fro. This alone in the bell of St. Ivan takes three men to sway it from side to side. Barbaric ambition is always pleased with what is big, but the tone of the Russian bells is likewise fine, though, as the art of harmonious ringing is unknown among them, the practical result is a confused clashing of sounds, extremely painful to English ears.

With all the Russian fondness for bells, the permission to employ them is a concession which the Czar has never obtained for Greek churches within the Ottoman border. Only the rocky peninsula of Athos has enjoyed a special privilege which the inhabitants showed not, nor show, any backwardness to exercise. Some recent travellers were earnestly entreated by the old sacristan of a monastery, where a tower was just completed, to send out an English bell. The period at which ringing commenced or ceased in the East has not been ascertained. Cardinal Baronius says that the Maronites began to use bells in 865, having received them from the Venetians; and Matthew Paris states that Richard I. was welcomed at Acre with a peal when he landed in 1190 for his crusade. It is not unlikely, among other prospective changes, that the church-bell may be allowed to speak its summons in conjunction with the muezzin's call to prayer.

Enormous as are some of the bells of China, they are inferior to the Russian both in size and tone, and the dulness of their sound is increased from their being struck with a wooden instead of an iron clapper. The Burmese indulge in the almost universal taste; and a large specimen, which was taken in the late war from the Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon, was valued at 17,000*l*. But enough of the big bells of the world, which are rather matters for idle wonder than use.

It

It is a great descent from the Czar Kolokol to those small ancient hand-bells, which are connected with the personal history of the first apostles of Christianity in Ireland and Britain. They are made of a dark bronze, are of a quadrangular form, which was probably copied from Roman specimens, and are usually from nine to twelve inches in height, and about six in width. Sometimes they are cast in one piece, but in many instances they consist of two or three plates riveted together and subsequently fused into one mass by a process of founding which is not practised in the present day. The more perfect specimens are remarkable for sweetness of tone, and the distressing note given out by others is owing to their being cracked or repaired. In the middle ages they were held in such veneration, that they were carried about when contributions were raised for the monasteries in which they were kept,—they were taken to solemn assemblies, oath was made upon them in judicial trials, and the people were more afraid to swear falsely by them than the Gospel, expecting that the immediate vengeance of the saint would fall upon the offender who dared despise his bell. Nay, some are used in Ireland to this day for the same purposes as of old—for enforcing oaths, honouring funerals, exercising a species of ordeal, and for gracing the festivals of the patron-saint of the district.

Amongst the shadows of bygone times, few are more unsubstantial than those of the ‘gray fathers’ of the Irish and British Church—St. Patrick, St. Kieran, St. Columba, St. Gildas, St. David, St. Senanus. Yet, in remote and secluded districts, bells, which are repeatedly mentioned in historical manuscripts, have come down upon a stream of testimony as having been the identical instruments used by them at their altars and in their ambulatory ministrations. Three are alleged to have had the honour of belonging to St. Patrick himself. One of these is said to have been in his hands when, on the hill of conflict, ~~the~~ modern ‘Croagh Patrick,’ he had his last encounter with the demons of Ireland. His violent ringing proved insufficient to scare away his adversaries, and he at last flung the bell itself into the midst of them, when they fled precipitately, and left the island free from their aggressions for seven years, seven months, and seven days. The missile, broken by the fall, was afterwards bestowed on the patron-saint of Kildare, and called ‘the Broken Bell of Brigid.’ It was another bell, we suppose, which is mentioned in the ‘Acta Sanctorum’ as having been mended for St. Patrick by an angel, and the seam was shown in attestation of the miracle. This is like the evidence of the Whig witness in ‘The Rambler,’ who, to prove that the son of James II. was

was a supposititious child, testified that he had seen the *warming-pan* in which the infant had been smuggled to the Queen's bed.

A second St. Patrick bell became an heirloom of the abbey of Armagh, and was employed in 946 by the abbot to measure the tribute paid him by a northern tribe, the bell-full of silver being given him for his 'Peace,' as successor of the apostle of Ireland. The third and most prized of the relics is that known as 'the Bell of Patrick's Will.' The breach of an oath taken upon it in 1044 was affirmed to have been revenged by an incursion in which a large number of prisoners and 1200 cows were carried away. At the commencement of the twelfth century it was encased in a costly shrine, embellished with serpents, curiously and elegantly interlaced. The custody of it had become hereditary, and formed a source of considerable emolument; it appears that a Henry Mulholland, who died late in the last century, closed the long line down which this relic of ancient art had been conveyed in one family through a period of 700 years. The bell itself is much corroded, but appears to have been of rude construction. The work of the later shrine, however, which was undoubtedly executed in the island seventy years before Henry the Second's army landed on the Irish shores, proves that the natives then could hardly have been behind their invading neighbours in the arts of peace. The bell and its shrine were in the Cork Exhibition in 1852, and its sound is described as amply sufficient to scare away evil spirits, as well as any reptiles except the deaf adder.

Hand-bells possessing similar virtues, and some of which are preserved, were common in Wales. They were held sacred in all the Welsh churches previous to the Reformation, and were taken round to the houses of deceased persons on the day of the funeral—a very ancient custom, which is stated by Mr. Westwood, in his interesting papers published a few years back in the 'Archæologia Cambrensis,' to have stood its ground until lately at Caerleon. Some specimens which existed in Scotland partially retained their hold on popular veneration down to nearly our own day, in defiance, as Dr. Wilson remarks, of reforming zeal and the discipline of Presbyterian kirk-sessions. Curious superstitions were connected with them here, as elsewhere. The bell of St. Fillan, which belonged to a famous old chapel at Killin, in Perthshire, was affirmed to cure lunacy, a belief which would now be deemed of itself an indication of the disease. After the patient had dipped in the well or pool of St. Fillan, and passed a night in the chapel, the bell, if he survived, was set on his head in the morning with great solemnity, and his wits returned. Still more extraordinary,



extraordinary, it was believed that if this invaluable specific was stolen it would extricate itself from the hands of the thief, and return from whence it was taken, ringing all the way. The same power was attributed to a bell in Leinster. A chieftain of Wicklow got possession of it, and he was obliged to tie it with a cord to prevent its escaping to its home, at St. Fillan's church in Meath. Clothaire II. (it is Baronius who tells the tale) carried off a bell from Soissons, in Burgundy, which resented its removal in a more effectual way. It became dumb on the road, and when it arrived at Paris its voice was gone. The king sent it back to its old quarters, and it no sooner approached the town than it recovered its tone and rang so loudly that it was heard while yet seven miles distant. An occurrence of recent date would in those days have figured among the miracles of the age. On the death of the Duke of Wellington, the bells of Trim, which he had represented in Parliament, and where he spent many of his early years, were ordered by the Dean to be tolled. The tenor, one of the finest and sweetest in Ireland, was no sooner set going than it suddenly broke. On examining the bell it was found to have been cast in 1769—the very year the Duke was born. So we read in 1854.

An old Sancte-bell still hangs in a few of our churches in the bell-cote above the chancel arch. It received its name from being always rung at the words *Sancte, sancte, sancte Deus Sabbath,* as the priest elevated the Host, and all who heard it knelt and offered a prayer to the Virgin. Most persons have witnessed this scene in the streets of Roman Catholic cities, where a hand-bell is rung before the priest who carries the sacred elements. Some years since in Spain the sound penetrated to the interior of a theatre, and not only did all the spectators rise up and kneel, but the dancers on the stage stopped in their performance to drop upon their knees.

Of the inscriptions upon bells not very many of early date remain. Some Anglo-Saxon bells, which are only known to us from history, were dedicated to English saints and confessors, as the bell called 'Guthlac,' at Croyland, and the bells named 'Turketul,' 'Betelem,' and 'Bega,' given to the same holy site by Turketul's successor. The oldest of those which still exist in England generally bear the name, if not of the Saviour or of the Virgin Mary, at least that of an apostle, a martyr, or some other saint of special eminence, with the usual addition 'ora pro nobis.' But in later times it became common to couple some longer invocation with the name. Thus we find, in uncouth Latin, sentiments like the following, which we translate for the benefit of our fair readers:—

'JESUS,

- 'JESUS, regard this work, and by thy strength prosper it!'
- 'Jesus, who abidest above the stars! heal our wounds.'
- 'May my sound please Thee, O Christ, Heavenly King!'
- 'Christ! give us the joys of eternal life.'
- 'I am the Way and Giver of Life:—give thyself to me.'
- 'Our motion speeds the Redeemer's praise.'

An old bell at Thirsk bears the inscription—

- 'In the name of Jesus I call, sounding Mary in the world.'

The bells dedicated to the Virgin have such labels as these—

- 'I am called Mary: I disperse the storms, scatter enemies, and drive away dæmons.'
- 'I sound in the world the name of Mary.'
- 'I am called Mary, and sound the Rose of the World.'
- 'O crowned Virgin! I will proclaim thee blessed.'
- 'O Mary! by thy prayers protect those whom I call together.'

On bells in honour of St. Michael we find,

- 'I laud in holy tones him who broke the sceptre of the dragon.'
- 'May the Creator associate us with the angels!'

On a bell in honour of All Saints,

- 'Govern us, O God! and unite us to Thy saints.'

On a bell in honour of St. Katherine,

- 'In this assembly I sound sweetly the name of Katherine.'

There are many bells dedicated in the names of St. Peter and St. Paul; and on one of them is the epigraph

- 'The bell of Peter sounds for the name of Christ.'

The bell of the great Minster of Schaffhausen, and another in a church near Lucerne, proclaim that they 'mourn at funerals, disperse storms, honour festivals, excite the tardy, and pacify the turbulent.' The monkish jingle to the same effect was a common inscription in the middle ages:—

- 'Funera plango, Fulgura frango, Sabbata pango,  
Excito lentos, Dissipo ventos, Paco cruentos.'

In a few instances the words were deemed, for what reason we cannot perceive, a charm against fire, as was the case with the inscription on the great bell of the priory of Kenilworth, preserved by Dugdale:—

- 'May a healthy and willing mind, freedom for our country, and the peace of Michael and the Angels, be given by Heaven to this house for the honour of God.'

An actual fire-bell (cast 1652) in the church of Sherborne has upon it the distich—

- 'Lord! quench this furious flame;  
Arise, run, help, put out the same.'

A local

A local poet seems to have resided about this period in the town, for in the same tower a bell, recast in 1670 from one which was said to have been brought by Cardinal Wolsey from Tournay, has a second couplet, which bears a strong resemblance to the first in style :—

‘ By Wolsey’s gift I measure time for all ;  
To mirth, to grief, to church, I serve to call.’

The original Great Tom of Lincoln (1610) announced that it was dedicated ‘ to sound sweetly unto salvation, of the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son.’ A bell in Carlisle Cathedral, dated 1667, has this exhortation :—

‘ I warn ye how your time passes away. Serve God, therefore, while life doth last, and say *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* !’

The great bell of Glasgow Cathedral (1790) bears a wordy inscription characteristic of Scotch divines, but, though somewhat lengthy, it has a redeeming conclusion :—

‘ In the year of grace 1594, Marcus Knox, a merchant in Glasgow, zealous for the interests of the reformed religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow, and placed me with solemnity in the tower of their cathedral. My function was announced by the impress on my bosom—“ Ye who hear me, come to learn of holy doctrine ;” and I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time. One hundred and ninety-five years had I sounded these awful warnings, when I was broken by the hands of inconsiderate and unskilful men. In the year 1790 I was cast into the furnace, refounded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation. Reader ! thou also shalt know a resurrection—may it be unto eternal life !’

If there was no peculiar felicity in the old inscriptions, they were usually reverent. Here and there we meet with an exception, as in the case of ‘ Great Tom’ of Oxford, which, before it was recast in 1680, had an epigraph to the effect that in the praise of St. Thomas it rang out ‘ Bim, Bom.’ The great bell at Rouen bore a miserable stanza, which has been translated by Weever into verse that is not a great deal worse than the original :—

‘ Je suis George d’Ambois,  
Qui ai trente-cinq mille pois ;  
Mais lui qui me pesera  
Trente-six mille me trouvera.’

‘ I am George of Ambois,  
Thirty-five thousand in pois ;  
But he that shall weigh me  
Thirty-six thousand shall find me.’

In those days the ecclesiastics devised the inscriptions, but later,  
when



when the churchwarden who ordered the bell also settled the label, we must expect to find the most ridiculous specimens of parochial poetry. Thus at St. Mary's, Bentley, in Hampshire, where there are six bells, No. 1 (1703) is inscribed—

‘ John Eyer gave twenty pound  
To meck mee a losty sound.’

On No. 5 we have,

‘ Unto the church I do you call,  
Death to the grave will summons all.’

On another,

‘ Thomas Eyer and John Winslade did contrive  
To cast from four bells this peale of five.’

On a bell at Binstead, one of a peal of five,—

‘ Doctor Nicholas gave five pound  
To help cast this peal tuneabel and sound.’

On another,

‘ Samuel Knight made this ring  
In Binstead steeple for to ding. 1695.’

On a bell at Bradfield church in Berkshire,

‘ At proper times my voice I’ll raise,  
And sound to my subscribers’ praise.’

Nothing is too low or ludicrous for rustic tastes, and the same sort of genius which loves to embellish the leads and benches of the church with facsimiles of the soles of heavy shoes, bearing in the centre the name and age of the wearer, with the date of his carving, is equally visible in the inscriptions on bells and the epitaphs upon gravestones.

It may be presumed that the earliest use of bells in churches was to summon the congregation; but superstition soon enlisted them into her service. It then became customary at their consecration to pray that they might be endowed with power to drive away devils, and dissipate thunder-storms, hail, and tempests.\* In the opinion of those who originated the practice, the evil spirits were the cause of foul weather, and, being terrified at the saintly sound of the bells, they precipitately fled. ‘For this reason,’ to give the strange delusion in the words of the eminent ritualist Durandus, ‘the church, when a tempest is seen to arise, rings the bells, that the fiends, hearing the trumpets of the eternal King, may flee away, and cease from raising the

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\* On some of the old bells the expression ‘I drive away pestilence’ occurs. In this case, perhaps, the influence was ascribed (by some at least) to natural and not to spiritual causes, for we read among the rules of Dr. Hering, against ‘pestilentiall contagion’ in 1625,—‘Let the bells in cities and townes be rung often, and the great ordnance discharged; thereby the air is purified.’

storm.' When he wrote this in 1286, the belief had already existed for centuries, and Magius centuries afterwards gravely discussed and resolved in the affirmative the questions, whether it is the fiends that brew the tempests, and whether church-bells will p● to rout the fiends. There are numerous allusions to the practice in ancient manuscripts; and in parish accounts in the fifteenth century, bread, cheese, and beer are charged for the refreshment of the ringers during 'thunderings.' It was one of the 'fooleries' which Latimer exposed at the Reformation in that happy style of argument which has never been surpassed for its exact adaptation to the tastes and comprehension of illiterate hearers. 'Ye know,' he said, 'when there was a storm or fearful weather, then we rung the holy bells: they were they that must make all things well; they must drive away the devil! But I tell you, if the holy bells would serve against the devil, or that he might be put away through their sound, no doubt we would soon banish him out of all England; for I think, if all the bells in England should be rung together at a certain hour, there would be almost no place but some bells might be heard there, and so the devil should have no abiding-place in England.' No disease of the body is more hereditary and inveterate than these disorders of the mind. The Bishop of Chalons christened a peal not many years since, and in a sermon which he pronounced on the occasion enforced the 'fooleries' which Latimer had laughed away. 'The bells,' said he, 'placed like sentinels on the towers, watch over us, and turn away from us the temptations of the enemy of our salvation, as well as storms and tempests. They speak and pray for us in our troubles; they inform Heaven of the necessity of earth.' If this be true, there is more virtue in the clapper of a bell than in the tongue of a prelate. So late as 1852, the Bishop of Malta ordered all the church-bells to be rung for an hour to allay a gale. Under the auspices of a hierarchy so enlightened the custom continues to flourish to this day in many parts of the Continent, and may not impossibly endure while a tower, a bell, and a Roman Catholic priesthood can be found collected on the same spot.

In many places the practice was kept up from mere habit when the superstition had ceased, there having grown up in lieu thereof a notion that the ringing of bells dispersed storms or retained them at a distance by moving the air. An event which occurred in Brittany in 1718 convinced philosophers that the means employed to drive away the lightning was singularly efficacious in drawing it down. A great storm arose on the coasts. The bells were rung in twenty-four churches, every one of which was struck, whereas all the towers which held their tongues were spared. M. Arago  
has

has boldly questioned the conclusiveness of the evidence. He remarks that storms sometimes travel in long and narrow zones, that the specified churches may have occupied just such a strip, that the injuries done to the ringers would make a deep impression, while the slight cracks and displaced bits of plaster in neighbouring edifices, which were equally scathed, would pass unobserved. The story indeed proves too much. If the lightning picked out the towers where the bells were rung in this complete and unerring manner, a usage which had prevailed for centuries must have destroyed half the churches and ringers in the world. A single circumstance explains the tale. The storm happened on Good Friday, when not a bell is permitted to sound. Some accident occurred, and the people at once exclaimed that it was a judgment for infringing the precepts of the Church : the rest was the exaggeration of ignorance and superstition, ever ready to make a marvel. In 1769 the tower of Passy was struck during the ringing of the protecting peal, and again much was said of the mischief of the system ; but this example was in direct contradiction to the legend of Brittany, for two other neighbouring towers within the limits of the storm, in which the bells were set going, remained untouched. The general result was, that educated people denounced the plan, and Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and the lower orders persevered in patronising it. The secular authorities interposed in some parts of Europe to put it down. The King of Prussia directed an ordinance, prohibiting the practice, to be read in 1783 in all the churches of his dominions, and the same was done in the Palatinate and several dioceses in France. The Prefect of Dordogne found it necessary in 1844 to repeat the order ; and, to prove that pretended science can be as blind to evidence as superstition itself, he assured the people that to ring the bells was ‘ an *infallible* method of causing the lightning to strike.’ Whether these agitations of the air have any effect at all upon tempests, is considered by M. Arago to be still undecided. It was till lately the usage in particular districts of France to fire small cannon or mortars to ward off such storms of hail and rain as would be destructive to the crops. The method was thought to be efficacious by those who tried it, and to indemnify them abundantly for the powder they expended. The few observations, however, of military men rather tend to the conclusion that the roar of artillery is without influence upon the weather, and, if cannon are ineffective, it would go far to show that no result has been produced by the comparatively feeble though more continuous sound of bells. On one point at least M. Arago is decided—that it has never been demonstrated that they increase the danger. In no single instance is there any valid reason to  
suppose



suppose that ringing has brought down lightning upon buildings which would otherwise have escaped. M. Arago points out that the ringers, nevertheless, are in a perilous position. As the highest objects are commonly struck, church-towers offer a prominent mark; the rope, moistened by the humid atmosphere, is a powerful conductor, and the charge is lodged in the man at the end of it. If no one is present, and the rope is left hanging, as is usually the case, at a certain distance from the ground, it is possible for the lightning to make the circuit of the loop at the extremity, and return by the way it came, without leaving within the tower any trace of its visit. A German *savant* calculated in 1783 that in the space of thirty-three years 386 towers had been damaged and 121 ringers killed. The same flash being constantly fatal to more than one of the company, the total of deaths is not the measure of the number of churches which were struck during a peal. In 1755 three ringers were killed in a belfry, together with four children who were standing underneath. In 1768 a flash was fatal to two men in a church-tower in Dauphiné, and wounded nine more. It is therefore evident that, if bells have any power whatever over storms, it is not sufficiently rapid or marked to counterbalance the risk to the ringers.

After the discovery had been made of the potency of bells in terrifying spirits, they were naturally employed in all the matters in which fiends were reputed to interfere. It was the weapon with which St. Anthony fought the legion of demons who tormented him during his long eremitical life, and in the figures which were drawn of him during the middle ages he is represented as carrying a bell in his hand, or suspended from his staff. The passing-bell, which was formerly tolled for those who were dying, or passing out of the world, as well as the peal which was rung after their death, grew out of the belief that devils troubled the expiring patient, and lay in wait to afflict the soul at the moment when it escaped from the body; yea, occasionally even to do battle for it with good or guardian angels—a scene, by the way, given in apparently the oldest remains of Etrurian, if not of Egyptian art. The tolling of the passing-bell was retained at the Reformation, and the people were instructed that its use was to admonish the living and excite them to pray for the dying. To discourage the fancy that demons could assault the liberated soul, or that the jingling of bells would deter them from their purpose, only a single short peal was to be rung after death. In the articles of inquiry in different dioceses at various periods, inquisition is made both as to keeping up the practice of tolling the passing-bell, and the discontinuance of the former superstitious ringing. The injunction began to be neglected towards the close  
of

of the seventeenth century, and by the beginning of the eighteenth the passing-bell, in the proper sense of the term, had almost ceased to be heard. The tolling, indeed, continued in the old fashion, but it took place after the death instead of before. The short peal that was once the peculiar signal to announce that some mortal had put on immortality, is still rung in many places as the prelude or the conclusion to the tolling, though it has no longer any meaning. It is less surprising that the usage should have been given up than that it should have lasted so long. It must often have been a bitter pang to relations to order the doom of those to be sounded whose lives were dearer to them than their own, and an aggravation of their misery to have their ears, as they sat by the dying bed, filled with the sorrowful knell. It must frequently have dismayed the patients themselves, and hastened, if it did not sometimes cause, the event it foretold. Nelson said of the dying Christian, in his 'Fasts and Festivals' (1732), that, 'should his senses hold out so long, he can hear even his passing-bell without disturbance.' Such was the case with Lady Catherine Grey, who died in the Tower in 1567. The question of the Governor to one of the attendants—'Were it not best to send to the church that the bell may be rung?'—caught her ear, and she herself answered, 'Good Sir Owen, let it be so.' A Mrs. Margaret Duck, who departed this life in 1646, on finding her end draw near, summoned her family to take leave of her, and then gave orders herself for the bell to give out its warning note. But these were the minority, and many felt more like the swearer mentioned in the 'Anatomy of Abuses,' who, 'hearing the bell toll for him, rushed up in his bed very vehemently.' Now and then, in spite of the bell, the patient recovered, and of this old Fuller gives a curious instance. His father called upon Dr. Fenton, a divine, who, after some conversation, apologised for leaving him. 'Mr. Fuller,' said he, 'hear how the passing-bell tolls for my dear friend Dr. Felton, now a-dying; I must to my study, it being mutually agreed upon betwixt us in our healths that the survivor of us should preach that other's funeral-sermon.' But 'my dear friend Dr. Felton, now a-dying,' recovered, and lived ten years after he had preached, in fulfilment of the compact, the funeral-sermon of Dr. Fenton!

Whatever was the origin of the curfew, or *couvre-feu*, which was rung at eight o'clock as a signal for the inhabitants to put out their fires and go to bed, its object, as far as it can be traced, was exclusively social or political, and not religious. The introduction of the practice into England is usually ascribed to William the Conqueror, and the most plausible conjecture as to its purpose is, that it was to diminish the risk of extensive conflagrations

flagrations at a period when houses were principally of wood. Milton has described it in a couplet sonorous and musical as the bell itself:—

‘ On a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
*Over some wide-watered shore,*  
*Swinging slow, with solemn roar.*’

It is an instance of the tenacity with which we cling to a practice once established, that, though for centuries its only use has been ‘to toll the knell of parting day,’ it continues to be rung wherever there are funds to pay the ringer, and few who have been accustomed to its sound that would not feel, if it was hushed, that a soothing sentiment had been taken out of their lives.

The manifold other purposes to which bells are applied are too familiar for description. They are the appointed voice of public rejoicing, and sound for every festive event. They ring in the new year, the new sovereign, the new mayor, the new squire, and the new rector; for hope is stronger than memory, expectation than gratitude, and the multitude feel that their life is in the future and not in the past. Often the peal breaks forth on unworthy, and in the last generation was sometimes employed on shameful, occasions. Mr. Brand had known it called into requisition to celebrate the winning of a ‘long main’ at cock-fighting. But the commonest application of its merry music is to proclaim that two lovers have just been made happy. ‘Well is it,’ says Mr. Gatty, ‘when all continues to go

Merry as a marriage bell.

Alas! we have known sequels to such a beginning, with which the knell had been more in unison!’ So thought one Thomas Nash,\* who in 1813 bequeathed fifty pounds a-year to the ringers of the Abbey Church, Bath, ‘on condition of their ringing on the whole peal of bells, with clappers muffled, various *solemn and doleful changes* on the 14th of May in every year, being the anniversary of my wedding-day; and also the anniversary of my

\* In the days of his namesake all the visitors to the city were welcomed by a peal from the Abbey, a compliment which cost them half-a-guinea. The company, thus apprised of every fresh arrival, used to send and inquire for whom the bells rang. Anstey describes the practice in his ‘New Bath Guide:’—

‘ No city, dear mother, this city excels  
In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells.  
I thought like a fool that they only would ring  
For a wedding, a judge, or the birth of a king;  
But I found ’twas for me that the good-natur’d people  
Rung so hard that I thought they would pull down the steeple;  
So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,  
And paid all the men when they came from the Abbey.’

decease



decease to ring a grand bob-major, and *merry mirthful peals* unmuffled, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness.'

Passing from the realities of tangible bells, we may advert for a moment to the stories which belong to the regions of illusion or romance. Uhland refers to one of these traditions in his poem of 'The Lost Church,' which Lord Lindsay, whose translation we quote, supposes to have been founded on an ancient tradition of the Sinaitic peninsula:—

' Oft in the forest far one hears  
A passing sound of distant bells;  
Nor legends old nor human wit  
Can tell us whence the music swells.  
From the Lost Church 'tis thought that soft  
Faint ringing cometh on the wind:  
Once, many pilgrims trod the path,  
But no one now the way can find.'

Similar legends of churches swallowed up, and of their bells sending out their wonted music on certain occasions from the depths of the earth, are attached to several localities. At a place called Fisherty-Brow, near Kirkby Lonsdale, there is a sort of natural basin, where, according to the *superstitio loci*, a church, the clergyman, and the congregation were engulfed, and here the bells may be heard ringing on a Sunday morning by any one who puts his ear to the ground. A like fate was said to have befallen the entire village of Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire; and it was formerly the custom for the inhabitants on Christmas morning to go out to the valley and listen to the mysterious chimes of their lost parish church. According to a tradition at Tunstall, in Norfolk, the churchwardens and parson disputed for the possession of some bells which had become useless because the tower was burnt. While the quarrel was in progress the arch-fiend stepped in and carried off the bells. The parson pursued him with hot haste and much Latin, but the evil one dived into the earth with his ponderous burthen, and the place where he disappeared is marked by a boggy pool, popularly known by the name of Hell-hole. Notwithstanding the aversion of the powers of darkness to such sounds, even these bells are sometimes permitted to favour their native place with a ghostly peal. Many more such traditions, slightly varied, exist both here and abroad.

None of these histories of phantom bells, whose voice has come 'upon the wind,' can be more remarkable than the circumstance related by the ever agreeable author of 'Eöthen.' He was travelling, seated on his camel, in the desert, and, having closed

closed his eyes against the fierce glare, he gradually fell asleep.

‘After a while,’ he says, ‘I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough wakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, yet merrily ringing ‘for church!’ After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I, nor any of my party, had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around us; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea; and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells. Referring to my journal, I found that the day was Sunday, and, roughly allowing for the difference of longitude, I concluded that, at the moment of my hearing that strange peal, the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer. I could not allow myself a hope that what I had experienced was anything other than an illusion. It would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some pious enchantment, had asked and found this spell to rouse me from my forgetfulness of God’s holy day.’

It was impossible in Mr. Kinglake’s case that the ringing in his ears could be caused by actual bells; but at sea, where there is a wide unbroken expanse, with nothing to check the sound until it is reflected to the ears of the crew from the sails, a peal, in a favourable state of atmosphere and wind, will sometimes be heard at an enormous distance. A ship’s company could distinctly distinguish the bells of Rio Janeiro when they were 70 miles from the coast.

When ships go down in a tempest a warning bell is said to be heard amid the storm: and on land it is no uncommon notion that its prophetic tongue will sometimes announce to persons who are about to die their impending doom.

‘The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,  
An aerial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapp’d its wing  
Around the towers of Ounnor Hall.’

Rogers, in his lines on an 'Old Oak,' alludes to the same superstition :—

‘ There, once, the steel-clad knight reclined,  
His sable plumage tempest-toss’d ;  
And as the death-bell smote the wind  
From towers long fled by human kind,  
His brow the hero cross’d.’

Until its cause was discovered no sound could have seemed more supernatural than the note of the Campanero, or Bell-bird of Demerara, which is of snowy whiteness, and about the size of a jay. A tube, nearly three inches long, rises from its forehead, and this feathery spire the bird can fill with air at pleasure. Every four or five minutes in the depths of the forest its call may be heard from a distance of three miles, making a tolling noise like that of a convent bell. What a tale of wonder might have been founded on such sounds in such a wilderness !

The pleasant story of the Bells of Bow bringing back the poor runaway apprentice by their cheering burthen—

‘ Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London,’— seems to belong to the fabulous part of our subject ; but it has perhaps, after all, a substratum of truth, and indicates a disposition, of which there are other traces, to interpret the language of the belfry by the wishes of the heart. There is an anecdote told in many old books of a rich and well-born dame who had fallen in love with her valet, consulting a priest upon the expediency of taking the dear man for her husband. The priest bid her listen to the bells and follow their direction. With unmistakeable distinctness they pealed forth in her ears, ‘ *Marry your valet, marry your valet, marry your valet.*’ A few weeks afterwards she reappeared before her father confessor, told him of the misery of the match, and complained that the bells had misled her. ‘ It is you,’ replied he, ‘ that must have misinterpreted the bells : go and listen again.’ She went accordingly, and this time they said, with vehement perspicuity, ‘ *Don’t marry your valet, don’t marry your valet, don’t marry your valet.*’

From the nature of the associations connected with them, as well as from their inherent charm, it is no wonder that bells should have exerted an influence on the mind in every age and clime.

‘ What music is there that compared may be  
With well-tuned bells’ enchanting melody ?  
Breaking with their sweet sounds the willing air,  
They in the listening ear the soul ensnare.’

These lines, which are inscribed in the belfry of St. Peter’s church at Shaftesbury, first made Bowles in love with poetry.  
‘ The



‘The enchanting melody’ had an Orpheus-like power over the rude pedantry of Dr. Parr. He once conceived the design of treating at large upon Campanology, and many and pressing were the calls upon the pockets of his friends for the peal at Hatton. On going to reside he made several changes, and he specifies as one of them, that ‘Bells chime three times as long.’ Even the soul of the conqueror who had devastated Europe was stirred in its inmost depths by the simple sound. ‘When we were at Malmaison,’ says Bourrienne of Napoleon, ‘how often has the booming of the village bell broken off the most interesting conversations! He stopped, lest the moving of our feet might cause the loss of a single beat of the tones which charmed him. The influence, indeed, was so powerful that his voice trembled with emotion while he said, ‘That recalls to me the first years I passed at Brienne.’ None have more reason to be affected by the associations which bring back the days of comparative innocence and peace than the troubled spirits who are entangled in the labyrinths of a guilty ambition. But of all the instances of the power of bells ‘to touch a sympathetic chord of the heart,’ the most moving is the tradition told in connection with the peal of Limerick cathedral. It is said to have been brought from a convent in Italy, for which it had been manufactured by an enthusiastic native, with great labour and skill. The Italian, having afterwards acquired a competency, fixed his home near the convent cliff, and for many years enjoyed the daily chime of his beloved bells. But in some political convulsion which ensued the monks were driven from their monastery, the Italian from his home, and the bells were carried away to another land. After a long interval the course of his wanderings brought him to Limerick. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated along the broad stream of the Shannon, he suddenly heard the bells peal forth from the cathedral tower. They were the long-lost treasures of his memory. Home, happiness, friends—all early recollections were in their sound. Crossing his arms on his breast, he lay back in the boat. When the rowers looked round they saw his face still turned to the cathedral—but his eyes had closed for ever on the world.

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- ART. III.—1. *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Eighth edition. Edinburgh, 1853. 4to. Art. 'Architecture.'
2. *Proceedings of the Liverpool Architectural and Archaeological Society*. 4to. Vol. I. Liverpool, 1852.
3. *The Builder*, No. 609. London, 1854.
4. *The Building Chronicle: a Journal of Architecture and the Arts*. Edinburgh, 1854.

THE last five-and-twenty years have been a period of very unusual activity in architecture both in this country and upon the continent. The art has been thoroughly roused from the torpor into which it had fallen at the end of the eighteenth century. Opportunities, which were contingent upon accident, and therefore to be speculated upon only as improbable possibilities, have had no small share in this result. The spirit once excited spread far and wide, confirming the truth of the French proverb, *L'appétit vient en mangeant*. That demand creates supply, is a well known maxim in political economy; and hardly less true is it that supply creates demand.

At the present day far more attention is paid to architectural appearance, or what Mr. Garbett quaintly terms 'politeness,' than formerly. A numerous class of buildings—to wit, private banks, insurance and other offices, which used to make so little pretension to external character as to be scarcely distinguishable from the ordinary houses around them—now contribute to the adornment of our streets. Although not exactly public buildings, they shame several which are included in that prouder title. Nor are their façades altogether without practical utility, especially to strangers; inasmuch as being conspicuous objects they serve as landmarks, by breaking up the bewildering and tiresome monotony which is the sole characteristic of many parts of the metropolis.

Of late years, moreover, entirely new classes of buildings have been called into being by the changes incident to a progressive age, such as Railway Stations, Public Baths and Wash-houses, Bazaars, Arcades, and covered Markets. To these we may add a variety of Galleries, Museums, and Exhibition Rooms, which were places of amusement never dreamt of in the good old days of Ranelagh and Vauxhall—the first now vanished utterly, the second the mere ghost of its former self. There are other buildings still, which, if not new in purpose, have assumed a new form, and, in compliance with the humour of the time, are planned with a regard to effect. Schools and provincial colleges, hospitals and almshouses, nay, even Union workhouses affect to 'have a taste,' which, in some of the last, has been so little in keeping

keeping with their purpose as to have obtained for them the name of 'palaces of pauperism.' We have heard, on tolerably trustworthy authority, that not long ago the owner of a genuine Elizabethan mansion withdrew from it in disgust, on a large Union of the same school of architecture being erected almost within sight of his windows. For our own part we should not be sorry were its application to such incongruous purposes to diminish the present partiality for a style which is chiefly characterised by uncouth stateliness, and is ill adapted to the accommodation rendered necessary in a modern residence by increased refinement in the mode of living. In general, it may be remarked that, notwithstanding our progress in other respects,\* we have rather degenerated from the taste which was displayed by our nobility in the last century, in some of their truly palatial country-houses. The race of the Wansteads, Worksops, and Wentworths have no successors at the present day; the princely and, though not faultless, almost peerless Holkham, has now no rising competitor: our Leicesters and our Burlingtons are no more.

The number of buildings erected, and the increased pretensions of the designs, are not the only favourable symptoms. We have got a chartered Royal Institute of British Architects, and architectural societies and associations planted nearly through the length and breadth of the land. We have had, and are, it seems, now to have again, Architectural Exhibitions secure from the step-motherly caressings of the Royal Academy. There is a special Architectural Publication Society; *item*, an Architectural Museum. Architectural periodicals—such as the 'Builder'—have been established among us; and the subject is treated both more fully and frequently than formerly in miscellaneous journals. Still there are shadows as well as lights in the picture, and, we

\* One of the most important improvements of late years is *hypæthral fenestration*, or the lighting halls, galleries, saloons, libraries, and similar rooms from above. In proportion to the size of the apertures a far larger quantity of light is admitted, and it is more equably diffused. The 'great room' of the Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle-street would be little better than darkness visible, were its three ceiling windows to be transferred to one of the side walls. Among the many advantages attending hypæthral fenestration, we may enumerate these:—It admits of greater diversity of design than what is of necessity the usual mode; it enables the architect to bring in one of the principal rooms where it would otherwise be impossible; it shuts out from view, what, if seen, would be unsightly; it conduces to regularity and *balance* by allowing design to be kept up and decoration carried on continuously, whereas the effect is marred when one side of a room is cut up by being nearly all window in the daytime, and nearly all drapery of an evening; it produces variety by the contrast between the sky-lighted and window-lighted rooms; and it admits of still further contrast at night by burning the gas *externally*—a mode that has already been practised in one or two instances, and is capable of being made particularly striking.



fear, ugly blemishes also, that are not likely to be removed without considerable effort.

Among the worst evils under which architecture labours in the present day, is the general faith in the virtue of competition. The system has been tried in a variety of ways, and has never succeeded. The manager of the Haymarket Theatre offered five hundred pounds for the best comedy, and got for his money a piece which was not worth five pence; religious societies have proposed innumerable prizes for essays on all sorts of subjects, and have failed to obtain a single pamphlet of average merit; an occasional picture has been procured by this method by some dissenting community, and the result was a daub. Men of eminence refuse to expose themselves to the chances of such a contest; and though architects are an exception on great occasions, even they, if of any sort of note in their profession, will not risk failure for a trifling object. Hence in the immense majority of cases it is only inferior ability which is brought into play, and even such as it is it works at a disadvantage, inasmuch as the artist is more intent upon producing, with the least expenditure of thought and time, some showy elevation to catch the eye of the vulgar spectator, than upon elaborating a plan which will obtain the permanent approbation of the public. Yet, let the talent which enters the lists be ever so great, and the designs ever so good, nothing is gained unless the judges are competent and impartial. In general they are neither. Many of the committees who advertise for plans are guilty of a fraud on the profession. They have commonly their favourite candidate, who is a resident in the place, or is connected with some influential member of their body, and the herd of architects are invited to sacrifice their time and money for no other purpose than to enhance the merit of this lucky individual, and to give a show of fairness to a job. With the best intentions, the tribunal would rarely be qualified to decide, and this brings us to say something on the imperfect knowledge possessed by the public of the qualities which constitute beauty in the art.

Contrary to what might be presumed from the manner in which the productions of the architect are broadly thrust upon the general gaze, their most distinguishing characteristics make but a faint impression upon those who are unable to look at them with an educated eye. Nothing can truly be said to be seen of a building beyond what is specifically noticed and comprehended, and how little in this sense is commonly taken in by spectators is evident from the circumstance that even a painter is altogether at a loss how to represent a piece of architecture, unless he is acquainted with each of its component parts. That he will be able,

able, at least, to produce something like his model, is not disputed; but though it may be passable as to general resemblance it will be crude and spiritless, because those nicer distinctions and qualities which are not perceived by the mind cannot be expressed by the hand.

Besides eyesight, some *insight* into the principles of architecture is necessary in order to obtain that ready apprehension of its productions which nature itself bestows in the case of painting and sculpture, dealing as they do with the express imitation of natural objects. In them the mere imitation is directly perceived by all, without any preparatory training whatever. They afford some pleasure even to the least informed, whose satisfaction is generally proportionate to the matter-of-fact exactness of the representation. With architecture it is different: in spite of all that Mr. Ruskin has written to the contrary, it neither can nor ought to attempt to imitate nature. It then steps out of its legitimate sphere into absurdity, and is hardly less preposterous than the reverse process which formerly prevailed in gardening, when hedges were clipped into formal green walls and trees curiously cut into statues. The Γνωθὶ Σεαυτοῦ is a precept of the utmost importance in all the fine arts. Notwithstanding the example of the Sistine chapel even painting has, in our opinion, frequently passed its proper boundary when, called in to the embellishment of architecture, it has almost turned it out of doors, unroofing rooms by representing sky and clouds upon ceilings, or obliterating every indication of solid wall by covering the sides of apartments with figures or landscapes. Flowers and foliage are all that architecture can properly borrow from nature, and these are only applicable for palpable ornament. The more conventionally, too, they are treated the better, because they are then most in accordance with the *nature* of architecture itself. Mr. Ruskin protests against their being regularly disposed so as to form wreaths or festoons, the mode in which they lend themselves best to architectural embellishment. Of such symmetrical and consequently artificial arrangement, he is, according to his wont, dogmatically intolerant. No one can gainsay the truth of his assertion that flowers do not group themselves in such formal shapes, but we dissent entirely from his inconsistent *ergo*, and merely remark that neither do leaves sprout up upon the capitals of columns and curl around them. Our enthusiastic lover of nature himself has no admiration for some of its productions, and he cannot abide the ‘Ribstone pippins’ which he fancies he detects in the festoons on the exterior of Wren’s noble cathedral. To say the truth, a large part of Mr. Ruskin’s architectural doctrines are not worth serious discussion.

‘Copiousness

‘Copiousness of words,’ however ranged,’ says Lady Mary Montagu, ‘is always false eloquence, though it will ever impose on some understandings.’ It is this declamation, accompanied by a confidence of assertion, of which we know no parallel example, that beguiled the ‘unskilful’ into the commendation of vagaries which ‘made the judicious grieve.’ His recent extravagances have dispelled the illusion, and there is no longer reason to dread the deformities which might otherwise have risen at his bidding.

Notwithstanding the general ignorance of the rudiments of architecture, most persons take an interest in seeing buildings of more than ordinary pretension. *Quantity* speaks to every eye; not so artistic *quality*, and seldom do they look for anything beyond what is apparent on a hasty glance. In like manner the worth of the material is more easily understood than that of the design, and even as

‘A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn,’

so does stone, in the common apprehension, raise an edifice at once to the rank of ‘architecture’ which, if executed in brick, would be passed by unregarded. Yet it is surely the reverse of satisfactory to find the best material bestowed, as it often is, on very inferior designs, and durability given to buildings which would be universally considered eyesores, if the vision of the public could only be purged by some æsthetic *euphrasy*. Who possessing any feeling for architecture can look upon the front of the London Guildhall without regretting that it was not constructed of ‘lath and plaster,’ that it might long since have returned to a shapeless heap of rubbish?

As mistakes made in brick or stone do not admit of being rectified, like the misprints in a book, by a list of *errata* and *corrigenda*, every possible precaution should obviously be taken before commencing the work. Rarely does a building attain to what may be called a second edition, by undergoing only just so much alteration as improves without effacing the original design. However discreditable it may be to our national taste, an edifice once erected must keep its ground till time has whittled it away, or the pressing demands of sheer utility reclaim the site. In nothing, however, is less care used to guard against positive errors, or to produce the maximum of effect that means and circumstances will allow. In some cases considerable, and of course expensive alterations, have been made in the design while it was in the process of execution. When the present Buckingham Palace was in progress, the wings were pulled down and rebuilt; before Bridgewater House was roofed in, some large  
internal



internal walls were demolished.\* But such instances of tardy amendment are very few. In general the evil goes on to its unalterable conclusion, and innumerable are the existing edifices in which what is not bad might have been rendered positively good, and what is good still better, had the architect's plans been thoroughly examined and deliberately considered beforehand.

The main cause of this negligence is the inability of most persons to form any judgment from drawings of what the building will be. The language which architectural design of necessity employs to express its conceptions, though easy to be acquired, is an unknown tongue to people in general. Those who would smile if they were asked whether they could understand a map, would think it unreasonable to be expected to comprehend a plan. A 'section' is a mystery which they would at once throw aside in despair, and even an 'elevation' is considered to be only an awkward, formal, and disagreeable kind of picture. It is by no means easy to make them see the relative nature and value of geometric and perspective representations, and that both are indispensable for complete illustration of a structure. Geometrical delineation gives the exact forms and dimensions of objects; perspective shows the *images* of them,—not as they are in themselves, but as they appear to the eye, according to the direction and distance from which they are viewed. The latter mode does not need an interpreter, for habit has caused it to speak intelligibly to all; and the simplicity of the other would make it equally intelligible if a very little instruction on the subject were to form a portion of general education. To say nothing of the value, under almost any circumstances, of some acquaintance with a study which trains the eye to accuracy of observation, and which is the copious source of so pure

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\* This was done in order to convert what was at first intended for two small inner courts, with the principal staircase placed between them, into a large central hall. It admits of question whether it would not have been better, after removing the staircase to where it now stands, to have thrown the two little courts together and formed an inner cortile. The corridors around it would have remained as at present, with no other difference than that of their arcades being filled in with windows, affording a view of what might have been made a strikingly ornate piece of 'exterior' design, introduced where it could be contemplated from within the mansion itself. Now that it forms a portion of the interior it is brought into contrast with the other apartments; and although no exception is to be taken to its own proportions, it is so spacious and lofty in comparison with the rooms to which it is only an approach, as to diminish—certainly to moderate—the impression they would otherwise make. In Northumberland House, which is not for the most part a model of plan, the approach to the lower suite of rooms is exceedingly unpretending, and the Gallery, or rather saloon, which is placed at their extremity, is rendered all the more striking in consequence. Even the 'Mansion House' presents this valuable quality of climax, which is usually overlooked in designs—the so-called Egyptian Hall being placed in the rear of the other rooms.

an enjoyment, as to be utterly incapable of any taint of sensuality, it would plainly be to the advantage of the art itself, and of those who practise it—supposing them to practise it worthily—if the public were able to read its productions. Its professors would then be compelled to keep pace with the increased information of their patrons; and would be stimulated to diligence by the encouraging assurance that superior talent would be competently appreciated even when displayed upon paper. Designs would thenceforth be regarded as works of art in themselves; instead of being looked upon as mere patterns, because they neither are, nor assume to be, pictures also. There is nothing, we will venture to affirm, to hinder any one, with taste for the study, from understanding and relishing architectural plans quite as thoroughly as those who belong to the profession.

Architects, however, taken as a body, while complaining heavily of the popular ignorance, are extremely jealous of any effort to remove it, and, we fear, they would be the last to say honestly—‘Go and learn,’ or even ‘Come and be taught.’ In this, in our opinion, they show themselves short-sighted. In their eagerness to escape from some inconvenience, they plunge into far greater difficulties. The discernment that is too blind to distinguish imperfections is the discernment they require: a seemingly comfortable state of matters, no doubt, but attended with this disadvantage, that those who are pleased out of ignorance may be equally displeased on no better grounds. The dread of criticism and the attempt to discourage it is in fact, from first to last, mistaken policy, because nothing tends so much to excite interest and keep it alive. ‘I would rather,’ said Dr. Johnson, ‘be attacked than unnoticed; for the worst thing you can do to an author is to be silent as to his works. An assault upon a town is a bad thing; but starving it is still worse: an assault may be unsuccessful; you may have more men killed than you kill; but if you starve the town, you are sure of victory.’ Summary verdicts, however honest and just in themselves, only ask an uninquiring, passive, drowsy acquiescence, and can neither communicate instruction nor awaken interest. In other departments of art, as well as in literature, detailed criticism of individual works, far from being considered unnecessary or unwelcome, forms the staple of no small quantity of writing and printing; and it is curious that architecture, unless in special publications, should hitherto have been almost an exception to the rule. There is no danger that amateurs will trespass on the professional preserves, for besides that the actual exercise of the calling involves much that is the reverse of pleasurable, it demands long and special training. There is the same difference between comprehending  
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and practising the art as there is between reading and writing a book. The union of very opposite and almost incompatible talents is required to constitute a complete architect. He ought to be a very Cerberus of ability, with a leash of heads, one for business, one for practical science, and a third for art;—such a combination of *capita*, that we fear it is rarely found on one pair of shoulders. We farther fear there are some who are entirely wanting in the last and most essential of these heads, and who, nevertheless, contrive, in consequence of the want of discrimination in the public, to get credit for possessing it.

Such observations upon buildings as are met with in works designed for the guidance of ordinary readers are not even good in their kind. ‘Of the impediments to the progress of architecture there is one which claims more particular notice, viz. the absence of genuine criticism. Most of the criticism found in itineraries, in the literary department of works illustrating architecture, and in others of a similar nature, is written in Cimmerian darkness.’ Such is the remark made by Mr. S. Huggins in an admirable paper on ‘The Architecture of the Day,’ in the first volume (as yet the only one) of the ‘Proceedings of the Liverpool Architectural and Archæological Society,’—a collection highly creditable to its authors, and which contains many other ably-written papers, which we should like to see reprinted in a more popular shape.\* These Proceedings altogether afford proof of an energy and spirit that contrasts strikingly with the *fainéant* listlessness of the ‘Royal Institute.’ ‘The Cimmerian darkness,’ so justly complained of by Mr. Huggins, is at once both a cause and an effect. Those who furnish this kind of letterpress are well aware that their readers are still less enlightened than themselves. However intelligently travellers may write upon other subjects, their comments upon buildings are either nonsensical, or meagre, and stale. They cannot even describe the edifices they have beheld in language which conveys any definite ideas. Indeed criticism and description are usually condensed into one or two hackneyed epithets, which are like the answer of Shakespeare’s clown, that served for all questions. Nor does clear and graphic writing appear to be the forte of authors professedly architectural. The mantles of Vitruvius, Pausanias, and Procopius have fallen upon their successors, who have inherited their tendency to repulsive barrenness and dryness.

The manner again in which the architectural portion of local guide-books is got up generally indicates how slight is the interest

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\* Many of the contributions of Mr. Huggins to ‘The Builder,’ where they shine ‘velut inter ignes Luna minores,’ are no less deserving of being collected and republished.



it possesses for the public, and how little pains are taken to create any. Worse still, the views are, with few exceptions, so paltry, that the poor buildings might complain, with Mrs. Beecher Stowe, that their soi-disant portraits had transformed them into veritable Gorgons. Not that our English guide-books are entitled to a bad pre-eminence. Many of the foreign are even worse, and, incredible as it may sound, the plates or cuts in several of the Italian works of this class are hardly to be surpassed for vileness both of drawing and of execution. We have seen a set of views of the principal modern buildings of Munich, which seem intended to warn strangers how little there is which is worthy of notice in that boasted seat of art. That such pictorial abominations should be endured at all is surprising; but what astonishes us most is that purchasers should have only Hobson's choice, and that nothing of a superior quality exists. Civic pride is strong in the inhabitants of every considerable place, and we know no method in which the local *amour propre* could be turned to such useful account as in providing the public with an 'official' guide-book, prepared and illustrated by competent persons, and brought out under the sanction of the municipal authorities. It would not be amiss if every college in our two Universities were to do the same, and furnish full descriptions, graphic as well as verbal, of their respective buildings: the expense would not be ruinous—the boon to the lovers of architecture would be great.

We look to photography, which has already achieved wonders, and which, from improvements in the process, is every day achieving greater, for many most essential services to architecture. Its delineations of buildings are incomparable, and must cause the ablest draftsman to despair of emulating them. No amount of skill and diligence could possibly attain to such perfect similitude. This fidelity, quite apart from the beauty of the productions, is of inestimable value. Excellent as drawings may be for their pictorial merits, there is always more or less doubt of their truthfulness. The better the artist, the more is he apt to indulge in the *furberia dell' arte*—putting in captivating effects which are not to be seen in the original. Deception to a practised eye is frequently written upon the pretended portrait, as when, in order to enhance the majesty of a building, the *staffage* or figures are made so much too small that the edifice appears considerably larger than it is. Falsehood is falsehood, however stated or expressed, and what good end is answered by this particular species of it we are unable to perceive, while it has the obvious disadvantage of causing disappointment when the original comes to be seen in its actual dimensions.

But though photography will, no doubt, supersede to a large extent

extent the labours of the architectural draftsman, there is one thing which must ever be beyond its powers of achievement. Not only is it incapable of getting at plans and sections, but also of producing geometrical elevations. Architects must themselves supply the requisite complement of graphic illustration, which, we are sorry to perceive, they are backward in doing. Those of the present day do not, like many of their predecessors, publish the designs of their principal works, and which, being engraved from their own papers, would be accredited documents. The building itself cannot be visited by many, or must be hastily and therefore imperfectly studied. The engraving brings the cathedral, the palace, the gallery, within our own doors, and is a source of constantly recurring pleasure. Neither must it be overlooked that, although a solid construction may be expected to last, under ordinary influences, for an indefinite length of time, its duration may be cut short either through the accident of fire, or by deliberate demolition. Instances of the first are hardly necessary: let Wyatt's Pantheon, the admired of all admirers in its day, serve as an *instar omnium*. But many will imagine that nothing has been destroyed intentionally that was worth preserving, or that it has only been swept away to make room for something better. Where, then, are Wanstead and Worksop? where Carlton House, with its beautiful portico and piquantly scenic circular dining-room? where that bit of choice Palladianism, by Burlington, the façade of General Wade's house in Cork Street?\* Where Sir R. Taylor's wings to the Bank, or Sir J. Soane's 'Board of Trade,' his Scala Regia and Royal Gallery? and, not to be tedious, where is the noble front of the Excise Office† in Broad Street? When complete destruction has not levelled the building with the ground, there has in many cases been such a change, and sometimes, we admit, for the better, as to amount to complete metamorphosis. The old College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, which was a work of Wren's, has been transformed into a slaughter-house.

The original Oxford Street 'Pantheon' was unaccountably omitted both from the supplementary volumes to Campbell's 'Vitruvius Britannicus,' and from the new 'Vitruvius Britanni-

\* The beauty of the front and the inconvenience of the interior led Lord Chesterfield to say that, 'as the General could not live in it to his ease, he had better take a house over against it, and look at it.'

† The recent destruction of this edifice deserves to be reprobated as an act of barbaric vandalism. We have seen the Excise Office spoken of as in no respect remarkable, nor indeed was there much in it that would strike in description. Nevertheless, simple as it was, its façade had a singularly imposing appearance. The park or public front of Buckingham Palace shrinks into littleness in comparison with it.

cus' of Richardson. These collections of designs by various architects—the best, because the only ones of the kind which have been produced in this country—are singularly defective. Notwithstanding that they contain many subjects which have nothing to recommend them, they entirely pass by some of the worthiest, and very imperfectly illustrate the best that they give. Seldom is there more than a single plan and elevation; a section is a rarity; and although there are some perspective engravings in Campbell's volumes, they are all 'bird's-eye' views, which are useless for any of the purposes of study, and as pictures are detestable. No representation is to be found in our 'British Vitruvius,' of the colonnades in the court-yard of Burlington House; nor, greatly as they have been extolled, does any drawing of them ever appear to have been published. St. George's, Bloomsbury, and its namesake of Hanover Square, are equally set aside. Both are of more than average merit, and the Bloomsbury church in particular is a masterly conception, in spite of all that has been alleged against it by disingenuous hypercriticism and small-witted epigram. Owing to its *pose*, the portico (a hexastyle dipröstyle) possesses an air of elegance and nobleness united, which displays itself most picturesquely from every point of view. But the satisfaction is sadly diminished when, on a nearer approach, it is found to be cut up within by the five small arched doors, and corresponding windows placed above them. Pity that a single grand doorway, or flanked at most by two smaller doors, should not be substituted for this crowded assemblage of petty apertures. In St. George's church the portico projects only a single intercolumn. Yet it 'tells well,' and it is not deficient either in energy of expression, or individual character. Here we have but three doors and no windows; and to this advantage must be added a second, by no means inconsiderable, that it has only a small belfry rising up behind it. The gain will be evident by a comparison with the famous portico of St. Martin's, which is dwarfed by the lofty and anything but well-composed or beautiful steeple immediately in its rear. Independently of their porticos, these Bloomsbury and Hanover Square churches have many excellent points, which is more than can be said of St. Martin's. The latter we suspect mainly owes its great reputation to the first hasty commendation, which, as sometimes happens, has so swelled by tradition, that everybody praises what few persons of cultivated taste would have been found to admire, if it had been built from the designs of an architect of the present day.

It would be endless to particularize all the similar oversights in Campbell and Richardson. If there were sufficient encouragement



agement to undertake a 'Vitruvius Britannicus' worthy of the name, the mere gleanings to be picked up from a field whose produce is supposed to have been carefully garnered would be equivalent to a harvest, and a harvest too of better quality than the first. From the vast improvement in architectural drawing and engraving, the more tasteful choice of subjects would be conjoined with an equal superiority of execution. The plates in Campbell's work, and the same may be said of all the productions of his time, have no other merit than that of preserving honestly but drily—intelligibly but with most prosaic hardness—the bare features of the buildings. The engravings, however, of the last century, possess the recommendation of being shaded instead of being only in outline, the method commonly adopted at present, and which has certainly the advantage of showing more accurately elaborate detail and ornament. The disadvantage is, that it does not express aggregate character and effect. Where an elevation consists of many planes, some receding from and others advancing before the principal plane, it is only by reference to the ground-plan that the design can be understood; and even when comprehended by the mind, it would not show itself to the eye. In any case indeed, if two engravings of the same subject, one in outline and the other with the addition of shadow, were placed side by side, the first would be lifeless and unsubstantial in comparison with the second. Still, outline engraving, in the hands of our English artists, has shown itself capable of vigorous expression, without forfeiting either correctness or delicacy of contour. It is otherwise on the continent, where the fashion prevails of carrying delicacy of line to a most faulty excess—to monotony, tameness, and feebleness; nay, sometimes to such indistinctness, that prints newly published have the look of being taken from worn-out plates, and, at a little distance, show scarcely better than so much blank paper.

In the advanced state to which they have now attained, lithography, chromo-lithography, and wood-engraving should be more extensively applied to architectural purposes than they are at present. In its infancy, lithography did not seem capable of ever becoming serviceable where decision of form and firmness of surface are a *sine quâ non*. Looseness, raggedness, and woolliness were then its characteristics. It seems to have now reached its culminating point, as shown in such examples as are to be found in the publications of the Messrs. Day, and in the graphic works of Haghe and Joseph Nash.\* The process of printing from

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\* Some of the original drawings by this admirable artist, in illustration of the interior of Windsor Castle, may be pronounced matchless for their pictorial qualities

from several stones, or '*à plusieurs teints*,' is a most valuable discovery. The same may be said of chromo-lithography, which furnishes fac-simile studies of colouring, as well as design, in the various branches of decorative art. Although in itself no new invention, wood-engraving may be considered almost a new process as regards its masterly application in recent years to architectural subjects, and which proves that in able hands it is not only capable of producing extreme fineness and sharpness, but great variety of tint, both of surface and shadow. How admirably it is adapted to book illustration we need not tell those who are acquainted with the specimens in Parker's '*Glossary of Architecture*,' or Sharpe's '*Seven Periods of Church Architecture*.' In the latter, indeed, the woodcuts are scarcely distinguishable from the steel-plates, except by being printed on the same page with the letterpress.

Nothing can be better calculated to render popular the study of architecture than publications like those of Parker and Sharpe. The needlessly expensive form in which superior works of the kind have been generally brought out limits their circulation to professional persons who are compelled to make use of them, and to the wealthy few who can afford to indulge in the luxury of magnificent show-books. In many instances their preposterous size renders them well-nigh worthless to anybody. They can only be kept in the compartments of library tables, or in cases especially provided for the purpose; and when thickness is added to overgrown dimensions of length and breadth, to lift them requires an arm that could almost fell an ox. To add to the inconvenience the letterpress is often associated with the plates, where to peruse it at all is next to impossible, and is a severe penance at best. By far the most judicious plan is to print the text in a smaller companion volume. It is not against costly works that we are arguing, nor is there much occasion to dissuade from a practice that is nearly abandoned in England; but we desire to see some substitutes of equal intrinsic worth, which, while less pretentious in form, will be more practically useful. A beginning was made by John Britton about half a century ago, and his '*Architectural Antiquities*,' and his '*Cathedrals*,' found their way into book-cases where people would as soon have thought of lodging an elephant *in propria personâ*, as of stabling the elephant paper folio '*Cathedrals*' of the Society of Antiquaries. Independently of other considerations, convenience of size had no small share

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qualities and exquisite beauty of execution. They were worthy of occupying a place in any gallery, and will bear comparison with the choicest productions of the kind. When water-colour paintings are prized as they deserve, these gems will be ranked among the treasures of art.

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in recommending to general notice Mr. Britton's publications, and thus diffusing a feeling for the styles exemplified in the edifices he selected, and which, as far as they were represented, were illustrated most attractively by Mackenzie, Cattermole, and others, whose productions formed an epoch in the architectural drawing of England.

When we turn from the literature to the practice of architecture we see at once that it has to guard against two insidious influences—doting antiquarianism, with its superstitious reverence for whatever is old, no matter how inapplicable to actual requirements; and fashion, self-willed, and morbidly craving after change, to obtain which it will not only tolerate, but even welcome deformity. Fixity is the principle of the one, mutation of the other. Those who insist upon rigid adherence to precedent may be allowed to show some astuteness, because they are conscious that it is the only staff upon which they can lean. It is no difficult matter to tell whether their model has been copied or abandoned, and they wisely stand up for a test which is within the compass of their powers. But if the old masters of design had acted upon the pedantic principle of their modern scholars, architecture could never have advanced beyond its infancy. It was not by servilely copying, but by studying to improve upon *their* antiquity, that they attained to excellence. The modern practice of adopting in their integrity ready-made styles which are susceptible of considerable further development, and capable of adaptation to purposes never contemplated by those who originated them, gives us, instead of the diversified conceptions of individual minds, a monotonous repetition of the same hackneyed ideas. Denied the privilege of thinking for themselves, architects at last, for want of exercising the faculty, lose the power of invention. The style itself, after its brief turn of popularity, is suddenly exploded, for either it must grow with the growth of those who use it, or they outgrow it. The more it was adapted to the particular usages and social idiosyncrasy of the period in which it flourished, the more it must be unsuitable for present practice without considerable modifications. The greater, therefore, its elasticity or capacity of accommodating itself to altered circumstances, the longer it is likely to retain its hold upon the public. The call for innovation from the new demands of the age is an assistance to genius, by directing its efforts to definite points in which utility is to be made the instrument of beauty, and originality to arise out of commonplace wants. 'He extracted an ornament,' says Dr. Johnson of Pope, 'from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage.' If for 'vanity' we read 'taste,' the aim of architecture could



not be better expressed. The brick channel which was to convey smoke from the house was at first a disfigurement, and remains so still in the vast majority of cases, but the Tudor designers set to work to turn it to account, and drew from it the most striking of all their effects.

No one can wonder, when these things are considered, that the ultra-Grecism affected in the earlier part of the present century, when little else was required to gain credit for classical design than handing over to the stonemason the copy of a plate in Stuart's 'Athens,' has passed away. Besides that the remaining examples are comparatively few, and all more or less imperfect,—so much so, indeed, that until of late years the traces of polychromy remained undetected,—Greek architecture goes but a very little way towards supplying what is now-a-days required, and is rather to be studied for its refined taste than to be literally copied. The borrowed features and members, in the works of its last revivers, were seldom assimilated to the rest of the design, and consistency of character, and harmony of composition, were almost disregarded. The spirit of the style evaporated in the very effort to retain the letter. What there was of Greek in such productions was 'done' out of the original into the baldest English, and was scarcely better—the strongest condemnation we can pass upon it—than the contemporary Gothic. The College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, as originally built about forty years ago, was, notwithstanding its Ilyssus Ionic columns, a pitiful abortion. There is a very common delusion on the subject which might lead us to suppose that people judged of buildings rather through their ears than by their eyes. The essential attributes of the style itself are imputed to all the edifices which nominally 'belong' to it. Every species, however, of architecture comprehends productions of widely different degrees of merit; for there are good things in a poor style, and exceedingly poor things in the best. The generic name vouches nothing whatever for the quality of any individual work. As much depends upon an architect's own 'style'—that is to say, his *treatment* of the style \* he adopts—as on the style itself. It seems to have been imagined that each of the great divisions of architecture was endued with some wondrous *automatic* power, and that it worked of itself in every one's hands alike. Extraordinary indeed would be the art which could so readily dispense with artistic skill.

The reaction which has taken place since the beginning of

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\* A term is much wanted which would perform the same office in the architectural as in the literary vocabulary, where style denotes the peculiar manner of the writer, and not the language in which he writes.

the century has not been confined to the buildings. After affecting a plainness that might even be called ostentatious in our rooms and our furniture, in the days when insipidity went by the name of simplicity, we have now become smitten with a rage for decoration and polychromatic embellishment. The whilom grub has been transformed into a gaudy butterfly. The ultra-classic furniture of Thomas Hope has been banished to garrets, and their former contents been ransacked for antiquated gimcracks. Much of the furniture in the Great Exhibition of 1851 was only remarkable for wretched nonsensical conceits thrown into spasmodic contortions, without the poor merit of being original in its badness. The mingled extravagance and poverty of invention were none the less hideous on account of the excellence of the materials and workmanship, or rather they contributed to aggravate the deformity. In the Gore House exhibition of cabinet work, the egregious ugliness of most of the specimens was at least not secondhand.

It is no uncommon notion that ornament must of necessity be pleasing; whereas the effect may be damaged by the very means which is taken to heighten it. Ornament is one thing, the application of it another. Even the best specimens will not of themselves ensure a happy result; nor could any study of detached patterns teach the art of selecting and combining them. It is the same with furniture. Although every article in a room may be in itself unexceptionable, what should be an harmonious ensemble may prove a distracting jumble of ill-assorted objects. Many a modern drawing-room might be taken for a furniture bazaar, and the so-called men of taste who attend celebrated auctions, or hunt over the Continent for the purpose of purchasing what is rich and rare, often limit their consideration to the individual beauty of successive objects, which are absolutely unsightly when brought together. The most striking internal effects are generally found in those parts of a mansion where there is very little furniture of any description—such as vestibules, staircases, halls, corridors, and picture-galleries; and where, owing to the light being either admitted from above, or more sparingly than in sitting-rooms, there is a greater variety of light and shade. The better a room is in its plan and proportions, the less it stands in need of supplementary adornment. The majority, however, even of costly mansions, are merely cut up into a series of monotonous quadrangular spaces, and hardly exhibit more diversity than a chess-board. Hundreds of houses containing spacious apartments have not a single room that is architecturally remarkable. Everywhere we meet the same four flat walls, and, as the Greek painter reproached his pupil with  
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having tricked out Helen with finery, because he could not make her beautiful, so it is with us and our houses. Undoubtedly, the furniture ought to be worthy of the apartment, but the apartment itself should be superior to its equipments. In a word, the architect should, when possible, accomplish by his design a large part of what at present is left to the upholsterer. The wonderful charm of an intrinsically beautiful and well-appointed room will be felt by all who have ever had the good fortune to see the Library of Mr. Fergusson in Langham Place. To such epicures as ourselves it is truly delicious.

With all the imperfections which exist, we can still speak encouragingly of much that has been done of late. Destruction and renovation on a large scale have quite changed various quarters of the metropolis; and have given a cheerful look and civilized aspect to localities that a few years back were labyrinthine regions of noisome alleys—a terrible *terra incognita*, known only to its aborigines and the police. The broad lines of traffic which are cut through a pent-up mass of houses serve to ventilate a whole neighbourhood both physically and morally. A more respectable class of inhabitants are brought into the district, whose interest it is to maintain order and decency. The lurking-places of vice and crime are thinned out or swept away, and the poor are no longer crowded together in dens which were little better than so many Black Holes of Calcutta. Extensive improvements of the kind carry the spirit of improvement along with them, and diffuse the blessing on each side of their course. Adjacent streets catch the salutary infection, and, as occasions for repairs or rebuilding occur, the opportunity is taken to pay some attention to appearance and design. Although much very questionable taste is exhibited, there is a decided advance in this particular also, and some of the lately erected façades in New Cannon Street, and other parts of the City, are incontestably superior either to Regent Street or the Regent's Park Terraces, or to the prosaic style which has unaccountably prevailed in the aristocratic territory of Belgravia, where the houses are dull and insipid, and at the same time pretentious. With some exceptions such as these, we have broken through the systematic blankness of the Baker Street school of design, which used until the time of George IV. to be characteristic of all our street-architecture, patrician as well as plebeian, and which caused the wealthiest capital in Europe to be spoken of by foreigners as a wearisome succession of brick boxes. What few important mansions there were skulked sullenly behind dead walls, though how small was the loss from their being 'wall-veiled' may be judged from Marlborough House, now almost the last survivor of  
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of the race, and of which, notwithstanding that it is a work of Wren's, the utmost that can be said is, that it is a piece of respectable commonplace.

In spite of all its legion of faults, its frippery, and its drawing-board style of design, it is to Regent Street that we must ascribe the various improvements which have since ensued; for though new lines of communication and traffic might have been opened, we doubt whether more would have been done than actual utility required. But the example once set, embellishment came to be regarded as a desirable and almost indispensable ingredient in every scheme of the kind. The rich commercial firms, the banks, and the insurance offices began next to aim at a display proportioned to their wealth, and with what success may be seen from the contrast which not a few of them now present to the once vaunted halls of the livery companies, which, besides being for the most part heavy and uncouth structures, have by comparison a look that seems to say *Fuimus Troes*. So it is with many large, old-fashioned houses, which, though originally occupied by the City magnates, have been converted into ordinary places of business. One often comes suddenly upon such reliques of quondam civic grandeur in narrow lanes and out-of-the-way corners, and we feel surprised that such situations should ever have been chosen for them. But at the time they were erected there were scarcely any other; for the London of that period was little more than one universal intricate maze of narrow lanes, which emulated Hogarth's line of beauty in their tortuous course. Two centuries ago the City must have been so extremely thick-set as to throw some doubt on the wisdom of our ancestors, if it were not known that the necessity to wall-in towns for their defence contracted the available ground till scarcely elbow or breathing room remained. Happily, it is not very easy for us now to picture to ourselves the condition of the flourishing cities of Europe, when even the thoroughfares, unpaved and undrained, were wrapped in gloom by day, and in utter darkness by night. From the narrowness of the streets, and the inflammable material of the houses, every fire that broke out must have threatened a conflagration, and it is no wonder that almost the whole of the city should at last have been laid in ashes. More wonderful is it perhaps that Malcolm, an antiquary and topographer, should exclaim, 'Thank God, old London was burnt!' Posterity would have greater reason to be thankful if the inhabitants had been prevailed upon to adopt Wren's proposal for rebuilding the city. Yet in one respect we have probably been gainers; for it may fairly be doubted whether Wren's strength lay in street-architecture. His St. Paul's is unquestionably

questionably a most glorious work, but most of his other numerous productions exhibit more of Dutch-built dignity than of elegance and taste.

It is in the neighbourhood of his magnificent cathedral that one of the most admirable changes of recent times has just been introduced, though falling far short of what ought long since to have been effected. It has always struck us as unaccountable that Wren should not have been able to secure a uniform disposition of the houses around that noble pile; for it is not so much want of space in the general area as excessive irregularity which gives St. Paul's the look of being squeezed up and shouldered by the neighbouring buildings. The distance between them and the church varies from about sixty to two hundred feet, and, with the exception of the Chapter-house on the north side, they nowhere stand parallel to it. Greatly is it to be regretted that the scheme brought forward nearly thirty years ago by Mr. James Elmes was dropped in consequence of the death of the Duke of York, who had promised to promote it. The plan which was published at the time was perfectly symmetrical, conforming to the ground-lines of the grand central structure, with two small crescents corresponding to the transepts and their beautiful semicircular porticoes. A third crescent, if we mistake not, for we are writing from memory, corresponded to the east extremity of the cathedral. As regarded enlargement, the proposal was by no means extravagant. In some places it would have required the houses to be brought more forward than they are at present, and the final result would have been to secure a uniform width of about 125 feet of open space. The erection of St. Paul's School, and recently of the extensive pile of building for Cook's warehouses, have placed almost insuperable obstacles in the way of such a scheme. Most welcome, therefore, is the *embouchure* into New Cannon Street, which has opened a very advantageous view of the south side; now seen at a sufficient distance, because, as the Italians say, *la grande aria mangia*—too large an area around a building detracting considerably from its importance and impressiveness, by causing it to appear smaller. But the general irregularity is as great, if not greater, than before, and the north side of the Churchyard remains untouched, with its perplexing multiplicity of breaks, lines, and angles, and its patchwork diversity of meanness and deformity. In other respects New Cannon Street is a vast improvement. Several of the buildings, especially some warehouses close by 'Cook's,' are characterised, if not by grandeur, by *largeness*. Nor do we apply the term disparagingly, for their unusual extent of frontage as well as of height, combined with a discreet sobriety of design, gives

gives them a certain nobleness of appearance. While they do not affect to be more than what they are, they do not betray that they are less, which is the case where a number of houses are clubbed together for the purpose of forming a single large façade,—the doors below plainly indicating the severality of the occupancy. With largeness in one respect, the buildings of Cannon Street have a certain degree of littleness in another, in consequence of the height being the result of an accumulation of storeys, and not of loftiness in each separate floor—a circumstance which is always injurious to dignity. The defect, if such it is to be called, is inevitable, and perhaps it is as well that the genuine palatial stamp cannot be set upon warehouses and hotels.

It is a great advantage to New Cannon Street that the ground-floors are not occupied by shops; for shopkeepers are a most intractable race, and insist upon having every foot of their frontage an entire surface of glass. The disagreeable appearance of insecurity which is produced is of itself a fatal objection. Where the business is of a kind which requires a display of attractive articles at the window, the system is intelligible; but it has spread to trades where it can answer no useful end, and the present passion of every shopkeeper is to have something more conspicuous and extravagant than his neighbour. Hence what was originally meant for regularity and continuity turns in a short time to discordant and beggarly-looking patchwork. There is no restraint put upon individual caprice, and we could almost wish that some regulations were enforced, if only to compel the simultaneous repainting of the several fronts which compose a single façade. At present it is no uncommon thing to see one half of a column restored to its original complexion, while the other, which appertains to a different tenant, is left with its dingy coating of London dirt. Nowhere have the shopkeepers played their pranks more recklessly than at the Royal Exchange, which is now completely disfigured, to the utter disgrace of the Gresham Committee, who had the power of putting its veto upon such scandalous barbarism. It is to be hoped Mr. Tite has enough affection for his masterpiece to publish authentic illustrations of a noble edifice, in which petty shopkeepers and retail hucksters ought never to have been permitted to have a footing. If ever the taunt of '*la Nation Boutiquière*' was justified, it was when the *Royal Exchange*, of which the first stone was laid by Prince Albert, and the completed building inaugurated by the Queen, was disfigured and degraded under the eyes and in the domain of our merchant princes, without meeting with a remonstrance of sufficient vigour to deserve the name.

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The unfortunate Royal Exchange is surrounded by improvements. The view from a line in continuation of Prince's Street presents a striking sight,—a confluence of vistas, and a piquant assemblage of varied architectural objects. Prince's Street itself, which at its south end was little better than a dangerously narrow lane, now deserves the name of a street. The Monument has been thrown open to view in the distance, as well as Hawksmoor's church of St. Mary Woolnoth, which, if somewhat grotesque, is not a little picturesque likewise. The portico of the Exchange, with its deeply recessed central vista into the cortile, or 'Merchants' area,' displays itself admirably in its pristine dignity; while the Bank, by no means the worse for Mr. Cockerell's alterations, is seen to advantage. Though unchanged in name, Lothbury and St. Bartholomew's Lane have been quite metamorphosed; nor must Moorgate Street be forgotten. It is the aggregate effect we are commending, and not every item of which it is compounded. Yet a careful inspection of the environs of the Bank would enable the draftsman or photographer to discover many praiseworthy designs, which, though they do not strike very forcibly when confounded with the mass, would be found worthy of notice if they were exhibited singly. The materials for a work in continuation of Jones's 'London in the Nineteenth Century' have now become ample, and the supplement, if worthily executed, would greatly surpass the original.

On referring to the article on Architecture in the recent edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which professes to bring down its information to the present day, to see what was said of our recent buildings, we found, to our astonishment, that the examples quoted were—a church by Mr. Gwilt at East Charlton; the Roman Catholic church by Pugin in St. George's Fields; the Panopticon in Leicester Square; and Mr. Hope's house in Piccadilly; while no mention is made of the New Palace at Westminster; the British Museum; Royal Exchange; new Treasury buildings; Bridgewater House; Holford House (Park Lane); the Irvingite church in Gordon Square; the Tractarian one in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square; St. George's Hall, Liverpool; the Taylor Institute, at Oxford; or the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. 'The works of living men,' the writer begins with saying, 'may not be dealt with unless for praise;' and the unavoidable inference is that he condemns all that he has here passed by. 'Truth,' said Voltaire, 'is a fruit which must be very ripe before it is gathered;' but the Encyclopædist, by a silence which he announces to be censure, intimates that the fruit in this case is not worth the gathering. Where so many edifices of real pretensions are set aside, it is perhaps

perhaps consistent that such a building as the Panopticon, which is a mere exotic, and just such another freak as the Pavilion at Brighton, should be specially distinguished. The opinion that 'the effect produced is very striking, and by no means unpleasing,' is to us unaccountable. It is not even a good sample of the style it professes to imitate; and if it strikes, it is merely by its oddity. Seen from the same side of the square, it looks bare and flat, in consequence of the feebleness of the mouldings; and the colouring is not so decided, or so consistently applied, as to produce either relief or richness. Viewed from the opposite side of the square, the small panels over the entrance, painted with armorial shields and other devices, appear like tawdry spots. The dome, which should have risen up conspicuously between the minarets—a balance and a contrast to them—looks, as the Duchess of Marlborough said of some house she visited, as if it was making a curtsy, and is neither correct nor pleasing in its form. Within it shows to greater advantage than any other part of an interior, which is cut up and overdone with ill-assorted finery.

The omission in the Encyclopædia of Buckingham Palace is excusable enough. There was no dignity in the portion which was built by Nash; but Blore's addition is worse still; and, notwithstanding that they were laid before Parliament, we can hardly believe that anybody took the trouble to examine the designs. Before the alteration was made there was some degree of effect, because, though shadow prevailed, the light fell upon the sides which were turned towards the open court in front; and the space between the body of the Palace and the public road produced an expression of nobleness. The new building has been brought so much more forward than the original wings, that it seems to obtrude upon the Park itself. Viewed from the Mall it looks dull and lumpish. An open loggia, extended to five intercolumns in the centre of the façade disposed like those in the river front of Somerset House, would have given the vivacity it wants, and a glimpse of the foliage and verdure of the Park would then have been visible from the inner court through the intervals between the pillars. Some sacrifice of space would have resulted, but it is not difficult to see how what was lost at one point might have been gained at another in a way to conduce to further improvement.

If Sir Robert Smirke has never sunk below respectable mediocrity, he has as little risen above it. Dull and decorous, he has indulged no fancies, and, with fidelity to the forms, he has not penetrated to the spirit of classic design. The British Museum can hardly be called a failure, but it has proved a grievous disappointment after the expectation held out

out by another Sir Robert, who assured the House of Commons that the façade would be one of the finest in Europe. A wearisome sameness and poverty of ideas—a frigid and almost sullen formality—are apparent here as well as in the General Post-Office. By throwing the portico and hall together, a vista might have been obtained into the inner quadrangle, which, although more carefully finished than many parts which are full in sight, is almost hid. The solid wall which separates the portico from the vestibule beyond it might have been exchanged for square pillars corresponding to the columns in front, with low open-work metal gates between them. No further separation would have been required, and some such combination of external and internal parts would have imparted spirit and variety to the whole of the severe and monotonous colonnaded façade. The pediment, again, of the central octostyle, is deficient in diversity of sky-line. Had this portion been carried up higher than the lateral colonnades, the uniform horizontal line would have been broken, and the portico would have appeared in true central prominence, like that of the University College, in Gower Street. Even if the body of the building had been unexceptionable, it would have been marred by the mean appendages which, though they add to the extent of frontage, detract from its dignity. The official residences are respectable specimens of street architecture; but they are paltry as the wings of a grand public museum. The palisading which surrounds the building is far too gaudy to harmonize with the ultra-Grecism of the Ionic colonnades, and the exceedingly large and plain piers of the gate, which have been made to do double duty, and serve for porters' lodges, show in the general view as huge masses of solid stone, and are so much too bulky that they affect the apparent size of the main edifice itself. The sentry-boxes are an incongruity not peculiar to the British Museum, but undoubtedly they ought to have been incorporated in the plan of the architect, and made characteristic features of the external enclosure. Where the nature of the building does not allow of this, there might surely be something more sightly designed than the barbarous wooden boxes which are at present employed.

To particular parts of the new Houses of Parliament objections may be made; but indisputably it is a most magnificent pile. There is a great deal of minute elaboration bestowed on parts of the exterior, where detail, beautiful as it might look in the drawings, is lost in the building. This is particularly the case with the 'River Front,' which, being due east, is never, except in early morning, illuminated by the  
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sunshine, which is necessary to bring out its delicate carving. Architects are apt to overlook the influence of aspect on light and shade—to judge of effects from their own arbitrarily shaded elevations, or from models which can be turned to the light in any direction they please. Sir Charles, we suspect, paid more attention to his own drawing-board than to the site of his palace, or he would have spared much of the costly detail, which is not only thrown away, but destroys that breadth and repose which are indispensable for setting it off to the fullest advantage. In our opinion the original design for the river front was on this account superior to the more richly ornamented second edition. The same preference must be given to some of the plainer parts of the interior over those which are conspicuous for prodigality of embellishment. The House of Lords lacks the sober and impressive dignity which befits an imperial senate-house, and has a gewgaw look in comparison with the beautiful St. Stephen's porch and hall. But we have observed, on a former occasion, that this gorgeous palace cannot be fairly judged till the structure is complete.

Sutherland and Bridgewater Houses are two of our most lordly town mansions, and render strikingly manifest the great improvement in architectural style that has taken place within a quarter of a century. 'Beautiful and classical' are the epithets bestowed on Sutherland House by Sir F. Trench in his volume of 'Papers on the Thames Quay,' in which it is made the subject of six plates. The basement plan is particularly valuable, for it is almost the only one published that reveals the complicated arrangement of the underground offices in a spacious town house.\* As a piece of design, there is not much that offends, and nothing whatever that captivates. The elevations consist of a rusticated basement, with a Corinthian order above; but the rustication is of the feeblest and most poverty-stricken kind, and the order is of an enervated and almost blighted description. Bridgewater House, on the contrary, is in a highly finished and ornamented style, without any taint of tawdry vulgarity. A very unusual degree of richness is there so tempered by delicacy and sobriety as to have all the charm of simplicity. The eye does not detect at first the full beauty of the design, but the longer the building is looked at the more it wins upon the mind. It is an instance of the discrepancy of opinion which constantly exists on such subjects, that Dr. Waagen has delivered a judgment directly the reverse of our own. 'There is no doubt,' he says, 'that this mansion, in the taste of the forms and decorations, is

\* Plans, &c., of the basements and entresol floors over them in some of the club-houses would form an instructive practical work.

inferior to its stately neighbour, Stafford House.' Painting, we apprehend, has occupied more of Dr. Waagen's attention than the sister art; and in the present instance we are confident that those who are most deeply versed in architecture would dissent from his views. A similar contrast exists between Apsley and Holford House in Park Lane to that which we have pointed out between Bridgewater and Sutherland House. Despite its Corinthian loggia towards Piccadilly, Apsley House is inane in design, and is only distinguished for the mawkish simplicity of the Wyatt school. To assert that the richly adorned Holford House eclipses all the mansions in its neighbourhood, would not be saying much, because, with the exception, perhaps, of Chesterfield House, there is nothing worthy of notice; but, next to Bridgewater House, it surpasses everything of the kind in the metropolis. It presents a good specimen of the climax of arrangement of which we have previously spoken—the two loftiest and most spacious apartments (the banqueting and ball rooms) being placed at the extremities of the principal suite, which, including the conservatory, extends to nearly 300 feet.

Even the writer in the 'Encyclopædia' has opened his eyes to the captivating graces of Sir Charles Barry's Italian designs, which, like those of Addison's prose, are almost too delicate and subtle for analysis. The south garden front of the 'Travellers' Clubhouse, which is nearly concealed from public observation, is a truly exquisite design. Since it was first erected it has been sadly marred by a superstructure on its roof in the shape of smoking-rooms; but it may be seen in its primitive purity in a work published many years ago, in which it was illustrated with unusual fulness. The Italian style adopted by Barry is of so different a cast from that of the Palladian and Burlington School of the last century, that it at once struck by its novelty, as well as charmed by its elegance. It is admirably adapted to street architecture, and, few as are its elements, is capable of great variety of expression, from quiet simplicity to the most exquisite richness. Nor has it at all suffered in the hands of Sir Charles Barry. On the contrary, he has imparted to it delicacies and refinements which are not to be found in his models or his imitators. The latter—and they are many—have caught the outline, but not the essential qualities of his design: we miss the masterly touches which it is beyond the power of the copyist to reproduce.

It might be tedious to continue our criticism of the numerous edifices which of late years have risen up in the metropolis. We have selected for comment a few of the most important buildings in the different departments of architecture, that we might afford  
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by examples (which teach better than general descriptions) a view of the present condition of the art in the metropolis, as compared with the past. Upon the whole, it will be seen that we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the progress we have made. Eccentricities, like the Panopticon, continue to be tolerated—a portion of our recent public edifices fall short of what we had reason to expect—certain domestic houses, such as those in Belgrave and Eaton Squares, exhibit no symptoms of reviving taste; but, on the other hand, the majority of our new streets display a marked improvement—some of our cotemporary public buildings are noble structures—and the two latest mansions upon a palatial scale surpass anything which previously existed. But there is no security that we shall continue to advance, or shall even keep what we have gained, unless the public can control by their judgment the caprices of individuals. It is for the gratification of the many, and for the sake of their commendation, that beauty is studied, and until they can distinguish between what is good and what is bad, architects labour in vain. In the hands of some the profession will be turned from an art into a money-making business; others, whose ability is not equal to their ambition, will be employed in preference to better men, and the Wrens and the Barrys will be fortunate if, besides being deprived of the stimulus of praise, their plans are not marred by the want of knowledge in their patrons of the common principles of design.

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ART. IV.—*Siluria. The History of the oldest known Rocks containing Organic Remains.* By Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, G.C. St. S., D.C.L., M.A., F.R.S., &c. London. 1854.

WE are seated comfortably in our new house at the West-end of London. We have chosen the site of our residence with care, selecting a spot where the foundation should be gravel and not clay. Naturally of an inquisitive disposition, we have not stopped short at the knowledge of the simple fact, but have sought to know what this ‘gravel’ and ‘clay,’ about which we hear so much in London conversation, may be. A geological friend tells us that they are the ‘elephant gravel’ and the ‘London clay,’ and that the latter is infinitely older than the former. As elephants have not, during historical times, been in the habit of scattering their tusks and bones over British fields, but have confined their peregrinations to the limited bounds of Astley’s, Wombwell’s, and the Zoological Gardens, we feel quite sure that the gravel in question was accumulated a very long time ago. As to the clay, Highgate-hill, our friend tells us, is



is made of it; and he says that in some places about London it is 600 feet thick. Underneath it is chalk, and to get a good supply of water we must bore through chalk as well as clay. We are advised to read Prestwich 'On the Water-bearing Strata around London,' and to look at Milne's 'Sections of London Strata,' and then we shall understand the matter better. Having shares in water companies, and being tired of American novels, we determine to take the advice of our friend, and seek a new pleasure by reading up geology,—just so much of it, at least, as is quite certain. The good Rector of our parish in the country, a very worthy man and excellent scholar, has told us that there is some truth in the practical part of the science, but that its theories are all doubtful, and no two geologists can agree about them. There are other reasons why we should know something of the subject, having been tempted to take shares in coal-mines at an unpronounceable locality in North Wales, which certainly seems to be singularly uncarboniferous, and to require a great deal of money from the shareholders in order to get at the coal. We subscribe to the 'Miners' Adviser'—a weekly paper of high repute in the speculative world—and read all the correspondence, the gist of which is to the effect that every mining enterprise at present in progress is sure to be productive, and that geology is 'all rubbish.' Our manager at the coal-mines also takes in the 'Miners' Adviser,' and assures us that he agrees in everything that its correspondents write, being satisfied, after long experience, that there is nothing like practical knowledge. He does not, however, despise geology, though he says the so-called geologists are very ignorant. He has a prophet of his own, whom he calls Evan Hopkins, a philosopher who he says must not be confounded with a famous geologist and great mathematician at Cambridge known as William Hopkins. He talks fluently and well on these matters, and uses many excellent technical terms. Several friends in the City think highly of our manager's judgment, and are quite ready to follow his advice about investing money in mining-shares. Our geological friend, however, seems to entertain opinions different from those of our practical manager, and holds the authority of the latter gentleman in small account. He demands to know precisely where the coal-mines are, pulls a parti-coloured map out of his pocket, looks at it attentively, and shakes his head. He is more cautious than our manager, and, though evidently desponding, does not venture upon a definite opinion before the maps of the geological survey are procured. These maps are new to us; but a glance suggests that we ought to have asked for them before, and that, if the state does the people a benefit by putting accurate information within their reach,

reach, for their own sakes they should take advantage of it. Our friend explains to us the colours of the map, and communicates the intelligence that our imaginary coal-mines are in the Llandeilo flags or Wenlock shales, we forget which. Either, however, according to the geologist, was quite sufficient, and the sooner we get rid of our manager and break up the works the better for our purse. Our friend is evidently too sure of what he is saying to permit of a doubt; and we begin to see daylight in geology.

Disappointment speedily gives way to curiosity. New questions suggest themselves. How old are the said flags and shales, and how much older than the clays and gravels of London? Having grown geologically wiser since our speculation in the Llanffandidl coal-mines, we are now in a condition to afford some information on these points, and to speak not without authority upon geological questions generally.

The 'flags' and 'shales,' called Llandeilos and Wenlocks, are Silurian rocks; the former part of the Lower, the latter of the Upper Silurians. Between the newest of the Silurian strata and the London clay there is a prodigious geological interval and a vast thickness of rock formations of various kinds. Were we to bore through the clay in London, we should in all probability have to sink through many thousand feet of ancient consolidated sediments before arriving at the Silurians. Let those of our readers to whom geology seems a mystery go down to some place upon the sea-coast, where the various beds of clay and rock are seen resting upon each other in succession, and in consequence of violent movements that have agitated the earth's crust, are so inclined or set on end that their order is as manifest as in a drawing or plan. There are many such places. On the shores of the Isle of Wight, for example, the London clay itself, with its peculiar fossils, may be seen upheaved and resting on the chalk, under which are various sands and clays, some of marine, some of fresh-water origin, as may be inferred from the organic remains they contain, all belonging to what is termed the cretaceous system. In none of these strata are found fragments of animals or plants identical with any now living in the world. All they contain, moreover, are different from those entombed in the great series of oolitic rocks that lies below the cretaceous; and these again, in turn, from the contents of the far more ancient Upper Palæozoic strata, to which group of great formations belong, among others, the coal-bearing beds of our country. Between these last and the Silurians are, in Britain, several thousand feet of distinct rock-formations, called Devonian, and to which the well-known old red sandstone belongs. The lowest of the Devonians rests on the uppermost of the Silurians.

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This order of succession, thus briefly indicated, is found to be constant all over the globe wherever the hammer of geologists has been wielded by competent observers. Not that all the members of the complete roll of formations are universally diffused and invariably present; on the contrary, it is not likely, or indeed possible, that in any one place there can be met with the whole series of strata. But when one locality is compared with another, and section tested by section, the order of relative sequence proves fixed and invariable. Occasionally, though rarely, the explorer may be momentarily deceived by some convulsive overturn or excessive crumpling and rolling of the beds; but a brief search and tracing out of the rocks soon brings the exception within compass of the rule. The scale or index of order of sedimentary formations varies only in its wording in different geological treatises: on the actual sequence all are agreed.

The entire assemblage of rock-formations just alluded to contain organic remains; so do the Silurians that lie below them. But not very many years ago the strata beneath the old red sandstone were regarded as presenting little better than a geological chaos. They were mentioned as 'grauwacke,' a good old vague German word that served to conceal ignorance. The ablest geologists regarded them with a sort of respectful despair, and treated them as antiquities of whose history no clue could be obtained. No one surmised that they contained as excellent and abundant proofs of life and order as any of the superincumbent strata. To make this discovery, to work it out in all its details, to establish a classification of these primeval strata which should enable geologists throughout the world to interpret their equivalents, were the worthy and admirable tasks reserved for and performed by the author of the Silurian system, who now, twenty-three years since he commenced his work on the banks of the Wye, directed thither by the sagacity of Dean Buckland, gives to the world with just pride a retrospect of his researches and a record of the results to which they have given origin, and the proofs those results have afforded of the truth of his generalizations. More remarkable or more important service has not been rendered to practical geology since the organization of the science than that which it owes to Sir Roderick Murchison. In itself this result would be a full claim for fame. The author of '*Siluria*' has, however, gathered other and equally honourable scientific laurels, and his geological researches have extended, with equal success, over almost the whole range of the greater rock formations.

Thirty thousand feet of strata, or more, including in the reckoning beds of contemporaneous igneous rocks, have been ascertained to belong to the great Silurian series in Wales alone, or on  
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the borders of that province. This enormous accumulation may give some notion of the importance of Silurian rocks. A large, probably the larger, part of this mass seems to have been formed in the depths of primæval oceans. The vast duration of time required for the aggregation of so much sedimentary matter as goes to its constitution must be estimated not merely by the amount of these series, but chiefly by the changes that were taking place in the population of the Silurian seas. The four chief subdivisions of the Silurians, in the original classification of their explorer, viz. Ludlow, Wenlock, Caradoc, and Llandeilo — the two former constituting his ‘Upper,’ and the two latter his ‘Lower Silurians’—are all and severally characterised by peculiar assemblages of organic remains. Yet are they all linked together by these very fossils, either by the general aspect of the fauna originating in the peculiarities of its generic elements, or by the presence of species that are common to several subdivisions. Excluding the fossils of the Upper Caradoc, about which there is a difference of opinion as to whether it should be classed with the Upper or the Lower Silurian, there are known to be nearly one hundred species of organic remains common to the two great sections of the Silurian system as presented in the British Islands. On data such as these Sir Roderick Murchison founds his opinion that the Silurian is an unique system; and since no comparable assemblage of ancient beings can be discovered in the rocks that lie at its base, he maintains that the Silurian fauna was not merely primæval, but protozoic, and that in the centres of the Silurian rocks we have presented to us the evidences of the earliest forms of life which inhabited the surface of our planet. An interest, *sui generis*, consequently belongs to the Silurian system and to the investigation of the arrangement and structure of the world’s foundation stones to which it claims to belong. Yet the oldest fossiliferous Silurians rest on unfossiliferous rocks of sedimentary origin, and consequently, through their pre-eminent antiquity, are deserving of searching inquiry, for in them, if anywhere, we may hope to find evidences of the world’s beginning.

The geological map of England exhibits, on the Welsh border, a small patch of peculiar strata in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, to be matched only by a similar and somewhat larger district at the north end of Cardigan Bay, the country where Harlech and Barmouth are situated. There are few spots more interesting on earth to the geologist than those sterile and inconspicuous tracts. To the first we would especially call attention. It constitutes the hilly region of the Longmynd of Shropshire, and is the oldest morsel of Old England. The Longmynd scarcely

deserves the name of a mountain: the conglomeration of hilly moors of which it is composed never exceeding an elevation of 1600 feet above the level of the sea. Deep furrows, narrow valleys or ravines, with steep grassy sloping sides, and almost angular profundities occupied by insignificant streams, score these primæval ramparts and penetrate this ancient citadel. Although presenting no imposing features, no attractions for the tourist or for the artist, there is a peculiar look about the Longmynd that cannot fail to strike an intelligent traveller, and is sure to awaken the curiosity of a geologist. Nobody else, indeed, who has neither acres nor business to call him to these parts, would think of going there. Yet is the Longmynd well worthy of a visit, claiming, as it does, to be the most antiquated of our antiquities. We have said that it is the oldest morsel of England; we might say that it was England's precursor and foreshadowing. The earliest life-peopled waves that have left their furrows on a rock dashed against the shores of the Longmynd. They were good solid land ere any of the assemblages of living beings, whose remains we find preserved to us in a petrified state, had been called into existence. To rest upon these old moors, and think how marvellously old they are; to call to mind how much of the world we may have travelled over, how we might go from England to China, and from the Icy Sea to Tierra del Fuego, and yet tread every step of the way on land that was not made in the time of those venerable Shropshire hills—these are no ordinary meditations. What the Wandering Jew would be among men the Longmynd is among mountains. When all other mountains were making we know that there was life in the world, and the shapes under which that life was manifested. But when the Longmynd and the few tracts like it were making, who can say what was the condition of vitality, and under what stages it was presented? Were the land and the sea deserts, with no moving beings to animate them—no vegetation to clothe their surfaces and beds? Was there no eye, however rudimentary, to perceive light? no ear, though but an otolithic vesicle, to recognise sound? Who can say? That life was not altogether absent, one little fossil, a humble zoophytic form, called *Oldhamia*, hitherto found only in some patches of purple slates to the south of Dublin, proved by the geological surveyors to be of equivalent age with the Longmynds, unmistakeably shows. From the presence of one we are almost warranted to infer the presence of more, and, from the difference between two sorts of that one genus, the probability of the existence of many kinds belonging to many genera. So strongly is this impressed on our minds—such is

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the force of analogy suggested by existing things—that we look forward confidently to the progress of future discovery, and to the finding of a varied fauna belonging to these most ancient epochs. In this we differ from Sir Roderick Murchison, who is not so hopeful. Whether the assemblage, when found, will prove to be distinct from the characteristic Silurian groups is another question. If we might hazard a suggestion, we would hint the possibility of a relationship between this undiscovered primæval fauna and the ‘primordial fauna’ of M. Barrande, whose admirable researches among the Silurians of Bohemia have called forth the applause of geologists all over the world.

Yet, old as the Longmynd hills are, there was a world before them. The great-grandfathers of our earth had their own fathers. In these most ancient sedimentary strata are fragments of rocks still older, and the history of geology, far as it recedes, has its pre-historic annals. Antiquarians describe monoliths and rude structures which cannot be referred to the work of any known people, and were erected before the building of any monuments whose date has been ascertained. So geologists can show conglomerates containing rolled pebbles derived from sedimentary formations that cannot be assigned to any stratified rocks now seen *in situ*, and must, since they contribute to the materials of the most ancient known strata, have been derived from pre-existing beds that have left no larger traces behind them. Each of those rounded pebbles is a silent witness of the physical phenomena of the impenetrable past—of mountains and shores, torrents and seas, that seem mythical even to the geologist. They are memorials of Time, as it were, beyond Time. Beyond the farthest star yet discerned by the telescope of astronomer are indistinct yet certain traces of farther stars, manifestations of the space beyond explored space. In the same way do these chips of perished and powdered mountains, whose mother-rock is nowhere to be found, dimly yet surely indicate a succession of events during ages of the world’s history that never can be chronicled. The leaves of the stone book upon which their records were engraven have been torn up by Time himself, jealous of memorials of his infancy, and ambitious of rivalling Eternity. We gather together the morsels and try to fit them to each other, as children endeavour to combine the segments of a dissected puzzle. We would question these disjointed members, and force them to be witnesses against Time. We ask them to tell us of the beginnings of things. Their geological catechists have elicited discordant replies. As with spirit-rappings and table-turnings, the questioner is most likely to get his own answer, and unwittingly to reply to his own query. Yet there



are no questions in geology of more deep and general interest than those which demand the evidence of a commencement of organized nature, and of a previous epoch when there was no life upon our globe. The author of '*Siluria*' has designated his work '*The History of the oldest known Rocks containing Organic Remains.*' Among those rocks only can we find the elements of the information which we seek. The book in which they are described supplies abundant materials for enabling us to arrive at an approximate conclusion.

How does the matter stand at present? Thanks to the researches of Silurian geologists we know a great deal more about it now than we did twenty years ago—so much, indeed, that many able philosophers are ready with decided answers. The last chapter of Sir Roderick Murchison's book is full of interest in its bearing on this momentous question, and it is but fair to one who has done so much towards its solution to state summarily the conclusions at which he has arrived, whilst at the same time we claim the privilege of freely commenting upon them.

Sir Roderick regards the lowest sedimentary rocks, the thickness of which is very great, and the evidences of the length of time requisite for their deposition unmistakeable, as azoic, or nearly so, and accepts as probable the supposition that the heat of the surface of our planet during the period of their deposition was adverse to life. The fact of an exception to the azoic character, insignificant although the exception be, must make us exceedingly cautious in drawing our conclusions to the effect that life was scarcely manifested in the waters of our globe during those most primæval of epochs. Nor, as yet, have we clear evidence, derived from organic remains, of a higher temperature during the earlier epochs than afterwards prevailed. That there was a time when the heat of this planet was such as to debar the presence of living creatures is rendered probable on account of astronomical and physical considerations; but many geologists will question whether we find traces of that truly azoic time furnished by any of the sedimentary formations at present remaining.

The first traces of life yet discovered do not present aspects exceedingly, if at all, dissimilar from those of organisms still living. The oldest of known fossils, the *Oldhamia*, might be a coralline, a common zoophyte, or might be a polyzoon, one of the lowest of mollusks. In either case it is neither the most rudimentary of animals, nor a member of an extinct class. It is simply different from any after-created type, but not strangely different. A naturalist of our own times would utter no exclamation of surprise should he find one of these *Oldhamias* on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. In the more distinct and varied forms

forms of the earliest zone, properly so called, of life yet discovered—that of the *Lingula* flags of Wales, the primordial zone of Barrande—the palæozoic facies becomes manifest, and is evinced by the trilobites therein found. As to the *Lingula*, a bivalve shellfish of no extraordinary conformation, it must have looked, when alive, exceedingly like one of its existing congeners. The fauna of the primordial zone is a small one, so far as yet discovered, but there is no feature exhibited by its members that should induce us to connect the paucity of known species derived from it with the notion of a general scantiness of animal life all over the globe during the epoch of its flourishing. The deficiencies of the succeeding Silurian faunas are thus stated by our author:—

‘Proceeding upwards from this protozoic zone, wherein organic remains are comparatively rare, we then ascend to other sediments, in which, throughout nearly all latitudes, we recognise a copious distribution of submarine creatures, resembling each other very nearly, though imbedded in rocks now separated by wide seas, and often raised up to the summits of high mountains. Examining all the strata exposed to view that were formed during the first long natural epoch of similar life termed Silurian, we found that the successive deposits were charged with a great variety of forms—of the trilobite, a peculiar crustacean; of the orthoceratite, the earliest chambered shell; as well as with numerous exquisitely-formed mollusks, crinoids, and zoophytes; the genus graptolite of the latter class being exclusively found in these Silurian rocks. In short, my contemporaries have assembled, from those ancient and now desiccated marine sediments or repositories of primæval creatures, examples of every group of purely aquatic animals save fishes. The multiplied researches of the last twenty years have failed to detect the trace of a fish amid the multitudes of all other marine beings in the various sediments which constitute the chief mass of the Silurian rocks. Of these, though they are the lowest in the scale of the great division *vertebrata*, we are unable to perceive a vestige until we reach the highest zone of the Upper Silurian, and are about to enter upon the Devonian, period. Even on that horizon the minute fossil fishes, long ago noticed by myself, are exceedingly scarce, and none have since been found in strata of higher antiquity. In fact, the few fragments of cartilaginous ichthyofites of the highest band of Silurian rock still remain the most ancient known beings of their class. (See Pl. 35.)

‘Looking, therefore, at the Silurian system as a whole, and judging from the collection of facts gathered from all quarters of the globe, we know that its chief deposits (certainly all the lower and most extensive) were formed during a long period, in which, while the sea abounded with countless invertebrate animals, no marine *vertebrata* had been called into existence. The Silurian (except at its close) was, therefore, a series in which there appeared no example of that bony framework of completed vertebræ from which, as approaching to the vertebrate archetype,

archetype, the comparative anatomist traces the rise of creative power up to the formation of man. Whether, therefore, the term of "progressive," or that of "successive," be applied to such acts of creation, my object is simply to show, upon clear and general evidence, that there was a long period in the history of the world wherein no vertebrated animal lived. In this sense, the appearance of the first recognisable fossil fishes is as decisive a proof of a new and distinct creation as that of the placing of man upon the terrestrial surface, at the end of the long series of animals which characterize the younger geological periods.

‘Nor have we been able to disinter from the older strata of this long period of invertebrate life any distinct fragments of land plants. But just in the same stratum wherein the few earliest small fishes have been detected, there also have we observed the first appearances of a diminutive, yet highly organised, tree vegetation.’

In these paragraphs Sir Roderick Murchison boldly maintains a position very difficult to combat, since it is founded mainly on negative facts, and yet as difficult to grant. The progress of geological research has furnished so many warnings against trusting overmuch in negative data, that we incline to side with the cautious, and to withhold our assent, for the present, to the doctrine of the absence of vertebrata from the primæval and protozoic fauna, and of terrestrial plants from the first flora. So much of the fossiliferous Silurians presents unmistakeable indications of having been deep-sea deposits, either far from land or around barren and rocky islets, that we can understand the deficiency in the traces of land vegetables, without having recourse to the supposition of their entire absence. And so rarely are remains of fishes at the present time, when these denizens of the waters are both numerous and prolific, brought up from the depths of ocean, either by trawl or dredge, that we can easily understand how, in the limited exposures of sea-beds, usually mere vertical sections of them, which are open to the inspection of geologists, few or no remains of these aquatic vertebrata have been detected. The chances of finding the remains of marine invertebrata in the ancient sediments in or on which they lived and died are very great indeed, as compared with those of detecting fishes, and still less is the chance of finding the remains of land animals or land plants. There is abundance of positive peculiarities to distinguish by means of organic characters the Silurians and all the chief groups of palæozoic deposits from the great series of neo-zoic formations that succeeded them, and which finally interlace with rocks now forming. There is no necessity for adding to these, negative characters of the kind above cited. That the warm-blooded orders of vertebrata were replaced during the palæozoic epochs by



by the cold-blooded, and the angiospermous by the gymnospermous trees, is not only possible, but probable. The considerations which would lead a geological naturalist to maintain this probability are, however, of a very different kind from those which would induce him to assent even to the probability of the total absence of vertebrata and flowering plants during primæval periods.

The author of 'Siluria' argues for the indication of a progress in creation during a course of epochs. The evidences adduced by him would rather go to prove a substitution than a progress. The palæozoic fauna is in contrast with the faunas that succeed, but we have few grounds for asserting its inferiority or its rudimentary character. In some groups of animals, indeed, the higher types hold a greater predominance during the palæozoic than during the mesozoic or tertiary epochs. The great fact of true progress, the advent of man, is not an instance of one event of a regular series, but one of exceptional and, we might say, miraculous value, standing in contrast to the sum of the creations that had gone before, grand beyond measure in its moral unity, and not to be referred to any palæontological standard of progression. At the same time this wondrous and completing effort of creation was effected in harmony with the order of the world, and man, in his character of animal, took possession of his mundane territory, not at any time indifferently, but at the right moment, within the limits of one great geological epoch. Man, the animal, is a member of a definite fauna, namely, of that which belongs to the section of geological time which we designate Later Tertiary. It is not because no human remains are found in palæozoic, or oolitic, or cretaceous, or eocene deposits, that we can assert, so confidently as geologists do, the non-existence of man during the epochs of these formations. There is the strongest probability that, if man had existed during any of the primæval, still more during the palæozoic epochs, the chances against finding any fragments of his frame would be small indeed. Of numbers of known extinct species, only one, two, or three specimens have as yet been found; and these often of moderate-sized, easily-preserved, naturally prolific types, creatures that lived in the waters whose sediment constitutes the rocks in which they are now preserved. Let us not then put trust in the absence of human remains; were that all our proof of the non-existence of man, we might finally speculate on the probability of Silurian or carboniferous people turning up sooner or later. The true foundation of a naturalist's disbelief in palæozoic, or secondary, or older tertiary men is, we repeat, based on the fact that *homo sapiens*, as Linnæus dubbed him, is a newer tertiary

tertiary animal, and a member of the fauna of a post-eocene epoch. If there were secondary or primary men, they must have been different species from ourselves in the fullest sense of the expression. We hold that the evidence of science, and, we might add, that of philology, proclaims the unity of the human race. In that sense we speak of man as one species. We know of no other, and there is something in our moral nature instinctively repugnant to the idea of another; so much so that it has never yet entered into the morbid brain of the vainest of speculators to suppose the existence of a distinct sort of man during the more ancient geological periods. This vagary has been reserved for poetical astronomers and pugnacious *savans*, whose right to people the planets and stars with intellectual animals of like nature but different species from ourselves, geologists, content to base their own theories on well-founded analogies or ascertained facts, will not be inclined to dispute.

But whilst we exclude man from the Palæozoic world, and recognise in the ancestors of Caractacus and his followers the first possible predecessors of Sir Roderick in his realm of Siluria, we are not inclined to agree altogether with our authority in giving to the creatures that did live in Palæozoic lands and seas so wide a spread over the world as he would assign to them. It is maintained by many geologists, besides our author, that during the more ancient epochs the species of animals and plants were more generally, almost universally, diffused over the earth's surface. It is argued that this diffusion of identical types indicates a general equable climate from polar to intertropical regions; 'a phenomenon,' as is truly observed, 'wholly at variance with the present distribution of animal or vegetable life over the surface of the planet.' Not a few geologists regard this general dispersion of the individuals of the Palæozoic species as indicative of an universal warmer temperature due to the influence during these early times of the internal heat of our globe. The earth's surface, they would have it, had not yet cooled sufficiently to admit of the variable influences of atmospheric causes. The warm temper of this early world extended to its inhabitants, and the little shell-fishes, and fishes too, when their time came, prolific though they be in these days, in those made much larger families. Certainly the notion of a general distribution of organic types, and more simple mapping out of the assemblages of living beings, during the fervid juvenescence of our worthy world-mother, has a fascination about it which wins the fancy of geologists. Yet, in a great measure, it is founded on fancy and not on fact—on the appearance of things, as Henry More would have said, and not on the reality. How stands the truth? Every day is adding to

to our knowledge of the distribution of ancient creatures, and the result is to show that during all epochs, not excepting the Silurian, different parts of the world were inhabited by different animals and plants. Some few are very widely diffused; the number of these, according to circumstances chiefly dependent on the disposition of land and sea, doubtless varied at different times. But there never was a time when anything like the majority of species enjoyed an universal diffusion. Even in the Silurian ages there were instances of a greater amount of difference between the animals of some neighbouring regions than there is actually between the creatures of the same areas now. Take the Silurian fossils of the Polar regions, those of the British area, and those from the rocks of the Peninsula, and compare the proportions of species common to those three centres during the older Palæozoic epoch and the same regions now, and the balance of uniformity will rather weigh in favour of the present than the past. To get at a test we must confine our comparison to marine deposits and maritime provinces of life, for only in these can we obtain sufficient evidence of the extent and variety of the ancient fauna. Of the value of the evidence from fossil floras, in too many cases, the less we say the better. Now the great Indo-Pacific region, extending from the shores of Mosambique to the Gallapagos Isles, and from the coasts of Japan to midway on the eastern and western margins of Australia, is the area of a fauna to a very great degree uniform; quite as much so as the geological expansion to which that epithet has been applied. Moreover it is as large. The tendency of closet-naturalists, and sometimes of travelled ones, who ought to have grown wiser, is to split species to an extreme, and to multiply names until all is confusion. Through them we get exaggerated differences. But even let any naturalist not given to hairsplitting inquire into and pronounce upon the point in question, and we are satisfied that his verdict will be adverse to the notion of an universal spread of identical species during the Palæozoic period. At the same time we admit that there is much to be explained, and that there is an universal *facies* or similarity of aspect presented by all the members of some of the more ancient faunas, the cause of which can only be suggested as dependent on a very wide diffusion of uniform climatal conditions. This is, however, a very distinct matter from the general diffusion of the individuals of species, a supposition contrary to all we know with certainty concerning the laws that regulate the origin and spread of species. Much may be explained by peculiarities in the distribution of the masses of land and water, and it would not be uninteresting to construct the model of a globe representing a possible and even probable



probable condition of the earth's surface, which should in a great measure render difficult if not impossible the existence of the higher animals and an arborescent vegetation, and limit materially the number and variety of the population of the sea. Be this as it may, there can be no question as to the value and importance of the light thrown upon primæval life by the investigation of the fossils found in the Palæozoic rocks of our country.

It must not be supposed that the arguments respecting primæval life are wholly drawn from the limited area of our British Islands, where the parent land of Siluria has its place. Although the type of the Silurian system was there first defined and established, there are Silurian regions of great extent and inestimable scientific importance widely dispersed over the earth's surface. The determination of the true geological age and relations of these tracts, by whomsoever accomplished, is mainly due to the originator of the system, and every newly discovered Silurian land contributes a fresh wreath to Sir Roderick's crown, as glorious as if it had been the record of one of the military triumphs which he might have gained had the last war persisted and our philosopher had continued to pursue his original vocation of soldier. The clasps of victory which he proudly wears for presence in the field of mortal combat are doubtless honours to be respected; but far more lasting are the less glittering rewards conferred upon him in the shape of grateful acknowledgment and dedications by the able investigators who have hammered their way to discovery and fame by following closely and faithfully the paths opened out by their genial leader. The head-combat, the struggle for truth, is, after all, the nobler fight, and the best generals of antiquity would scarcely hesitate to exchange their war-born fame for the lasting glories of philosophers and bards.

The Silurian empire, for such it may fairly now be styled, has a wide stretch in the world. In the North of Europe well-marked Silurian rocks play a prominent part, and it is not improbable that many masses of strata, consisting of gneiss and crystalline schists and quartzites, are beds of the same age metamorphosed, in which all traces of organic remains have been obliterated in consequence of transformation or alteration of structure. All ancient crystalline rocks in these regions are, however, not to be so regarded, for some are distinctly older than the most ancient Silurians, these latter reposing upon the former. It is only by the evidence of relative position that the age of a metamorphic formation can be judged, and many of the so-called primary rocks of the older geologists have proved, in the course of research, to belong to secondary and even tertiary strata. Vicomte D'Archiac, in the last and recently published volume of his

his excellent '*Histoire de la Géologie*,' has put forth some brief but highly interesting remarks on the phenomena presented by such changes, and has especially called attention to the great fact that the same beds which, where they are nearly horizontal and undisturbed, are in a state of comparative softness and slight consolidation, become, when squeezed and crumpled into mountain masses, altogether changed in their texture, hardened, rendered crystalline, and so altered that no evidence of imbedded fossils can be discovered in their substance.

True Silurian strata, containing numerous characteristic fossils, occur in Sweden and Norway, and exhibit representatives of both the Lower and the Upper divisions. On the borders of the beautiful island-studded fiord of Christiania are Silurian rocks corresponding to those of our own country, but not nearly so developed in thickness.

'The whole of the Lower Silurian of Scandinavia,' remarks Sir Roderick, 'never exceeds in vertical thickness 1000 feet! And yet this mass is nearly as complete in the development of life as the 30,000 feet of strata of the same age in Britain! Nay, the general succession is essentially the same as in our islands. For, the Lower Silurian of Sweden and Norway is overlaid by shale and limestone, which completely represents the Wenlock of England, whilst M. de Verneuil and myself have endeavoured to show that in the south of Gothland still higher rocks are exhibited, which, though of feeble dimensions, are on the parallel of the Ludlow formation of Britain.'

There is a frequent mistake made by popular writers on geological subjects concerning the inferences drawn by geologists from the thickness of formations, and the stress laid by them on mere vertical accumulations as evidence of lapse of time. The thickness of a stratum is seldom, if ever, a true measure of its geological importance, and is in many instances due to a rapid accumulation of sediment under peculiarly favourable circumstances, such as subsidence of sea-bed and absence of denuding forces. But a very thin band of rock, even a few inches or an inch only in thickness, may afford a sure indication of a considerable lapse of time during its accumulation. Such evidence may be derived from mineral characters alone, as in the case of a conglomerate composed of rolled pebbles of hard rocks, the process of whose attrition must, under any circumstances with which we are acquainted, have occupied many years; or more frequently and more surely from the features presented by the contained fossils, whether dependent on the changes and substitutions exhibited by the species, or the wear and tear, and often repair, indicated by the state of the individuals. Through a careful observation of these indications, always bearing in mind the affinities and analogies

analogies of the subject of our inquiry with the creatures and conditions of the world as it is, the geologist cannot fail but come to the conclusion that the amount of time required for the fulfilment of the phenomena presented by any well-marked section of a formation is in the great majority of instances so vast that the epithets used to designate the subdivisions of historical time become wholly inapplicable, although adopted for want of better and truer terms. The better a geologist becomes acquainted with the facts of his science, the vaster become the epochs into which his knowledge would lead him to subdivide the pre-Adamite past.

In Russia the Silurian rocks are seen under a new aspect. Unconsolidated shales, so soft as to be used by sculptors for modelling, are found to constitute the lowest formations of the group, and actually to be the equivalents of the lower crystalline and hard slates of North Wales. Both Upper and Lower Silurians occur in Russia, and nowhere in that huge empire are they found unconformable to each other, a fact of considerable significance in its bearing upon the views and nomenclature advocated by Sir Roderick Murchison. Traces of Silurian strata are met with in the Austrian Alps. Metamorphosed rocks, probably of the same age, occur in the Riesen-Gebirge, to the south of Breslau, but they are so changed that certain evidence, such as might be derived from organic remains, cannot be obtained. Possible Silurians are said to be present in Moravia. But in Bohemia we have a great Silurian centre, and, thanks to the labours of M. Barrande, we are now made acquainted most fully with the varied primæval fauna contained in the Bohemian rocks. In the country around Prague there is, indeed, one of the richest Silurian districts in the world; a region wherein the whole series of members of the Silurian system is represented in the clearest order of succession, and characterised by a vast abundance of beautifully-preserved organic remains.

For the last twenty years M. Barrande has been occupied with the investigation of this prolific locality, and has spared neither time nor money upon his laborious task. His earnestness and steady perseverance have overcome all difficulties, of which, being a foreigner in the country, he had not a few to master. M. Barrande is a Frenchman, and was a tutor of the Count de Chambord, who, we have reason to believe, has taken a warm interest in his old preceptor's researches, and contributed to the production of the beautiful and costly work in which the account of them is contained. One instance of the strong resolution which possessed M. Barrande is remarkable and almost unparalleled. This spirited geologist, finding that the fossils he de-

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sired did not turn up readily at the word of command in French, or even German, applied himself to the study of the Czeck language, a tongue reputed to be exceedingly knotty, in order that he might the more readily and successfully direct his workmen.

Sir Roderick Murchison has done full and generous justice to the sound work of his eminent French disciple. Once for all we may say that this rendering of honour for good service, wherever it is due, is loyally and heartily performed throughout Sir Roderick's volume. He loves to cite and bring before his readers in salient relief the praiseworthy doings of his scientific brethren, and is thoroughly free from the petty and mistaken, but common vanity, that leads to the suppression of a name or a reference, in the vain fancy of magnifying the writer's own glory. The quantity of new research that results from an originator's suggestions and pioneering is a sure test of the excellence of the source from which it has sprung. Ye men of science, see that you leave not the world without philosophically-born offspring! The fame of a true disciple is a greater and sweeter honour than hereditary titles.

M. Barrande has shown that all the stages of the Silurian system are represented in Bohemia, locally different it is true, yet in the main corresponding with the greater sections as we have them in Britain. On a base of metamorphic and unfossiliferous rocks lies a series of strata abounding with organic remains, all of true Silurian types. No fewer than 1200 kinds of fossil animals have been distinguished and carefully defined by their indefatigable investigator, who seems to dig up well-conditioned new species with as unerring an aim as a sportsman brings down grouse in the Highlands. The fossiliferous Silurians present three chief horizons or zones of life, the lowermost constituting what its discoverer calls the 'Primordial Fauna,' and containing no species and but few genera of animals common to it and the zones above that represent our Lower and Upper Silurians. The distinction of this primordial zone, and the just stress laid upon its existence by M. Barrande, who has recognised its presence at the same time in Wales, Norway, and Sweden, is a point well worthy of the serious consideration of palæozoic geologists. Although not everywhere so isolated as its designator believed—for in Wales it may be said to pass into the typical Lower Silurians—it is not wholly impossible that it may prove hereafter to be deserving of recognition as part of a system distinct from the Silurian, and associated with the rocks to which the geological surveyors in this country, and many eminent geologists abroad, would restrict the name 'Cambrian,' a word that has of late years been a fruitful and unfortunate hot-bed

bed of controversy. In the present state of our knowledge, however, we are not warranted in doing otherwise than M. Barrande has done. He holds that all three divisions in Bohemia are essentially sections of one great system, viz. the Silurian, even though the two uppermost possess fossils common to both, whilst none are common to them and the lowermost. His views (and every opinion now expressed by M. Barrande, stamped as it must be by experience and ability, is deserving of the highest respect and consideration) are essentially identical with those of Sir Roderick Murchison, and all tend to maintain the unity of the great Lower Palæozoic system.

Among the Thuringian mountains there is another Silurian region, one which of late has yielded many interesting and characteristic fossils that enable the geologist distinctly to recognise true Lower Silurian strata. Peculiar complications and local disturbances, arising from the interference of eruptive rocks, render the interpretation of this district a work of no ordinary difficulty. Fifteen years ago Professor Sedgwick and Sir Roderick Murchison jointly commenced the work, and indicated the true general succession of the constituent formations. In the mean time German geologists have worked the ground in detail, discovered important evidences derived from organic remains, and constructed geological maps founded on good trigonometrical surveys. Last year Sir Roderick hied back to the ground, accompanied by Professor Morris, and brought all his rich experience to bear upon its exploration. He can now speak definitely of the age of the Silurians of the Thuringer-wald, and assign them without question to the Lower division. No Upper Silurians have been recognised there, the sedimentary rocks next in succession being Devonian. A significant suggestion is thrown out by the author in the volume before us, well deserving of attention and inquiry at the school of Freiberg.

‘We have yet to learn,’ writes Sir Roderick, ‘how much of the primary clayslate or “thonscheifer” (mapped by Naumann and his associates) is to be abstracted from unfossiliferous rocks, and grouped with the lower members of the series (Silurian) we have been considering. Other inquirers may seek to ascertain to what extent many of these ancient schists and slates, evidently of sedimentary origin, have been converted into mica schists, and even into the metalliferous so-called “gneiss,” amid which the illustrious Werner himself taught his lessons in Freiberg. It would seem presumptuous that a passing geologist should hazard any opinion on such a point. Still I venture to state that much of the so-called gneiss in the plateaux around Freiberg is a rock very different in age from the antique and crystalline gneiss of Scotland and Scandinavia. I would, indeed, suggest that those portions of it which are separated by wayboards, and exhibit several of  
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the features of bedding and jointing of aqueous deposits, may prove to be of no higher antiquity than the lower members of the sedimentary formations under review.'

If we are not greatly mistaken, the hint conveyed in this passage will, before very long, prove pregnant of geological discovery, not only in the district immediately referred to, but in other German localities.

In France Silurian rocks appear in Brittany, where, like the people who live upon them, they seem to hold a close analogy and relationship with the foundation stones of our own Cornwall. They consist of bluish fossiliferous schists—those of Angers are well known—furnishing roofing-slates, resting upon conglomerates and siliceous sandstones, which rest in their turn on unfossiliferous glossy schists of great antiquity, and possibly comparable with our own Longmynd rocks. The number and distinctness of the organic remains in the French Silurians afford many facilities for assigning these rocks their places as equivalents of British types. The result is that we must regard them as entirely belonging to the Lower division, and as constituting representatives of our Llandeilo and Caradoc divisions.

M. de Verneuil has established beyond question the Silurian age and relations of ancient stratified rocks in Spain. In that country they present features very similar to those exhibited by the corresponding formations in Brittany, and must be regarded in the main, if not entirely, as of Lower Silurian age. In the Sierra Morena and other localities well-marked fossils occur, many of them French and some Bohemian species. The famous quicksilver-mines of Almaden, and some of the richest lead and silver mines near Carthagera and in the Sierra Almagrera, are worked in Lower Silurian rocks; and it would seem probable that those of the Sierra di Gador and Sierra Nevada are located in highly metamorphosed strata of the same age.

Most of what is accurately known of the rocks of Portugal is due to an able English geologist, Mr. Daniel Sharpe, who during moments of leisure and occasional visits to that country has worked wonders in the way of making out its structure. Among other results he has demonstrated the presence and investigated the order of succession of older Palæozoic strata in the neighbourhood of Oporto. A rising native observer, M. Carlos Ribeiro, following in the steps of Mr. Sharpe, and assisted by that gentleman in the determination of the fossils he has collected, has traced an axis of Silurian rocks from north-north-west to south-south-east far beyond the Douro. They form, in fact, the crest of the famous Serra de Busaco, a locality that will hereafter share its military fame with the interest it now derives from scientific considerations.

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The greater part of the Mediterranean region is bounded by rocks of much more recent origin than the Silurians. In the island of Sardinia, however, the eminent topographer, General della Marmora, has proved the presence of Silurian rocks, and it is probable that both Upper and Lower Silurians are there to be found. But around this famous sea and among its archipelagos there are not many certain traces of Palæozoic strata. Devonian rocks, with their characteristic fossils, are met with in Turkey and in Asia Minor, and the coal of Eregli, with which the Turks have been feeding their steam-engines whilst we were calling for supplies from home for our fleet, is of true carboniferous age, and as nearly as possible the equivalent of our Newcastle or Lancashire coal-measures. Captain Spratt, R.N., of the *Spitfire*, an excellent geologist, has recently visited and examined these coal-mines, and has set the question of their age at rest by an examination of their fossils, specimens of which, sent by him to England, fully confirm the conclusions which he came to on the spot.

Although vast expansions of Palæozoic strata, especially rocks of Devonian age, are known to constitute a considerable portion of Asia, veritable Silurians have not been detected there except in a few localities. What is known of their appearance is sufficient, however, to warrant the inference that they are present, although hidden beneath the Devonians that rest upon them, and it is extremely probable that before many years are over considerable superficial Silurian tracts will be discovered in Asiatic regions. China may especially be looked to as a grand field for future geological research. Thanks to the eccentricities of the Celestials, we are acquainted with their fossils through the contents of their druggists' shops. The most old-fashioned of mortals are true to their antiquated notions even in their medicines, and grind up Palæozoic organic remains in order to set their stomachs right. Our Welsh friends, with all their love of antiquity, never thought of powdering Snowdon for an alterative, or converting Bala limestone into an effervescing draught. Had the Chinese been better geologists, they would have imported their fossil physic from the Himalaya, where Capt. R. Strachey has made known the existence of true Silurian strata.

In New South Wales Silurian rocks have been discovered by the Rev. W. B. Clark, and, almost as we are writing, we hear of the well-conducted labours of a highly promising young geologist, Mr. Alfred Selwyn, who directs the geological survey of Victoria, having been rewarded by the discovery of fossiliferous strata of like age. He had previously shown the existence and structure of a mass of ancient metamorphosed slates and sandstones,

stones, not less than 35,000 feet in thickness, and suggested their parallelism with the Cambrian or Lower Silurian strata of Great Britain. Independent of the numerous questions of interest connected with the distribution of gold in Australia, that vast country promises to be a grand field of fresh information for the geologist. Every day shows more and more variety of structure, and develops new evidence, both palæontological and mineralogical. Geological knowledge is there a valuable qualification to the emigrant and settler; one that may enable him to choose ground with comparative certainty, and regulate his explorations with better prospects of success; whilst, in a country where mines of all kinds and of wonderful richness are turning up from time to time, an acquaintance with what is known respecting the phenomena and distribution as well of metalliferous veins as of coal and iron beds can scarcely fail to confer on its possessor a superiority over ignorance and empiricism, and open out to him the pathway to profit.

Sir Roderick Murchison may reasonably indulge some sentiments of pride when he wheels round his globe and looks upon the new world as coloured by the geologist. Almost from end to end of the far-extending American continent, he will see the influence of his researches manifested in the determination and nomenclature of Transatlantic rocks. From Chili northwards to the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, the backbone of the western continent would appear to be in part constructed of Silurian strata, or rather to be bounded, like the human spine, by long strips of Silurian muscles. Much of the richness of the new world, its store of gold and silver, appears to be connected with these ancient bands. In several localities among the Andes well-marked fossils have been found, unquestionably Silurian, as we know from the collections first made by Mr. Pentland, and from the work of M. Alcide d'Orbigny. North America might almost be said to be the head-quarters of Silurianism. A glance at the excellent map appended to Sir Charles Lyell's *Travels* will show how vast are the regions there occupied even superficially by Silurian deposits. Exceedingly prolific in organic remains and varied in mineral character, these beds have furnished the subjects of some of the most excellent geological treatises that have appeared during the last ten years. They are too numerous to be cited. It certainly is one of the most striking features of the science of the United States, that geology has taken root there deeply, and has flourished perhaps beyond any of the sister-sciences. The American geologists have gained a world-wide fame, and deservedly. Their works are text-books in Europe and standard members of our scientific libraries. A

considerable number of these excellent monographs have been published at the cost of different States of the Union, whose local governments have thus shown an advanced and enlightened spirit, and a just appreciation of the advantages that must accrue to their citizens through the timely development of the resources of the land. The bold and adventurous kind of work necessarily characteristic of any geological survey conducted in great part over thinly inhabited and partially explored regions, seems to have suited the somewhat nomadic spirit of an American philosopher, better than the learning of the closet or the science of the schools. We have much yet to hope from the onward-striding pace of American geology.

In the mean time our own Transatlantic governments have not been neglectful of the good work of science. In Canada especially there has been proceeding for some years one of the most extensive and important geological surveys now going on in the world. The enthusiasm and disinterestedness of a thoroughly qualified and judicious observer, Mr. Logan, whose name will ever stand high in the roll of the votaries of his favourite science, have conferred upon this great work a wide-spread fame. The Silurian rocks play a prominent part in the structure of the Canadas, and the analogy of many of the subdivisions with European strata is exceedingly striking. Around the inhospitable shores of the icy Sea, our famous arctic explorer Sir John Richardson has collected Silurian fossils, and proved the presence of Silurian strata; and amid the intricacies of the polar fiords and archipelagos our daring navigators have collected rock specimens filled with well-marked Silurian shells, not a few of them identical with the fossils of Dudley and Gothland.

The series of American Silurians is most complete, and includes representatives of all the European stages, with possibly additional and intervening formations. The attempt to parallel stage with stage on either side of the Atlantic has perhaps sometimes been carried too far; nevertheless there is unquestionably a striking series of analogies presented by these ancient deposits in Europe and America, and any candid man of science who will sit down unprejudiced and sift the evidence must rise from his inquiry with strong feelings of admiration at the extent of the labour and the carefulness of research that have led to these results.

The preceding summary enumeration may serve to illustrate the geographical distribution of Silurian formations as at present known. Now, when it is recollected that the 'Silurian System,' that great work in which its author fully stated and co-ordinated the

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the results of his researches on the Welsh border, was given to the world only fifteen years ago, and that the very epithet 'Silurian' was itself assigned to these formations no longer ago than in the year 1835, the influence of Sir Roderick Murchison's labours and generalizations in stimulating discovery, and leading to a clear understanding of the earlier sedimentary rocks, must be regarded as great indeed. And, be it observed, in this short sketch of foreign primæval geology, we have used the word *Silurian* constantly, not of our own choice, or to do honour to its inventor, but because it is the term applied to the rocks in question by their explorers in all countries. The geologists of the Continent, of Australia, and of America, have identified the older palæozoic formations, whose structure and fossil contents they have so admirably described, with the 'Silurian' system of our own country, and with the types of its greater sections as defined by its first investigator. In fact, they have adopted as a standard that system which, being definite in its details, enabled them to obtain a distinct scale for the purposes of comparison. They have not chosen their nomenclature on account of its author, but because the model he had set before them is perspicuous and intelligible.

We question whether any practical geologist now living would doubt for a moment that one of the greatest advances ever made in the descriptive section of his science was the establishment of the Silurian system. It matters not whether we hold, with its author, that the earliest manifestations of life and the commencement and inauguration of animated nature are included within it, or, with Sir Charles Lyell, more cautiously interpret the relics of primæval beings, and regard the Silurian fauna as the earliest yet demonstrated, though not necessarily the first. Whichever view we take, the importance of the discovery and definition of the Silurian system cannot be called in question. It was a grand reward of sagacity, perseverance, and well-directed skill—no lucky chance, but a discovery deliberately sought, which threw a flood of daylight around a realm of geological darkness, and made the obscurest of rock-assemblages one of the clearest and most instructive. A single man did this great and worthy task. The definition of the Silurian system, and the several members or sections of which it is composed, the invention of a nomenclature for the subdivisions, which, though essentially local, has become of universal application, the determination of a scheme of organic types upon which comparisons and identifications could be conveniently based—all these good works were done by one investigator, the illustrious author of the volume now before us.

It is necessary to state this broadly and strongly, for the ungeological public, whether scientific or unscientific, is in danger of misinterpreting a controversy that has lately agitated the geological world, and of taking away a share of the merit justly due to Sir Roderick Murchison. Burke has said that all men are as the ignorant in matters which they do not understand, and the truth of the opinion might well be illustrated by the nonsense written about geology, even by philosophers who are not geologists. With reluctance we feel compelled to advert to the discussion, mainly concerning nomenclature, that has recently filled many pages of geological publications, the disputants being no less eminent and able men than Professor Sedgwick on the one, and the author of the 'Silurian System' upon the other side.

Twenty years ago, when there was no Prince of Wales to dispute the invasion, the Woodwardian professor and the scientific soldier agreed to partition the principality between them. To the former was allotted all the country north of Meifod. Each worked his own region well, and elicited facts and generalizations which have been of precious service to their science. The establishment of the Silurian system and its constituent groups, and the clear discrimination of their succession and definition of their palæontological features, was the great result of Sir Roderick Murchison's labours. The investigation of the complicated and difficult North Welsh country, a most laborious task, was effected by Professor Sedgwick. Under the belief that the vast mass of strata to which his attention was chiefly directed lay below the Silurians of his friend and colleague, a belief shared by all geologists at the time, Professor Sedgwick gave the name of Cambrian to a group of rocks of great thickness and extent, which subsequently proved, mainly through the researches of that ill-paid enthusiastic band of peripatetic *savans*, the Government Geological Surveyors, to be synchronic, in great part, with the Lower Silurians of Sir Roderick Murchison. The questions really at issue are, Shall the mass of the Lower Silurians cease to be so called and in future be termed Cambrian? and, Would geological science gain by this proceeding? The disputes about priority of right of naming these rocks, and how far each geologist knew what the other was doing, except so far as they are questions of justice, are of little interest to the world in general. The facts, as stated in the preface to 'Siluria,' are sufficiently clearly and fairly presented, nor does a reperusal of the papers written upon the other side induce us to contradict the claims put forward in the former document. Still, if science were plainly to be the gainer by the adoption of the terms advocated by Professor Sedgwick, the sooner they are brought

brought into use the better. However long ago the term 'Cambrian' was put forth, it is quite evident that it was not understood, as we shall presently see, in the sense now given to it by its author. Yet all who used it—and it has been extensively employed at home and abroad—believed that they understood what Professor Sedgwick meant when he invented the word. It is now maintained that the use of it in an extended sense, so as to include the 'Lower Silurians,' would be justified by the palæontological value of the series so constructed. But if there be any true synonym of the term 'Silurian,' it is the expression 'Lower Palæozoic'; the Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian rocks constituting in their assemblage the Upper Palæozoic section. 'Cambrian' can be no equivalent for 'Silurian,' although it may be for Upper Silurian, or for Devonian, or for Carboniferous, or Permian. We are strongly under the impression that the series of rocks included by Professor Sedgwick under the name of Cambrian may prove eventually not to constitute even so natural a division as any one of them, but may link together two divisions of Silurians, the one being the primordial zone of Burrande and the other the Llandeilo and Bala series. At best the term Cambrian, in the sense applied to it by Professor Sedgwick, is inconvenient in the present state of palæozoic geology.

The author of the 'Silurian System' would certainly be the most unlucky of men were the nomenclature advocated by Professor Sedgwick to be adopted. To rule over Ludlows and Wenlocks, with a quasi-sovereignty over part of the Caradocs, and to abandon all regal authority amid the Llandeilo flags and their equivalents, would be much as if Queen Victoria's kingdom were to be restricted to the Channel Isles, with a disputable right to the Isle of Wight as an appendage, Great Britain and Ireland being handed over to some other potentate. Upper Silurian makes but a small figure on the map of the world, or even on the map of Europe, as compared with Lower Silurian, however important it may be so far as its fossil contents are concerned. To make matters still worse, M. Alcide D'Orbigny, a palæontological warrior without fear, but not quite without reproach, proposes to separate these very fossils, and the beds containing them, from what he considers as properly Silurian, and goes so far as to give them a new name, calling them Murchisonien! Thus between two stools, the one upsetting him by a blundering compliment, and the other by an intentional overturn, Sir Roderick goes to the ground; or, rather, would suffer that sad fate, were not the great majority of geologists agreed in supporting the knight in his good old well-ridden Silurian saddle.

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The nomenclature of the Lower Palæozoic rocks, invented by Sir Roderick Murchison, is generally used by British geologists, and likely to continue in use among them, since it is that adopted by the great national Geological Survey of the British Islands. The beautiful maps, originally produced by the Ordnance Survey, and afterwards converted, with minute and conscientious labour, into geological maps by the Government Surveyors, directed by Sir Henry de la Beche, are coloured accordingly. This eminent observer, and his corps of able assistants, have, after long-continued and hard work in the field, proved beyond question that the Lower Silurians of Shropshire and Montgomeryshire are equivalents of North Welsh rocks, which latter are Cambrians in the nomenclature of Professor Sedgwick. They have deliberately, and without bias, adopted the former term, not however ignoring altogether the latter appellation, reserving it for the Longmynd beds and their equivalents. The beautiful and instructive suite of Silurian organic remains displayed in the galleries of the Museum of Practical Geology have been arranged and ticketed in accordance with their views. The retention and permanency of scientific terms are practically dependent on considerations of convenience, and, so long as in the principal geological documents, produced at home and abroad, the groups of the Silurian system, as originally named, are adopted, the leading one of all is not likely to be abandoned.

It should be clearly understood that by none of these proposed or advocated changes is the main geology of the question in the least affected. Respecting the order of succession of the strata which are Silurian for Sir Roderick Murchison, and partly Silurian, partly (and mainly) Cambrian for Professor Sedgwick, the scientific importance of these beds, and the vast duration of time required for their production, all geologists, including both the illustrious members of the corps just mentioned, are firmly agreed. In every point, touching this discussion, that concerns the great truths of the science, they are as one man. The dispute relates to priority of observation and right of nomenclature, questions of law and custom, as it were, to be submitted by the litigants to their scientific peers, and not to be judged by the uninitiated. The prominence that it has assumed at the meetings of scientific societies and annual re-unions has produced a somewhat contrary impression, and we have met with not a few persons, well informed on most subjects, who had contracted a belief to the effect that between Cambrian and Silurian all geology had come to a hitch, that the succession of epochs was suddenly found to be a myth, and that the late much-abused Dean Cockburn was about to be justified after all.

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That this difference of opinion on a question which really does not seriously affect the progress of geology should ever have been brought so prominently before the public, scientific and unscientific, is a matter of sincere regret to all working geologists. There was no occasion for any controversy in the matter. Few disputes on paper are worth the intellectual powder and shot spent over them, and, when we look back upon the annals of science and literature, how often are we forced to lament and deprecate the waste of great intellects in collisions arising from mere discussions about priority of discovery. The wisest of men is after all but an instrument and machine, acting at the right time and place, for the promotion of knowledge through the development of new thoughts or the discovery and application of new facts. When a sound capacity turns aside to battle about its work, instead of steadily pursuing its task and mission, the world is a loser, and, though sometimes amused by the wordy warfare, eventually condemns and finally forgets the dispute. There is at present an alarming deficiency in the supply of paper. The rag-bags are empty and the rag-merchants in despair. The brains of the ingenious are swarming with devices for substitutes. Publishers and printers tremble for their craft. It is feared, not without reason, that when all parliamentary records, dull sermons, trashy novels, publications of teetotal societies, and much more of the same description, are resolved into immaculate pulp, the inky rubbish expunged, and the clear essence of rag retained in pristine purity, the insatiable paper-makers will still call for more. Where can there be found a better supply than in the controversial writings of philosophers and men of letters? Let us expunge the memorials of all squabbles and jealousies. Let Milton, and Pope, and Bishop Warburton, and Isaac Newton, and all the long array of noble-minded combatants, be purified of the memory of their quarrels. We should lose something, but gain more. And let all philosophers, poets, historians, and critics, if it be possible, avoid controversy in future, were it for no other reason than to save paper, since paper is scarce.

The controversies of naturalists are seldom creditable to the popular reputation of science. The majority of these disputes are essentially personal, and deal with differences that are of little interest to those who are not concerned. Who first started this, or named that hare, is, in nine instances out of ten, the gist of the debate. The scientific public is content to catch and eat the hare, without caring who started or named it. Occasionally an act of nefarious poaching, deserving of public reprobation and condign punishment, is committed; but public opinion soon rectifies the grievance and consigns the offender to Coventry.

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Far oftener, however, there is no delinquency on either side, both disputants having done their work honestly and well. One has, perhaps, been more fortunate than the other, and, in the run of events, has the losing game, although no blame can be attributed either to him or his rival.

In the course of the Cambro-Silurian discussions, a great deal has been said and written about a 'natural system' of rock-formations. The expression is one familiar to zoologists and botanists, and conveys to them a distinct meaning, and has been used by geologists in what they apparently believe an analogous sense. We question the propriety of adopting this phrase into geological language, and doubt the correctness of the supposed analogy. Animals or plants are said to belong to the same natural group when they are constructed on the same plan or ideal type, and are related to each other through homology, or, in other words, identity of conformation. A natural system in zoology and botany is one that is supposed to co-ordinate in more general relations of affinity the groups or families constituted upon these considerations. Now it is plain that there can be no true analogy between the 'natural systems' of biologists and those which have lately been so designated by geologists, for the latter can mean no more than assemblages of a certain number of organised species within an arbitrarily-assumed portion of geological time. The species so grouped need have no mutual affinities; their tie is one dependent only on the accident of their synchronic creation and their endurance of identical physical conditions. As these conditions are in the main local and limited in their geographical extension, each time-assemblage of species is necessarily local also. When we speak of cretaceous, oolitic, carboniferous, &c., epochs, we refer to divisions of time during each of which certain sedimentary rock-formations were deposited, and we distinguish between these and give them different names, on account of the more or less distinct set of animals and plants which existed between the commencement and conclusion of each of those geological epochs. Experience has shown that biological differences of this nature furnish the only certain basis for the construction of a geological time-scale. All attempts to found one on purely mineralogical considerations have invariably failed, and indeed are now never proposed except by very inexperienced or very antiquated geologists. But whilst laying the strongest stress upon Palæontological facts as foundations of a true classification of geological epochs, we must not overrate them, or forget that all such facts are local, in a greater or less degree according to circumstances. The whole of our geological systems or formations, or whatsoever else we may please  
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to term them, are therefore in their essence limited and topographical, and consequently, until we discover great laws regulating the succession of life-appearances in time, provisional and empirical.

But are there no laws looming in the distance? Have none been indicated—none discovered? Are geologists to be the gipsies of science, picturesque denizens of the fields and wilds, lighting their fires and boiling their pots each according to his own fancy, and without regard to rule or authority? We know that not a few of our sober mathematicians and severe astronomers, nay, even thrifty chemists, look upon them as philosophical irregulars and British-Association Bashi-Bazouks. But the Arabs of the Desert had their prophets, and so has geology. Surely Leopold von Buch, so lately taken from amongst us, was one. That illustrious man, whose name is one of the glories of Germany, originated an idea which probably contains the germ of a great geological law. He endeavoured to show that each section of geological time might be marked not only by the peculiar set of organic remains belonging to it, the value of whose differences after all must depend upon local arrangements, but by a general and peculiar *facies* or aspect presented by the whole assemblage of organized beings created within its limits, as if the mighty Maker of all things, delighting in infinite variety and never repeating the same thought or mode of thought, had stamped each age of life with a seal that would distinguish it whilst the fragment of one of its organisms remained. And, practically, at the present moment, whatever be his opinion, whether inclined or adverse to the generalization foreshadowed by Von Buch, the geological observer sets to work almost instinctively to identify formations through that very law. A stranger in a far land that has never been explored brings home a heap of rocks and fossils, and submits them to a geologist with questions about their age. The man of science turns them over one by one, and, although each and every species may be new to him, with little hesitation pronounces on the epoch of the formation from which they were taken. Whether he choose to admit or deny the validity of the doctrine of *facies of epochs*, he, in this instance, which is an everyday occurrence, acts as if he had implicit faith in the belief. We remember once sitting in an Eastern court of justice, and watching, with much curiosity, the proceedings of the Cadi who was judge. One man accused another of stealing his artichokes and selling them in the market. There was hard swearing on both sides, and it was very difficult to guess which was the liar. Witnesses were balanced, and to all appearance equally respectable. The Cadi looked grave, pondered, and called for the artichokes.

artichokes. One by one he counted them out from the basket, and then unhesitatingly gave his verdict for the plaintiff, and hurried away the accused to be severely bastinadoed. We were curious to know the reason for this prompt decision, and through an influential friend put the question to the Cadi. His answer was simple and plain: 'When men,' he said, 'bring their own artichokes to our market, they cut their heads and do not break them off; these artichokes were all broken.' The story has not much to do with geology, yet may serve to illustrate the process by which the geologist comes to his decision about the age of rocks. As the Cadi judged of the history of the artichokes by their aspect, so does the Palæontologist pronounce upon the fossils set before him.

The name by which any formation characterised by the presence of peculiar fossil contents is to be called must, in a great measure, depend on the views of the geologist who has to speak or write about it. Its acceptance will depend on its usefulness. A mere number would do as well as a word, were our knowledge of the series of formations complete, but, not being so, a word has to be employed. At present the nomenclature of geological formations is oddly miscellaneous, and derived from the most heterogeneous combinations and sources. A tribe of ancient Britons have supplied the epithet Silurian; regions where the beds so designated are especially fossiliferous, or rock-strewn, furnish the terms Devonian and Permian. The abundance of coal in strata of middle palæozoic age suggests the name of Carboniferous, although any coal-bearing sedimentary formation would furnish the same character. Because our British clod-poles could not talk of 'layers' of clay and marl without contorting the word into 'liars,' a series of strata, widely diffused through the world, has received the name of Lias. The euphony of the word seems to have suggested to the Germans the term 'Trias' given by them to the formation that follows: not, however, wholly without a meaning, for the term is ingeniously contrived to suggest at the same time the triple division of the Teutonic Trias into 'keuper,' 'muschelkalk,' and 'bunter sandstein.' This same Trias has been also designated 'poikolitic,' because certain of the marls composing it are often conspicuously parti-coloured,—a feature, however, frequently presented by marls of all ages having a similar mineral character. It rejoices, besides, in two more names, viz. 'Saliferous,' because rock-salt is found abundantly in it in several localities, and 'Upper New Red Sandstone,' to distinguish it from the 'Lower New Red Sandstone,' which is the Permian. There are numerous red sandstones greatly newer than either. The 'oolites' are

are so called because some well-known building-stones belonging to the series are made up of minute pea-like particles; but a similar structure is met with in both older and new rocks. Such terms as Cornbrash, Oxford and Kimmeridge clay, Portland and Purbeck stones, betray at once their local and provincial origin, but sound oddly enough when converted into Oxfordien, Kimmeridgien, Portlandien, and Purbeckien. 'Lower Green Sands' and 'Upper Green Sands' need neither be sandy nor green; it suffices for the geologist that they are deposits of a certain age. 'White chalk' may be yellow, or green, or black, and is actually of these colours in some places, but, notwithstanding these stains upon its character, is still called 'white' by courtesy. 'Eocene' seemed a happy thought when first employed, but the dawn of new things had before very long to be referred to an earlier time of the geological day. 'Pliocene' was scarcely christened before a 'newer pliocene' and a 'pleistocene' sprang up. Geologists who repudiate the Noachian deluge continue to write about 'diluvium.' In fact, each term, whether constant to its original meaning or contradictory of it, becomes an independent word or sign, the literal signification of which is rapidly set aside, and a new conventional sense given to it. It serves its purpose in the mean time, and what more can we desire? All growing sciences are prolific in discussions about nomenclature, and generate debates that wax warm through the very earnestness of the disputing philosophers. Geologists are reputed to be especially disputatious, and to make war on each other with a verbal ferocity alarming to their unlearned hearers and readers. It is said that a brave old soldier, a visitor for the first time at a geological meeting, left the room during the heat of disputation rather than be present at a scene that must lead to a challenge. 'The art of war,' writes the usually unintelligible Oken, 'is the highest, most exalted art—the principle of Peace;' and certainly the end of geological wars is hearty good fellowship and co-operation. The old Scandinavian gods amused themselves all day in their Valhalla hacking each other to small pieces, but, when the time of feasting came, sat down together entire and harmonious, all their wounds healed and forgotten. Our modern Thors, the hammer-wielders of science, enjoy similar rough sport with like pleasant ending. Men whose work, both of head and hand, is done mainly under the broad sky and along the craggy sides of mountains, heedless of weather and toil, are not likely to use mincing forms of speech, or mollify their sentiments when engaged in discussions, though all the time mildness and mercy are at the foundations of their thoughts. Better men and truer, whether in  
field



field or council, there are not living than the two famous geologists, the nature of whose difference we have endeavoured to expound. They have worked long and well in co-operation, heart and hand united; and though the fortune of scientific war has led in the end to the crossing of their pens, the names of Sedgwick and Murchison will go down to posterity side by side, and bracketed together in the glorious list of benefactors of mankind through the advancement of science.

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ART. V.—1. *The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith.* By John Forster, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1854.

2. *The Works of Oliver Goldsmith.* Edited by Peter Cunningham. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1854.

MR. CUNNINGHAM, whose scrupulous exactness is generally known, has furnished the first complete and accurate reprint of the miscellaneous writings of Oliver Goldsmith. Numerous errors which had crept into previous editions are corrected, omitted passages are restored, and entire pieces have been added.\* By a fortunate coincidence Mr. Forster at the same moment has reproduced, with great additions, his well-known 'Life of Goldsmith,' in which he has collected, from an infinity of sources, every particular which could illustrate the career of his hero, and by his acute and genial comments has assigned to the mass of disjointed facts their true significance. Much as has been written upon the man, and often as his works have been republished, we have now a better opportunity for forming a thorough acquaintance with both than has been afforded us before.

There was an anomaly in Goldsmith's character which has existed in no other celebrated personage in an equal degree. An Irishman by birth, he had most of the virtues and not a few of the failings which distinguish many of his nation—their love of low festivities, their blundering, their gullibility, their boastfulness, their vanity, their improvidence, and, above all, their hospitality and benevolence. But with this Hibernian disposition he was an author after the purest and soberest models—chaste in his style and language, and calm and rational in his opinions. Those who lived with him found it hard to believe that one so

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\* The new edition of the works of Goldsmith forms part of a series of the British Classics, which is undoubtedly the best selected and edited, the cheapest, and the handsomest that has ever issued from the press.

weak in his conduct and conversation could display much power in his writings, and, as we learn from Dr. Johnson, 'it was with difficulty that his friends could give him a hearing.' Posterity, on the other hand, who reverse the process and judge him from his books, have been reluctant to acknowledge that the man 'who wrote like an angel could have talked like poor Poll;' and there has been a tendency of late years to accuse his contemporaries of combining to exaggerate his absurdities. But whatever be the explanation of the contradiction, there is abundant evidence that it was real. His works remain to speak for themselves; and the account of his foibles comes to us from such a variety of quarters, that to deny the likeness would be to undermine the foundations of biography itself. Even if traits originally ludicrous were made broader in the repetition, the general temptation to indulge in a caricature of his weaknesses is itself a proof that the qualities existed in excess. This distinct recognition by Mr. Forster of the blended nature of Goldsmith, of the Irish temperament which he derived from his parents, his training, and his early associates, and of the taste in composition which he derived from the study of books, has dissipated the doubts and difficulties which recent discussions were beginning to raise about one of the most strongly marked and transparent characters that ever existed in the world.

On the appearance in 1837 of Mr. Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, we related in detail the earlier, and at that time the least known, part of his career.\* The son of a poor clergyman, he was sent at 17 to Dublin University, and for cheapness was compelled to enter as a sizar. If poverty is the stimulus to industry, industry is equally the solace of poverty. Study furnishes the mind with occupation, and removes the necessity for costlier and less worthy entertainment; but idleness aggravates penury, and is the parent of low diversions, lassitude, and debt. Such, from the indications which remain to us, appears to have been the college existence of Goldsmith. Any chance of his being drawn into the studies of the place was destroyed by the brutality of a tutor, who ridiculed his awkwardness and his ignorance, and who once knocked him down for giving a humble dance at his rooms to celebrate the small but solitary honour of having gained an exhibition worth thirty shillings. After nearly four years passed at Dublin without pleasure, profit, or distinction, he took his degree of bachelor of arts the 27th of February 1749.

His father died while he was at college, and his mother lived in reduced circumstances at a cottage in Ballymahon. He was

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lvii, p. 278.

urged by his family to take orders, but, wanting two years of the canonical age, he spent the interval at his new home. When he at last presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin he was refused ordination. According to a tradition which rests upon indifferent authority, and which is contradicted by other accounts, he was rejected for appearing in scarlet breeches. The story was probably a jocose invention suggested by his love of gaudy clothes, and the only intelligible explanation of the transaction, as Mr. Forster remarks, is that his knowledge was found deficient. Instead of preparing for his examination he had employed his two years in country rambles, in playing whist and the flute, and in telling stories and singing songs at a club which met at the Ballymahon public-house. His own predilections had never been in favour of the clerical profession, and he made no further efforts to enter the church. Mr. Contarine, a clergyman who had married the sister of Oliver's father, now procured him the situation of tutor in the house of a Mr. Flinn. Here he remained a twelvemonth, when he taxed one of the family with cheating at cards and lost his office. He went back to Ballymahon with thirty pounds and a horse, started afresh in a few days, and re-appeared at the end of six weeks with a worse horse and no money. His mother being very angry, he wrote a letter to pacify her, in which he professed to have gone to Cork, to have paid his passage in a ship which was bound to America, and to have been left behind by an unscrupulous captain who 'never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board.' A train of adventures followed, the whole of which bear evident marks of invention, and show how early he began to display the talents which produced the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The Church and emigration had failed. It was resolved to try law. With fifty pounds, furnished by Mr. Contarine, he set out for London to keep his terms, gambled away his little fund with an acquaintance at Dublin, and was once more thrown back penniless upon his friends. The law was given up; but after a short interval they were hopeful enough to think that medicine might be attended with better luck. The money was again supplied by Mr. Contarine, and this time the reckless Oliver contrived to reach his destination, though it was no less distant than Edinburgh. He arrived there in the autumn of 1752, when he was 24 years of age.

It may be inferred from the previous and subsequent proceedings of Oliver, that he was neither very diligent nor very prudent at Edinburgh, but little is known with certainty. He remained there till the spring of 1754, when, led more by his love of roving than by his devotion to science, he resolved to visit the continental



continental schools. 'I shall carry,' he wrote to Mr. Contarine in announcing that he had drawn upon him for twenty pounds, 'just 33*l.* to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, &c., and that with economy will serve.' Economy he never practised. Whatever pittance he possessed was usually squandered, and when he lived frugally it was because he had exhausted his means. A letter from Leyden to Mr. Contarine, which describes the mishaps that attended his voyage to Holland, whither he went instead of to France, is tinged, like the apologetical epistle to his mother, with palpable romance; and Mr. Forster suggests, we have no doubt truly, that it may perhaps have been dictated by the same motive—a desire to explain away heedless expenditure which might soon compel him to tax anew the purse and patience of his friends. His generous uncle, however, seems shortly afterwards to have sunk into childishness, and his other relatives in Ireland were deaf to his appeals. At Leyden he managed to exist by borrowing and giving lessons in English. He frequented the gaming-table, and once brought away a considerable sum, which was lost almost as soon as won. When he took his departure in February 1755, he was obliged to a fellow-student for the loan which was to carry him on his way. Immediately afterwards he passed the shop of a florist, saw some costly tulip-roots, which were things prized by Mr. Contarine, and, solely intent upon gratifying his uncle, bought them at once with the borrowed money. It is these benevolent but ill-regulated impulses which have endeared the memory of Goldsmith to the world. In him the extravagance which ministers to gratitude and relieves wretchedness was still stronger than the improvidence which grew from self-indulgence. 'He left Leyden next day,' says Mr. Forster, 'with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand.'

He took the course which he afterwards described in 'The Traveller,' and trudged on foot through parts of Flanders, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In later days he used to tell his friends of the distresses he underwent—of his sleeping in barns, of his dependence at one time upon the charity of convents, and of his turning itinerant flute-player\* at another to get bed

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\* He was an indifferent performer, and, if we were to credit the story related by Sir John Hawkins, he was ignorant of his notes. Roubiliac, so runs the tale, pretending to be charmed with one of Oliver's airs, begged to have it repeated that he might take it down. The sculptor jotted some random dots upon the paper, and showed it to Goldsmith, who, after looking it over with seeming attention, pronounced it to be correct, adding, 'that if he had not seen him do it he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him.' In contradiction to this, the author of an address to the 'Philological Society of London,' published in May, 1787, and quoted by Mr. Forster, asserts that a gentle-

bed and board. As no Englishman of his time could have seen so much of the interior life of the lower classes abroad, and been so intimately versed in their manners and feelings, it is surprising that among all his literary taskwork he should never have given a narrative of his continental adventures. It is stated by Mr. Forster, that after he grew into reputation the booksellers for whom he worked were unwilling to have it known that the famous Dr. Goldsmith had been a mendicant wanderer. If this was the cause of his silence, they judged very ill for their own interests and very falsely of public opinion, and the world has lost a more charming book of travels than has ever perhaps been penned.

The pedestrian tour of Goldsmith lasted exactly a year, and in February 1756 he landed at Dover. He had increased his knowledge of men, manners, and countries, but he had brought back little which could aid him in his profession, except a medical degree that was supposed to have been procured at either Padua or Louvain, where the principal qualification was the payment of the fees. He made his way to London, and his first employment is believed to have been that of an usher in a provincial school. He soon returned to the metropolis, and offered himself to apothecaries to dispense their medicines. He had no other introduction than his mien and address, and it is not surprising that his ungainly figure, plain face, awkward manners, and shabby clothes should have failed to recommend him. Such was the poverty of his appearance that when he called shortly afterwards in his *best* suit upon Dr. Sleigh, who had been his fellow-student at Edinburgh, his former associate was unable to recognise him in his pitiful garb. His Irish birth increased the mistrust and stood much in his way. One Jacob, a chemist, who lived near the Monument, at last ventured to try him, and it was while in his service that Oliver renewed his intercourse with Dr. Sleigh. 'When he did recollect me,' says Goldsmith, 'I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me during his continuance in London.' Through the agency of Sleigh and Jacob he commenced practising in Southwark, and, in the language of Mr. Forster, became 'poor physician to the poor.' Yet even in this lowly sphere he was mindful of dress, and while with one hand he felt the pulse of his patient, with the other he held his hat upon his breast to conceal a patch in his coat. Either he failed to get practice, or those who employed him were too needy to pay, and he abandoned physic to become

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man of his acquaintance had often laid pieces of music before Goldsmith, who played them at sight. The anecdote of Hawkins is not in itself very probable, and may now be dismissed as apocryphal.

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corrector of the press to the famous Samuel Richardson. A printer whom he attended, and who worked for Richardson, is said to have suggested the notion and introduced him to the novelist. This contact with literature did not assist to make apparent the latent qualities of his genius. The author of 'Clarissa' was too much taken up with his own importance to have a chance of detecting in his humble assistant the powers which were to produce the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

In these several occupations the year was passed. The early part of 1757 found him usher at the Academy of Dr. Milner of Peckham, whose son was another of the fellow-students of Goldsmith at Edinburgh. He was now secure from want; but to judge from the descriptions he has left of the calling in his writings, it was of all his shifts the most painful and degrading. 'The usher,' he wrote in the *Bee*, 'is generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon him; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, lives in a state of war with all the family.' Mr. Forster, who quotes this passage, also quotes from the reminiscences of Mr. Cooke, a barrister, who was intimate with Goldsmith during the latter part of his life, the still more significant fact that, though he was accustomed to relate the hardships of his obscurer days, he never alluded to the Peckham Academy. The neglects and insults shown to his poverty were due to his circumstances, but the taunts of his pupils were a deeper wound to his sensitive nature, because they were directed against the man. The sketch of the usher he has drawn in the 'Bee' is a palpable self-portrait, and it is a mark of his simplicity that he has generalised traits which were peculiar to himself. The office was doubtless often treated with disrespect, but the laugh which went round the juvenile circle, and extended itself to the solemn central figure of the group, was especially provoked by the diverting originalities which distinguished Goldsmith from the rest of mankind. The oddity of language to which he alludes in the *Bee* was his Hibernian dialect, and it was remarked by his friend Mr. Cooke that to the close of his life he was careful to retain it in all its original force. A curious instance of his ignorance of English pronunciation occurs in one of his early reviews, in which he takes a poet to task for making *key* rhyme with *be*. He had then no idea that it had any other sound than his native Irish *kay*.

The tricks which the pupils played off upon Oliver he retaliated on the footman, who was weak in intellect and ludi-



crously vain. As he prided himself upon his eating and drinking feats, Goldsmith rolled some white cheese into the shape of a candle-end, and inserting a bit of blackened paper for a wick he placed it by the remnant of a true tallow dip. 'You eat that piece of candle,' he said to the footman, 'and I will eat this.' Goldsmith set the example, and with a wry face ate up his cheese by mouthfuls. When he had nearly done, the footman swallowed his own piece of candle at a single desperate gulp, and began to triumph over the protracted nausea of his antagonist. 'Why truly, William,' replied Goldsmith, 'my bit of candle was no other than a bit of very nice Cheshire cheese, and therefore, William, I was unwilling to lose the relish of it.' After practical jokes like these from a man of 29, it was an inevitable consequence that usher Oliver and footman William should be treated by the boys with about equal respect. But the old halo of benevolence which surrounds him everywhere shines out here, and his salary was usually spent, the very day it was paid, in charity to beggars and gifts to the smaller boys. 'You had better, Mr. Goldsmith,' said Mrs. Milner at last, 'let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen.' 'In truth, Madam,' he replied, 'there is equal need.'

It was while he was at Peckham that the circumstance occurred which brought him into connexion with his real vocation. Dr. Milner was a contributor to the 'Monthly Review,' and Griffiths, the proprietor, when dining at his table, was so far impressed by the conversation of Goldsmith, that he asked him to furnish a few specimens of criticism. The result was his removal from the establishment of Dr. Milner to that of Mr. Griffiths. He was to lodge and board with the bookseller, to receive a small salary, and to labour every day from nine till two upon the 'Monthly Review.' He entered upon his new functions at the end of April 1757, having engaged himself for a twelve-month, and we are inclined to adopt a more cheering view of the contract than has been taken by Mr. Forster. Goldsmith declared that it was not till a year or two later that he discovered his talents for literature. He had, indeed, sent his brother Henry, in a letter from abroad, the first brief draught of 'The Traveller,' but it drew forth no praise from the family circle, and did not add to their hopes of the scapegrace Oliver. He had again in the January of the present year, according to the statement of Dr. Farr, called upon him to read the commencement of a tragedy, upon which he had previously taken the opinion of Richardson, but he appears to have received no encouragement to proceed, nor is there the slightest trace, since he sold ballads when at college for five shillings apiece to the street-singers of Dublin, that in any of his  
distresses

distresses he ever dreamt of eking out his subsistence by his pen. To exchange the mechanical drudgery of hearing the Delectus and correcting the nonsense verses of little boys for the more intellectual drudgery of writing for the press was, we suspect, considered by himself an elevation at the moment. It was not Goldsmith conscious of his genius that had let himself out to Griffiths by the year, but Goldsmith the butt of acquaintances and the laughing-stock of schoolboys. In consequence, however, of the coarse, ungenerous nature of the particular publisher who had secured his services, the engagement proved unpropitious, and at the end of six months was dissolved in anger by mutual consent. The bookseller taxed his scribe with idleness and independence, and Goldsmith complained of the authoritative airs of Griffiths, of the domestic parsimony of his wife, and of the unwarrantable liberties of both in re-touching the articles he composed for the review. These early productions have the graces of his style, though not in the highest degree. The substance is below the form. The criticisms and observations are often commonplace, never novel or profound, and his happiest ideas can scarcely challenge any prouder designation than good common sense. With exquisite taste in his own compositions he never, strange to say, attained to much insight into the merits and defects of the writings of others. When his judgments are not false, they show neither nicety of discrimination nor keenness of relish.

In the autumn of 1757 he was once more thrown upon the town, sleeping in a garret and dating his letters from the Temple Exchange coffee-house, near Temple Bar. He was tracked to his lodgings by his brother Charles, who, hearing a rumour that Oliver was up in the world, had decamped secretly from Ireland to partake of this unwonted Goldsmith prosperity. The poor author made light of his situation, and said that the *Campaign* of Addison was written in a garret higher than his own; but Charles saw that he must seek for another patron, and was soon on his way to Jamaica. In a letter which Goldsmith wrote in December to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson, he speaks of himself as making shift to live by very little practice as a physician, and very little reputation as a poet. None of the poetry has been recovered, if indeed it ever existed, for his accounts of himself are not to be trusted. The only literary work which has been traced to him at this period is a short article in the 'Critical Review' for November 1757, and a translation from the French, entitled 'The Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion,' which was published in February 1758. Even existence in a garret could not be supported upon

the miserable proceeds of authorship, and he was fain to return to the Peckham Academy. He reappeared in the school under what we should have supposed to have been happier auspices. The health of Dr. Milner was failing, and the head-mastership devolved in great part upon the usher. To the increased authority he derived from this circumstance was added the consideration, which in the worst days of literature must always have been something, of having been thought competent to instruct the public through the press. Yet his situation was still uneasy, and the hope which brightened his prospects was the promise of Dr. Milner to procure him a medical appointment in India. He bid a final adieu to the Peckham seminary in August 1758, and shortly afterwards received the warrant which nominated him physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel. The salary was only a hundred ~~a~~-year, but the private practice of the place, which followed the official station, was an extra thousand. To raise money for the outfit, which he calculated would require 130*l.*, he had for some time been preparing in his leisure hours ‘An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe.’ He wrote to his relatives and old companions in Ireland to ask them to obtain subscriptions for the work. Two or three of those from whom he expected most took no notice of his application, and verified the playful prediction in one of his letters of this date, which distinctly prefigures Mr. Forster and Mr. Cunningham. ‘There will come a day, no doubt it will, when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to be neglected!’ It is true that the experience which these ‘heavy scoundrels’ had had of the use to which Oliver put pecuniary assistance was by no means encouraging, true that any rumours which reached them of his proceedings abroad could only have exhibited him as a thoughtless idler or a mendicant vagrant, true that any tidings of his London vicissitudes must have surrounded him with the suspicion which always attends upon a man who is everything by turns and nothing long; but they also knew that he was as generous as he was improvident; that, if the situations had been reversed, they would not in vain have asked for themselves what they denied to him; that he had supported himself now for four years ‘without one word of encouragement, or one act of assistance;’ and, what was most of all to the purpose, to invite subscriptions to a book was to give a practical proof that he was turning his talents to account.

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While Goldsmith was anxiously waiting for his Irish supplies he had to disburse ten pounds for the warrant of his appointment by the East India Company. To raise the money, he wrote articles for the 'Critical Review,' which was superintended by the genius of Dr. Smollett. Two papers from Oliver's pen appeared in the number for January 1759, but before they saw the light the warrant which was to make his fortune was withdrawn. The motive of this proceeding never transpired. That it arose from some cause which was mortifying to his vanity may be inferred from his always avoiding the subject, and from his assuring his brother Henry, in order to evade inconvenient explanations, that he had met with no disappointment in the business, though it was then three months since the warrant had been revoked. It was in November 1758, that he was thus summarily set aside, and, lowering his ambition to his circumstances, the ex-physician to the Coromandel Factory presented himself on the 21st of December before the examiners at Surgeons' Hall, to qualify for the office of an hospital mate. A single unlucky candidate of all who applied that day was too ignorant of the rudiments of surgical science to pass, and that one was Oliver Goldsmith, Bachelor of Medicine, and late practitioner of physic in Bank-side, Southwark. Who is to tell, after this, what rare qualities of mind may coexist with stammering ignorance and a plebeian exterior?

His examination at Surgeons' Hall soon involved him in an additional misery. He had no clothes in which he could venture to appear before a tribunal composed of the grandees of the profession. He opened a negotiation with his old master, Griffiths, who, in return for four articles contributed to the 'Monthly Review' of December, became security to a tailor for the requisite suit, which was to be paid for, or returned, on a stated day. The stated day came, and found the clothes in pawn, and the four books which Griffiths had sent him to review in pledge to a friend. The occasion which reduced him to this breach of his word was the arrest of the landlord of his wretched lodging, to whom he was in arrear. The bookseller sent to demand the goods or their value, and, as Goldsmith could return neither, Griffiths wrote him word that he was 'a sharper and a villain.' In an answer full of woe the miserable debtor begs to be consigned to a gaol. 'I have seen it,' he says, 'inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour,—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal.' He denies the villany, but owns that he has been guilty of imprudence, and of 'the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it.' The wrath of Griffiths was appeased by Goldsmith undertaking to

to furnish a 'Life of Voltaire' for twenty pounds, from which the debt was to be subtracted. The memoir, which was finished in a month, he himself called 'a catchpenny,' and it is certainly unworthy both of the author and the subject. Here closed for ever his ill-starred alliance with the bookseller, who was the first to start him in his literary career, and the first to make him feel the bitter bondage of the calling. Griffiths, Mr Forster relates, retired from his business three or four years later, and ended by keeping two carriages, and attending regularly at the meeting-house. So prosperous and pious a gentleman little dreamt that he was to be known to posterity by his griping insolence to his pauper scribe.

Goldsmith said of himself that he had 'a knack of hoping,' but the multiplied disasters which followed close upon one another had nearly reduced him to despair. 'I have been for some years,' he said, in the affecting letter to Griffiths, of January 1759, 'struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, and with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What then has a gaol that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society.' 'You scarcely can conceive,' he wrote to his brother in the February following, 'how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself. In short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it.' It was through the very excess of the darkness which had gathered around him that he worked his way into day. 'He ceased to indulge in the tantalising expectations which had balked him so often, and, without further distractions, sullenly resigned himself to the only business for which he was fitted. If he had succeeded in entering the Church, he would soon have sunk in the eyes of his parishioners to the level of his clerk. If he had satisfied the examiners at Surgeons' Hall that he could set a bone, he would still, we may be sure, have been a bungling operator, and the tormentor of his patients. He once threatened, when a Mrs. Sidebotham rejected his advice, and adopted that of her apothecary, to leave off prescribing for his friends. 'Do so, my dear Doctor,' replied Beauclerk; 'whenever you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies.' This was one of the true words which are spoken in jest. Johnson summed up the case when he said that his genius was great, but his knowledge was small. 'No man,' he remarked again, 'was wiser

wiser when he had a pen in his hand, or more foolish when he had not.' He had never been a student, and he had not that aptitude for facts, and that tenacity of memory, which enables many desultory readers to furnish their minds without steady toil. The materials for his charming compilations were hastily gathered for the occasion, and, being merely transplanted, as Johnson said, from one place to another without settling in his mind, he was ignorant of the contents of his own books. Thus in common things he was below mediocrity, and he was driven to be either a literary genius or nothing. He was never any judge of his own qualifications. He volunteered to take a journey to copy the inscriptions on the *Written Mountains*, which had baffled every traveller, though he was not acquainted with a single letter of any oriental language living or dead; and he memorialised Lord Bute to send him out to investigate the arts and sciences of the East, for the purpose of importing improvements into England, though Dr. Johnson exclaimed that he was utterly ignorant of the subject, and would have brought home 'a grinding barrow that was to be seen in all the streets of London, and fancy he had furnished a wonderful improvement.' ●

Just before his discomfiture in Surgeons' Hall he had removed to a lodging in a pent-up little square, now levelled with the ground, which, embosomed in a mass of buildings between Fleet Street and the Old Bailey, seemed named in mockery 'Green Arbour Court,' and which was approached by a steep flight of stone stairs called 'Break-neck Steps.' The houses were tall and tumbling, the inhabitants poor and filthy, the children over-many and over-noisy—in Mr. Forster's phrase, 'a squalid and squalling colony.' In this retreat he was visited by Percy, the well-known editor of the 'Reliques,' and afterwards Bishop of Dromore. Goldsmith had been introduced to him at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, by Dr. Grainger, the author of the 'Sugar-cane,' and one of the contributors to Mr. Griffiths' 'Monthly Review,' and Percy had detected sufficient merit beneath the unpromising appearance of his new-made acquaintance to think him worth a call. He found him, at the beginning of March 1759, engaged upon his 'Enquiry,' in a dirty room, with only a single chair, which he gave up to his visitor, while he sat himself in the window. As the conversation was proceeding, a ragged little girl appeared at the door, and, dropping a curtsy to Goldsmith, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.' A volume of description would not convey a more vivid impression of the society of 'Green Arbour Court' than this single trait; and ludicrous as is the incident, the respectful address of the messenger

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senger is yet a pleasing proof of the homage which was paid him by the ordinary inhabitants of the square. The most complete picture which, perhaps, we possess of Grub-street life has come down to us in connection with Goldsmith. The majority of distressed authors were too obscure to find a biographer. Those of greater pretensions had either started from a respectable position, or had quickly reached a higher eminence. A single unwieldy figure, in the person of Johnson, was seen moving for years among the crowd of ill-dressed, ill-fed, badly-lodged, and insulted tribe who provided the ephemeral literature and party pamphlets of the day, but maintaining in the midst of his poverty such unshaken fortitude, such lofty principles, and such rugged independence, that the characteristics of the class were very imperfectly shadowed forth in him. The portrait drawn by Mr. Forster of the moral heroism and robust benevolence of this illustrious man is one of the most attractive episodes in his book. Goldsmith, on the contrary, had the habits and tastes of the class. After he had acquired celebrity, and was admitted to the society of men like Burke, Fox, Reynolds, and Beauclerk, he looked back with regret upon his former haunts. 'In truth,' he said to Mr. Cooke, 'one sacrifices something for the sake of good company, for here I'm shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably.' He did not persevere long in resisting his inclinations out of regard to appearances, nor did he ever get clear of the shifts and expedients which attended his earlier struggles. He was merely destined to exhibit in his single person, as he rose, all the gradations in the lot of a bookseller's dependant, from the poorest to the best-esteemed.

At the commencement of April appeared the 'Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe,' upon which Percy had found him engaged in the preceding month. If the work were to be judged by the promise held out in the title, a more superficial and unsatisfactory production has seldom issued from the press. Though he had travelled through Italy, Germany, and Holland, his account of the literature of these countries, to which he devoted distinct chapters, was so extremely meagre that it really conveyed no information at all. He enlarged but a very little more on the books and authors of England and France. He took up the paradox that the decay of learning had in every age been produced by criticism, and stated that the chief design of his Essay was to persuade people to write what they thought, regardless of reviewers. Yet the bulk of his treatise has no relation to this position, which he has not supported by any plausible argument. The fact is, that he put his private life into his books beyond any other genius whom we can call

call to mind, and he had not derived his doctrines from a survey of Europe, but from his personal experience of Mr. Griffiths' establishment. It is this, in conjunction with the pleasing style, and some scattered observations of a lively truth, which gives an interest to the work, in spite of its imperfections as a critical and philosophic disquisition. He had seen that the praise and blame of the 'Monthly Review' were dispensed in accordance with the mercantile interests and vindictive passions of Griffiths. He had become acquainted with the ignorance of the starving scribblers who hung about the shop, eager, for the sake of a job, to do the bidding of their master, and who, when left to their own discretion, mistook railing for wit. He had witnessed the pain, which their censures inflicted, and the injury done to books by their oracular abuse. No man, nevertheless, was ever written down except by himself, and the worst that the ablest and most wrongheaded critic can effect is to retard for a little space a reputation which is not fully formed, or to shorten the existence of some flimsy publication which if left to itself would die a natural death. He dwelt with equal emphasis upon the wrongs of authors,—complained of the contempt which was shown to them,—pointed out the evils of their bondage to booksellers,—and asked the great to renew the patronage of the preceding generation, when a dinner with Lord Somers procured invitations to Young the poet for the rest of the week. These opinions were natural to one who judged of booksellers from Griffiths,—of the respect paid to authors from the treatment experienced by the ragged tenant in 'Green Arbour Court,'—and of the advantage to be derived from the countenance of the nobility by the number of feasts which he hoped would accrue to men who were suffering, like himself, from hunger and neglect. But it is not now, nor, probably, was it then, in the power of any Mr. Griffiths to keep an author from fame who had the talent to deserve it; and as for a system of patronising dinners, it has two fatal objections,—that it is not the needy, the obscure, and the struggling who would receive the invitations; and that any companionship of the kind which does not come about naturally from personal likings or sympathy of tastes, is a degradation instead of an honour.

'The Enquiry' attracted little attention. None of his other productions in the first nine months of 1759 have been identified, except a few contributions to the 'Critical Review'; but in October he is found exerting himself with unwearied diligence, furnishing essays to 'The Busy-Body' and 'The Ladies' Magazine,' and writing the whole of a weekly paper called 'The Bee,' which alone consisted of thirty-two pages.

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'The Bee' expired after a brief existence of eight weeks. Though he had aimed at variety in his subjects, there was a uniformity in the treatment, and the objection made in 'The Monthly Review,' that 'the observations were frequently trite and common,' is not unfounded. The best portions of the work appear to us to be the remarks upon acting, and on the habits of the spider. Quantity and quality both considered, it is very creditable to the fertility of his mind, the readiness of his pen, and the elegance of his style. He must have had much ado to keep up with the press, and we are not surprised to learn that a visitor one evening entered the lodging in Green Arbour Court, turned the key of the door, commenced upbraidings, which were followed by a three hours' silence, at the close of which he came forth in good humour, and ordered in a supper from a neighbouring tavern, to reward the poor author, who had just completed his arrears under the surveillance of his employer. In later days he was a rapid composer, and whole quires of his Histories and 'Animated Nature' flowed from his pen with such facility, that, according to Bishop Percy, he had seldom occasion to correct a single word. 'Ah,' said he to Mr. Cradock, who was anxiously weighing phrases, 'think of me who must write a volume a month.' But at this earlier period he had an inconvenient propensity to linger over his work. 'I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause,' he makes George Primrose (who is the *alias* of Oliver Goldsmith) say, 'but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. All wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.' It was to this very pains, which seemed at the outset to curtail his profits without advancing his reputation, that he owed much of his subsequent fame. The power to glean knowledge is a common accomplishment which is shared by the dull; the power to clothe it in felicitous language is an exceptional gift, and as justly prized as it is rare. The fault, or rather the misfortune of Goldsmith, is, that his necessities seldom allowed him to take care enough—that incongruous words, careless phrases, and weak and slovenly sentences, blot his beautiful prose.

On the 1st of January, 1760, appeared the opening number of the 'British Magazine,' a monthly publication edited by Dr. Smollett; and on the 12th the 'Public Ledger,' a daily newspaper, which was started by Mr. Newberry the bookseller.

Goldsmith



Goldsmith was invited to contribute to both. He furnished about twenty essays to the magazine, and for the newspaper he wrote his well-known 'Citizen of the World.' He usually provided two letters a week, and for these he was paid a guinea apiece. They soon attracted a certain degree of attention; but we infer from his own later language on the little notice which his essays obtained, that their popularity was not great. 'Whenever I write anything,' he ludicrously said to Johnson at some period which preceded the publication of 'The Traveller,' 'the public *make a point* to know nothing about it.' The plan which Goldsmith adopted in 'The Citizen of the World' of introducing an Oriental commenting upon manners so different from his own had been frequently tried, and in the case of Montesquieu with distinguished success. The absurdity of usages which only appear rational because they are familiar becomes strikingly apparent when they are described by a stranger with the wonder of novelty. This happy artifice comes to nothing in the hands of Goldsmith. His Chinese is to all intents and purposes an Englishman; and whenever he attempts to make him speak in character, the failure is complete. It is simply as a collection of light papers upon the vices and follies of the day that the work must be regarded. As in all his speculations, there is much that is commonplace; but he skims pleasantly over the surface of things, gives picturesque sketches of the men he met and the haunts he frequented, and intermingles observations which, whether grave or gay, bear the stamp of his kindly nature. The series, consisting of one hundred and twenty-three letters, was brought to a conclusion about the middle of 1761, and was republished in two small volumes at the beginning of 1762.

In the gracefully told story of the 'Man in Black,' which derives additional interest from its being in the main an epitome of the life of the essayist himself, he talks of his improvident generosity, and his discovery that the way to assist the needy was first to secure independence. 'My immediate care, therefore,' he says, 'was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour.' He removed, accordingly, towards the close of 1760, into better lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, but the reformation in his conduct did not ensue. In everything which he wrote at this period he dwells upon the superiority of economy and justice over the misplaced liberality which puts the donor into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves, for he had been smarting from the effects of discharging the debts of others with the money which should have gone to defray his own. In furtherance of his design  
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he boasted that he had exchanged his free and open manner for a close suspicious air, and that he was now on his guard against the needy sharpers who, instead of picking his pockets, prevailed on him to empty them of his own accord into their hands. But he rightly called himself a mere machine of pity, incapable of withstanding the slightest exhibition of real or fictitious distress, and, however knowing his looks, his power to see through the clumsiest fraud was on a par with his firmness. He seems to have smiled at his own impotent resolutions in the moment of forming them. 'One of the most heroic actions I ever performed,' says the Man in Black, 'and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance at the time when he wanted it and I had it to spare.' This does not promise much constancy in the course, and no indication ever appeared that he had left his improvidence or his simplicity in his Green Arbour Court lodging. Among other good deeds, he remembered the landlady to the day of his death, supplied her from time to time with food from his table, and frequently returned to the scene of his old one-chaired apartment to cheer and assist her.

In evidence of his progress in detecting imposition we are told that one Pilkington, who had long preyed upon the easiness of his nature, and had exasperated him by his conduct, burst into his room in extasies of joy. He apologised for the liberty, but his fortune was made, and he could not resist hurrying to impart the glad tidings to his best and earliest benefactor. The Duchess of Manchester had a mania for white mice. She possessed a pair, and for years had been offering enormous sums for a second. Pilkington had commissioned a friend in India to send him two from the East; they were now in the river on board the good ship 'Earl of Chatham,' and in proof of his story he pulled out the letter advising him of their despatch. Nothing stood between him and independence except the want of a suitable cage in which to present them, and he could no more raise the two guineas for the purpose than pay off the national debt. Goldsmith protested that a single half-guinea was all he had in the world. 'Ay,' says Pilkington, 'but you have a watch: if you could let me have that I could pawn it across the way for two guineas, and be able to repay you with heartfelt gratitude in a few days.' Pilkington must have resolved to have his jest as well as his guineas when he made poor Oliver the dupe of so gross a hoax. Two years elapsed, when he suddenly reappeared in a state of semi-intoxication at Goldsmith's chambers, and greeted him in the language of familiar friendship, at the unlucky moment when Topham Beauclerk and General Oglethorpe were honouring

honouring him with their company, and he was ashamed to seem intimate with the vulgar and disreputable importer of white mice. Pilkington had come to pay, not the guineas, but the 'heartfelt gratitude.' 'Here, my dear friend,' he suddenly exclaimed, as he pulled a couple of little parcels out of his pocket, 'is a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar, for though it is not in my power at present to return you the two guineas, you nor any man else shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude.' Oliver, roused to anger, bid him begone, and he departed carrying his tea and sugar with him. They never met again; but when Pilkington was dying, a messenger took, says Mr. Forster, 'to the poor starving creature's deathbed a guinea from Mr. Goldsmith.'

Mr. Cooke, who relates the anecdote of the white mice, has coupled with it another illustration of the extreme credulity of his friend. He appeared late and hungry at a club, and, having eaten no dinner, ordered a dish of mutton chops for supper. His companions, to balk his eager appetite, drew their chairs from the table on the appearance of the dish, and gave sundry symptoms of disgust. Goldsmith asked anxiously if anything was the matter with the chops; but they evaded the question, and it was only with much pressing that they were brought to tell him that the smell was offensive. He rang the bell, covered the waiter, who quickly caught up the jest, with abuse, and, for a punishment, insisted, at the suggestion of the company, that the man should eat the horrible viands himself. A fresh supper was prepared for Oliver, who, soon regretting the vengeance he had taken, ordered 'a dram for the poor waiter, who might otherwise get sick from so nauseating a meal.' What wild tales of things beyond his immediate cognizance would not a man believe who smelt the dish beneath his nose by the assertions of his friends!

In the lodging in Wine Office Court, Goldsmith, on the 31st of May, 1761, received for the first time to supper the great Samuel Johnson. Percy, who brought about the meeting, called for the sage, and found him in a trim unlike what he had ever witnessed before,—his clothes new and his wig nicely powdered. Marvelling why the negligent Johnson should dress himself with such courtly care to visit an indigent author in his humble apartment, Percy ventured to inquire the cause, and received for reply,—'Why, sir, I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example.' An addiction to foppery had been the former as it was the subsequent weakness of Oliver. In Ireland he got  
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the reputation of attempting to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches ; in Edinburgh, as we learn from a tailor's bill which Mr. Forster has recovered, he wore 'rich sky-blue satin,' 'fine sky-blue shalloon,' and 'silver hat-lace ;' on settling in London, he was met by an old schoolfellow in a tarnished suit of green and gold ; when his reputation was established, a waiting-woman at a house where he visited remembered him chiefly by the ludicrous ostentation with which he showed off his cloak and cane ; and when he was with a party of celebrities, such as Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and Murphy, 'he strutted about bragging of his bloom-coloured coat,' and announcing that his tailor, Mr. Filby, had begged to be recommended when admiring spectators asked who made his clothes. From the retort of Johnson that Mr. Filby was thinking of the crowd which would be attracted by the strange hue of the cloth, and of the credit he should get for producing a reputable garment out of so absurd a colour, it may be presumed that even for those gayer-dressing days it was ridiculously gaudy. It was, therefore, from no indifference to appearances that for a brief interval he resigned himself to a sordid style of dress. His pockets were empty, his credit nothing, and, making a virtue of necessity, he was glad to justify the meanness of his attire by the example of Johnson.

The year 1762 found him still working upon a variety of compilations for Mr. Newberry, of whom he said that 'he was the patron of more distressed authors than any man of his time,' and a distressed author now and ever after was Oliver Goldsmith.\* On one occasion this patron paid him twenty guineas—'a sum,' he said, 'I was so little used to receive in a lump, that I felt myself under the embarrassment of Captain Brazen in the play, whether I should build a privateer or a playhouse with the money.' The embarrassment which quickly followed was of an opposite kind, and he had constant recourse to Mr. Newberry for loans. 'These paltry advances,' Mr. Forster admirably remarks, in language which ought to sink into the mind of every man who makes literature his profession, 'are a hopeless entanglement. They bar freedom of judgment on anything proposed, and escape is felt to be impossible. Some days—some weeks, perhaps—have been lost in idleness or illness ; the future becomes a mortgage to the past, every hour has its want forestalled upon the labour of the succeeding hour, and Gulliver lies bound in Lilliput.'

This was the period of the famous Cock-lane ghost. A clerk in a public office, prohibited by the law from marrying the sister of his deceased wife, lived with her in concubinage. She died of the smallpox in the early part of 1760, bequeathing her property,

property, which was about a hundred pounds, to her lover. They had previously lodged in Cock-lane with one Parsons, a parish clerk, who borrowed money of his tenant, and, being unable or unwilling to defray the debt, he was sued by his creditor. The grudge which rankled in the mind of Parsons found vent upon the death of the woman, and he set his daughter, a girl of twelve, to assert that she had seen her ghost, and to counterfeit noises which were supposed to come from the 'perturbed spirit.' The final result to which the device tended was, that the ghost was to knock, in answer to questions, twice for a negative and once for an affirmative, and by this means to indicate that she had been poisoned by her paramour, and wished him hanged. The sensation excited by the farce at the commencement of 1762 was immense. The Duke of York, Lord Hertford, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, and Horace Walpole, went together in a hackney-coach, and, though it rained torrents, found the lane full of people, and the house so crammed that it was impossible to get in till somebody recognised the Duke. While the frenzy was proceeding, Dr. Johnson, in conjunction with other persons of eminence, investigated the story. The ghost had never made a sign except when the girl was present and in bed, and, the Doctor obliging her to place her hands above the clothes, the noises ceased. The spirit having very incautiously promised to strike her own coffin, which was in the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, the company adjourned to the vault, and called upon her in vain to keep her word. The exposure was complete, and Johnson drew up a statement of the particulars, and published it in the newspapers. The Doctor himself always spoke of his share in detecting the cheat with much satisfaction, but many, with Churchill at their head, laughed at him for thinking it worth a serious refutation. Parsons, for his infamous attempt to procure the death of his former lodger by a judicial murder, was three times set in the pillory at the end of Cock-lane, and imprisoned for a year. The mob, who were more ready 'to take the ghost's word' than to listen to Johnson's reasoning, sympathised with Parsons, and collected a subscription for him. An incident which for weeks was the talk of the town promised to prove a popular topic, and, by an extant receipt for three guineas paid by Newberry, Goldsmith was known to have produced a pamphlet on the subject. The supposed piece, under the title of 'The Mystery Revealed,' has been lately discovered, and is republished by Mr. Cunningham in Goldsmith's works.

Shortly after Johnson had laid, and Goldsmith chronicled, the Cock-lane ghost, the worn-out author visited Tunbridge and  
Bath

Bath for his health. The king of the latter place, the notorious Beau Nash, had died the year before, and Goldsmith took advantage of the event to write his *Life*. He speaks in many passages of his personal acquaintance with him; and though it does not appear when or where the meeting occurred, it is either a fact, or he must have received considerable assistance from the friends of the Beau. The literal report of his conversation, than which nothing can be more dramatic, and of itself conveys a perfect picture of the man, together with the details of his habits and manners, could only have proceeded from a familiar associate. The merit of the biography is less as a piece of composition, a particular in which it is very unequal, than as a vivid portrait of the vanities, the follies, the vices, and, what was a redeeming trait, the charities of this poor slave and arbiter of fashion. He has neither exalted nor caricatured him. He describes him as what he was—‘a weak man governing weaker subjects,’ frivolous, insipid, petulant, and boastful, without steady principles or the lighter talents. People bore with his dominion because he was a useful manager of their amusements, and because they were conscious that they paid him but a mock respect. Goldsmith received for this biography, which is of considerable length, only fourteen guineas.

At the end of 1762, Goldsmith, urged, we suppose, by the necessity for fresher air and more active exercise, hired, in addition to his London lodging, country apartments in Islington from a friend of Newberry, Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming. To secure the landlady her dues, and to protect Goldsmith from the effects of his own prodigality, it was agreed that the bookseller should pay the board and lodging quarterly, and deduct it from the literary earnings of his author. What little money Oliver fingered was doled out to him in small sums of from one to two guineas at a time. No better arrangement could be made for a man who, in his own words, was careless of the future, and intent upon enjoying the present; but even this precaution, after a short trial, proved insufficient to ward off the old distresses. In the mean while, besides writing sundry miscellanies, he was busy upon a ‘*History of England*’ for the young, in a series of letters. His mode of compiling was to spend his morning in reading such a portion of Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennet, as would furnish matter for a single chapter. He passed the remainder of his day with his friends, and when he went up to bed wrote off his forenoon preparations with the same facility as a common letter. With such a system there could be no deep research, comprehensive views, or profound thought. Nor does he pretend to anything of the kind. His aim was to produce a pleasing  
transparent



transparent narrative, and in this he succeeded. The 'Letters' appeared in 1764 as from a 'Nobleman to his Son,' and were generally attributed to the first Lord Lyttleton, whose stiff and heavy composition had no resemblance whatever to the easy and often careless style of Goldsmith. The sale of the book was rapid, and, though superficial and inaccurate, it has never ceased to be a favourite.

Newberry's payments exceeding Goldsmith's earnings, the advances came to an end, and the landlady's bills were left undischarged. She was a woman in whom resolution was unmingled with tenderness, and, notwithstanding that the arrears were of short continuance, she arrested him at the close of 1764 for her rent. When Boswell expressed his wonder that he who had obtained the title of the 'great moralist' should be kind to a man of very bad character, Goldsmith replied—'He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson.' It was to this steady friend of the miserable that he had recourse in his present dilemma, and when the messenger returned he brought with him a guinea and the assurance that the moralist would speedily follow. Johnson found him in a violent passion, the guinea changed, and a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. As they talked of the means of extricating him from his difficulties, Goldsmith produced a novel he had composed in his snatches of leisure, and Johnson, after glancing his eye through its pages, sallied out and sold it for sixty pounds to James Newberry, the nephew of the bookseller with whom we are already familiar. Oliver paid his rent, rated the landlady, and left her lodgings. Johnson thought himself that the novel would meet with but moderate success, and Newberry's opinion of it was not sufficiently high to induce him to print it. A manuscript which was among the most precious ever penned was thrown aside for the present, and half of Goldsmith's immortality lay exposed to the accidents which grow out of negligence.

But the day was now come when he was to emerge from obscurity, and gain that station among the eminent men of his time for which he had pined so long. 'The Traveller,' which he had commenced nine years before when he was abroad, and which he had brooded over at intervals with fond solicitude, was at last ready for the press. In 1758, when he was young in authorship, he told his brother Henry that poetry was easier to produce than prose, which can only be taken as an indication that he was not then the ready writer of prose which he quickly became, for to the last he composed poetry with singular slowness. He used to say that he had been four or five years in gathering the incidents of his 'Deserted Village,' and two years were spent in the

process of versifying what he had gleaned. Nobody would have guessed, when 'The Traveller' appeared on the 19th of December, 1764, what months of toil lay hid in that little pamphlet of verse, which seemed as if it had flowed from the author's mind with the same facility that it fell from the reader's tongue. But the labour had not been greater than the reward. In a few weeks it crept into reputation, and was equally admired by the many and the discriminating few. Johnson declared that there had been no such piece since the time of Pope, and Fox said later that it was one of the finest poems in the English language. There is perhaps no other which combines an equal amount of ease and polish—which preserves a juster medium between negligence and constraint. The sentiments and language are of the same mild and equable cast. There are no bold flights of fancy, no daring metaphors, no sublime ideas or penetrating maxims. The charm is in the happy selection of the particulars which compose his pictures of men and nature in the different countries of Europe, and in the almost unvarying elegance, and often the exquisite felicity, of the language in which these particulars are embodied. Many single lines are unsurpassed for gentle beauty of expression, and for the distinctness of the image which they place before the mind. He excels, too, in those artifices of style by which the repetition of words and phrases adds melody and force. His verse is pitched in the key which suits with the general spirit of his poetry. It is less resounding than that of Johnson, but it has sufficient fulness of tone, and is all but uniformly musical.\* For this delightful production, which he had been nine years in bringing to

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\* 'There is not,' said Langton, 'a bad line in that poem of the Traveller; not one of Dryden's careless verses.' He must have forgotten the last line of the following couplet, which ought to have been intolerable to the fine ear of Goldsmith:—

'As different good, by Art or Nature given,  
To different nations, makes their blessings even.'

The passage cost him considerable trouble, for he expunged the version which stands in the first edition, and the couplet we have quoted makes part of the second attempt. The few additions he owed to Johnson are excellent, and one line especially, which he introduced into Goldsmith's description of the wanderer lost in the forest, and dreading destruction from Indians or wild beasts, is admirable for its terseness, its melody, and the vivid picture which it presents of a man struggling between terror and fatigue.

'There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.'

The expression in the last of these lines is affected, and a few more exceptions could be found to Langton's remark.

maturity,

maturity, and which passed through nine editions during his life, he received of Mr. Newberry twenty guineas. Whether he reserved to himself any future share of the profits is uncertain; but we question if an obscure author, which he then was, would obtain a larger equivalent in the present day for the copyright of a poem of the same length and merit. It is the success of the publication which makes the sum appear small, while Newberry had to consider the risk of loss as well as the chance of gain. Johnson got but ten guineas for his 'London,' and only five more for his 'Vanity of Human Wishes.'

'The Traveller' was inscribed to the brother to whom the first sketch was sent from Switzerland, and who is addressed in the opening lines of the poem in as magical language as was ever dictated by genius and affection combined. Henry Goldsmith was seven years older than Oliver, and something of the respect which would be paid to a parent seems to have mingled with the fraternal love of the younger; for not only in his public dedication, but in a private letter, he calls him 'Dear Sir.' He soon afterwards gave a proof of his attachment. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—the Earl of Northumberland—hearing that the author of 'The Traveller' was a native of that country, sent for him, and offered to promote his advancement, to which Goldsmith replied that he had a brother, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. 'As for myself,' said Oliver to Sir John Hawkins, who was waiting in the outer room, 'I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others.' He was feeling then the first flush of satisfaction from the increased estimation in which he was held by the trade, and the more liberal offers which came thick upon him; but the power of his name only served in the end to increase his embarrassments. He employed it to raise larger sums and contract more numerous obligations, while the money was quickly spent and the obligations remained. In the compassion which is excited by the distresses of Goldsmith, it must never be forgotten that many of them were the result of his own misconduct; and we fear, if a debtor and creditor account were struck, it would be found at the close that in money dealings he had been guilty of greater injustice to others than had ever been committed against himself.

In 1763 was established what many years later received the title of the 'Literary Club,' but which at first was called the 'Turk's Head Club,' from the name of the tavern where it met.\* It was settled by its founders, Johnson and Reynolds, that it

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\* The most accurate and complete account of the early history of the Literary Club which has yet appeared will be found in the volumes of Mr. Forster.



should consist of such men that, if only two of them attended, they should have the ability to entertain one another. Goldsmith was among the nine original members, and owed this honour to the influence and recommendation of Johnson, who in the same year said of him to Boswell, 'He is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right.' But this opinion of his literary attainments was that of Johnson himself, and not of the world. What he had hitherto written had been published anonymously, and, if Hawkins is to be believed, when he was mentioned for the club the notion prevailed that he was a mere bookseller's drudge, incapable of anything higher than translating or compiling. Admitted at first upon sufferance, he was now become, by the publication of his poem, among the ornaments of the society. The attention he began to receive is shown in his amusing and characteristic speech when Kelly introduced himself to him at the Temple Exchange Coffeehouse, and asked him to dinner. 'I would with pleasure,' said Goldsmith, 'accept your kind invitation, but, to tell you the truth, my dear boy, my "Traveller" has found me a home in so many places, that I am engaged, I believe, three days. Let me see—to-day I dine with Edmund Burke, to-morrow with Dr. Nugent, and the next day with Topham Beauclerk; but I'll tell you *what I'll do for you*, I'll dine with you Saturday.' About the same time Lloyd, the friend of Churchill, accosted him in a tavern, and, claiming his acquaintance as a brother poet, invited him to a supper-party in the evening. Long after midnight Goldsmith heard the voice of his host in altercation with a man in the passage, and, hastening to the support of his new friend, found that the landlord of the house, to whom Lloyd was already in debt, was refusing to trust him for the reckoning. 'Pho, pho, my dear boy!' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'let's have no more words about the matter;' and turning to the landlord asked him if he would take his pledge for the amount. 'Most certainly, Doctor,' said the man, 'and for as much more as you like.' 'Why, then,' rejoined Lloyd, 'send in another cast of wine, and add it to the bill.' With this bill the landlord presented himself in due course at Goldsmith's door, and he discovered too late that the evening's entertainment had in every sense of the word been at his expense.

Among other effects of his growing fame, it was now that he resolved his dress should be worthy of his reputation, and he appeared in purple silk smallclothes, a scarlet great-coat, and a physician's wig. He carried a gold-headed cane, the badge of his calling, in his hand, and a sword, which was never combined  
with

with this professional symbol, hung at his side. The weapon was so disproportioned to his diminutive stature that a coxcomb who passed him in the Strand called to his companion 'to look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it.' Goldsmith not only descended to a retort, and cautioned the passengers against that 'brace of pickpockets,' but stepped from the footpath into the roadway, half-drew his sword, and invited the jester to a mortal combat. The fops slunk away amid the hootings of the spectators; and the story has been told as an instance of the manly valour of Goldsmith. Such a vapouring challenge in a crowded street where a duel was impossible seems to us to be only a proof of his extreme indiscretion.

Goldsmith, in the early part of 1764, left his town lodging in Wine-Office Court, for Garden Court, in the Temple, where he shared his rooms with the butler of the society. Ashamed of their mean appearance, he observed apologetically to Johnson, 'I shall soon be in better chambers, Sir, than these.' 'Nay, Sir,' said Johnson, 'never mind that. *Nil te quæsiveris extra.*' When the sudden success of the 'Traveller' changed his position in the world, he removed to more decent apartments in the same court. His country quarters were, first in a room of Canonbury Tower, Islington, and next in a small house in the Edgeware Road, which he shared with one Bott, a barrister, described by Cooke as 'an intimate literary friend.' His labours during 1765, and a large portion of 1766, have left little trace, and, unless we had known that he was compelled to write to live, we should have inferred that he had resigned himself to the indolent enjoyment of his fame. It is conjectured, from a memorandum by Newberry, that he drew up at this time the rough draught of the work entitled 'A Survey of Experimental Philosophy,' which was not published till after his death, and which, small as is now its scientific value, may still be read with pleasure, for that translucent style and felicity of expression which throw a literary charm over even the rigid facts of natural philosophy. He made a selection of 'Poems for Young Ladies,' in 1766, for which he had ten guineas, and for another compilation of the same kind, in 1767, he was paid fifty. For the latter he told Mr. Cooke he got two hundred pounds, just as three years before he assured Boswell that he had received four hundred for the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' He must often have paid dearly for these false pretences. The mention of such large sums would invite applications from needy friends, which, with his easy disposition, and his anxiety to make good his boast, he would be unable to resist. Though the two hundred pounds was a fable, he assigned an excellent reason why so slight a task should be so liberally rewarded.

rewarded. 'A man,' he said, 'shows his judgment in these selections, and he may often be twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment.'

On the 27th of March, 1766, the 'Vicar of Wakefield' appeared, and ran through three editions in the year. Its excellence, therefore, was recognised at once, but it was not at first what it has since become, one of the most popular books in the English language. Garrick said there was nothing to be learned from it; Johnson called it 'a mere fanciful performance;' and Burke, in praising it, seems to have specified its pathos as its distinguishing merit. When Johnson said it was fanciful, he alluded, we presume, to the construction of the story, which is full of improbabilities. The accumulated miseries which befall the vicar and his family, and their strange and rapid return to prosperity, have often been mentioned as passing the bounds of ordinary experience. The majority, indeed, of the principal incidents arise from a series of chances, which, separately, were not unlikely to happen, but which in conjunction cease to be natural. When the vicar is supping with the servants at the fine mansion, and the master and mistress unexpectedly return, it saves him from discomfiture that they enter accompanied by the object of his son's attachment, Miss Arabella Wilmot. When the whole party go to witness the performance of the strolling players, this son stands before him as one of the actors. When he continues his journey, and stops at night at a little public-house, he hears the landlady abuse a poor lodger in the garret, and recognises his lost daughter in the suppliant's voice. Such wonderful meetings are set thick in the tale. The characters themselves in several particulars are overdone. The simplicity of the vicar is delightful, but when he mistakes such a servant as Goldsmith has drawn for the owner of the house, and such women of the town for London fine ladies, the credulity of Dr. Primrose is much too great for that of the reader. Sir William Thornhill is represented as a good and sensible man, but he shows himself to be neither when he abandons his estate to a monster like his nephew, and permits the vicar to be crushed by miseries he could have averted or relieved. Yet in spite of these and numerous other blemishes of the same description, the story, from first to last, leaves a pervading sense of beauty upon the mind. This is in a large degree due to the running commentary of wise and gentle sentiments which gives the tone to the narrative, and to the charm of the serene and finished style, of what is by far the finest specimen of Goldsmith's prose. If an objection is to be made, it is that the neatness is so uniform that it grows monotonous. But its highest excellence is as  
a representation



a representation of domestic life, painted with the smoothness and minute fidelity of a Dutch picture. It is a phase of humanity which lies within the experience, and carries with it the sympathy, of nearly all the world, and is not the less relished that the family, with more than an ordinary amount of the amiability, have their full share of the petty weaknesses of their class. The vicar is the most perfect character in the book, but while we love him for his benevolence, his resignation, and his cheerfulness, we smile at the contrast between the sense of his conversation and the simplicity of his conduct, at the wise maxims which he utters on every occasion, and which on every occasion are overruled by the pertinacity of his wife and daughters. Nothing else in the tale equals the skill and humour with which Goldsmith has depicted the vanities and stratagems of the female part of the establishment, and especially of poor Mrs. Primrose herself, whom he barely manages to redeem from contempt. The nature, however, which he describes, is what lies chiefly upon the surface. He did not attempt to sound the depths of the heart, which is the faculty that Johnson valued most in a novelist, and the want of it in Goldsmith was a principal cause of his low estimation of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' Much as Oliver had seen of life, he had no great power of seizing character. He never was able to travel far beyond the circle of his early home. The vicar was his father, and out of his not very complex self he has contrived to furnish two characters—George Primrose and Sir William Thornhill. Even these materials were not employed for the first time. He had drawn extensively upon them before, in the story of the 'Man in Black,' and in other portions of his miscellaneous writings. If the male characters were family portraits, there can be little question that Mrs. Primrose had a strong resemblance to his mother, and Olivia and Sophia to his sisters; for since he left Ireland he had never sat at a domestic hearth, and had had no later experience of the female life he describes.\*

\* One indication of the extreme popularity of this delightful story is the number of subjects it has furnished for pictures, some of which are as beautiful as the book which inspired them. No one who has ever seen it can forget the exquisite work of Mulready, 'The Choosing the Wedding Gown,' or the masterly painting by Maclise of 'Moses and the cross of Green Spectacles,' which was in the Academy Exhibition of 1850. Nothing could be more faithful to the spirit of Goldsmith's characters than the expression depicted in each of the countenances in the latter picture, the emotion varying with every member of the group, and as true as it was powerful in all. No pictures are more popular than those which illustrate some literary masterpiece, and none will have a more enduring interest. The beautiful paintings of Mr. Leslie owe their reputation to their intrinsic excellence, but it certainly adds to the delight they afford that they give form and colour to our shadowy ideas of the creations of Cervantes, Goldsmith, and Sterne.

The pecuniary obligations of Goldsmith continued to increase with his years, and he was recommended to write for the stage,—a successful play at that period producing far larger profits to the author than any other species of literary composition. He acted on the advice, and, having completed in 1767 his comedy of the ‘Good-natured Man,’ offered it to Garrick. Davies informs us that Johnson took pleasure in introducing Goldsmith to his eminent acquaintances, but he had not brought him into contact with his old pupil, for a bad feeling had long existed between the actor and the poet. It was the latter that laid the foundation of the ill-will by commenting with severity upon the treatment which dramatists received from managers in a passage of his ‘Essay upon Polite Learning’ that was aimed at Garrick. Shortly afterwards the office of secretary to the ‘Society of Arts and Sciences’ became vacant, and Goldsmith, not very delicately, called upon the subject of his censure, who was a perfect stranger to him, and requested his vote. The manager replied that he had deprived himself of all claim to his support by an unprovoked attack. ‘In truth,’ Goldsmith said, ‘he had spoken his mind, and he believed he was very right.’ They parted with outward civility and mutual irritation, and met no more until they were put into communication by Reynolds, with a view to get the ‘Good-natured Man’ upon the stage. Garrick, according to Davies, expected to be courted, and Goldsmith was determined not to fawn. Differences soon broke out between them. Garrick demanded alterations, Goldsmith was pertinacious in refusing to make them, and gave only a modified consent in the end ; Garrick proposed that Whitehead the laureate—we cannot say the poet—should arbitrate between them, and Goldsmith rejected the suggestion as an insult. It at last came to an open rupture, and Oliver, after telling the actor that he suspected his conduct to be dictated by revenge for the old offence, withdrew his comedy, and sent it to Colman, the new manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who immediately accepted it. ‘I cannot help feeling a secret satisfaction,’ he wrote to his new ally, ‘that poets for the future are likely to have a protector who declines taking advantage of their dependent situation, and scorns that importance which may be acquired by trifling with their anxieties.’ A little further experience of the protector of poets changed his opinion. The words with which Garrick concluded his part of the correspondence breathed a kindly spirit. ‘It has been the business,’ he said, ‘and ever will be, of my life to live on the best terms with men of genius, and I know that Dr. Goldsmith will have no reason to change his previous friendly disposition towards me, as I shall be glad of every future opportunity

opportunity to convince him how much I am his well-wisher.'

At Covent-Garden the play appeared on the 29th of January, 1768, and was opened by a prologue from the pen of Johnson, in which Goldsmith was designated 'our little bard.' The epithet was as distasteful to his dignity as Pope's 'low-born Allen' was to the wealthy proprietor of Prior Park, and Johnson, to humour him, changed it to 'anxious.' Anxious enough he had reason to be, for the play long hung trembling in the balance, and at the scene of the bailiffs there burst forth a cry of '*Low! vulgar!*' which had nearly proved fatal to it. The irresistible comicality with which Shuter, who performed the part of Croaker, read the incendiary letter in the fourth act, coupled with the strenuous exertions of the poet's friends, who had assembled in great strength, saved the piece. But though not actually damned, it had only just struggled through; and the experiment was felt on the whole to be a failure. Goldsmith retired with his colleagues of the 'Literary Club' to sup at the 'Turk's Head,' joined gaily in the conversation, and, as he afterwards related, when he and Johnson were the guests of Dr. Percy at the chaplain's table at St. James's, 'to impress them more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity,' sang his favourite song about '*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon.*' 'All this while,' he continued, 'I was suffering horrid tortures, and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imaged to themselves the anguish of my heart. When all were gone except Johnson here I burst out a-crying, and even swore that I would never write again.' 'All which,' remarked Johnson, taking up the conversation, 'I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said anything about it for the world.' When his own '*Irene*' met with just such a dubious reception, and he was asked how he felt, he replied, '*Like the Monument;*' and he might well wonder at the voluntary exposure of a weakness to which his sturdier mind would have scorned to give way. The fortune of Johnson's tragedy and Goldsmith's comedy on their first appearance was nearly identical. As the introduction of the bailiffs had almost cut short the performance of the one, so the attempt to strangle the heroine of the other upon the stage called forth shouts of '*Murder! murder!*' which were with difficulty quelled. '*Irene*,' by the friendship of Garrick, lingered nine nights; the '*Good-natured Man*,' as Mr. Cooke relates, '*dragged through*' ten; and both dramatists received



ceived one hundred pounds, in addition to their theatrical profits, for the copyright of their plays. The sum derived by Goldsmith from the performances on his 'third nights,' which was then the mode of remunerating the author, was four hundred pounds. Without the direct testimony of Mr. Cooke 'that the success of the comedy fell infinitely short of what either Goldsmith or his friends had anticipated,' we should have augured from the result that it had done by no means ill.

The indifferent reception of the 'Good-natured Man' was not the only mortification connected with it. When Goldsmith commenced his literary career, sentimental comedy had possession of the stage. To be solemn was as much the fashion then as is the dreary attempt to be vivacious now. He waged war from the outset with the prevailing taste, and in his 'Essay on Polite Learning' vindicated the humorous exposure of absurdities from the imputation of being low. The 'Good-natured Man' was a practical attempt to give effect to his theory. At the same period the Hugh Kelly with whom he had promised to dine by way of 'doing something for him,' a man destitute of acquired knowledge but with fair natural talent, commenced a play in the approved sentimental style. Though by this time they had advanced to considerable intimacy, Goldsmith was filled with jealousy and alarm at what he considered a rival scheme, and, being questioned by somebody as to Kelly's project, he replied, 'he knew nothing at all about it. He had *heard* there was a man of that name about town who wrote in newspapers, but of his talents for comedy, or even for the work he was engaged in, he could not judge.' Kelly's piece, under the title of 'False Delicacy,' was brought out by Garrick at Drury-lane theatre on the 23rd of January, six nights before the performance of the 'Good-natured Man.' 'All kinds of composition,' said Grimm, 'are good except the tiresome,' and to this kind the sentimental comedy belonged. Great, nevertheless, was the success of 'False Delicacy.' It was played twenty nights in the season to crowded houses; the sale of it when printed was ten thousand copies; and the bookseller who purchased it, to evince his gratitude, gave the author a public breakfast and a piece of plate. The entire gains of Kelly amounted to more than seven hundred pounds. The fame of the piece was not limited to England. It was translated into German, Portuguese, and French, and was played in Lisbon and Paris with marked applause. These continental honours were perplexing to Goldsmith. He denied at first that any translation had been made, and when the fact was demonstrated beyond dispute he gravely asserted that 'it must be done for the purpose of exhibiting

biting it at the booth of foreign fairs, for which it was well enough calculated.' He vented his spleen at coffee-houses as well as among his friends, and vowed 'he would write no more for the stage whilst the dramatic chair was occupied by such blockheads.' In the midst of these pangs of envy he accidentally met Kelly, who was no stranger to the abuse he had lavished upon him, in the Green-room of Covent-Garden theatre, and congratulated him faintly on the success of his comedy. 'I cannot thank you,' said Kelly, 'for I cannot believe you.' They never spoke again, but, when Goldsmith was buried, Kelly of his own accord joined the funeral procession, and wept bitterly over the grave.

'False Delicacy,' like its author, has passed away, and the 'Good-natured Man' survives. 'It is the best comedy,' said Johnson, 'that has appeared since the Provoked Husband. There has not of late been any such character exhibited upon the stage as that of Croaker.' It was with reason that Johnson was partial to Croaker, for Goldsmith acknowledged that he had borrowed the conception from the *Suspensus* of the 'Rambler.' Of the two other prominent personages Honeywood was a repetition of the many portraits from himself, and we cannot but suspect that he also found the germ of Lofty in his own addiction to unfounded boasting. 'The rest are agents to conduct the plot, and have little that is distinguishing. 'To delineate character,' he said in his preface, 'had been his principal aim,' and Mrs. Inchbald was of opinion that the design had been attended with conspicuous success. Croaker, Honeywood, and Lofty deserved, she said, the highest praise which could be bestowed upon the creations of the mind. 'In fiction they are perfectly original, yet are seen every day in real life.' To us, on the contrary, they seem to want nature; a large alloy of the peculiarities of each is common enough in the world, but they never exist in solitary extravagance. Honeywood, Croaker, and Lofty are rather the personifications of qualities than men. The first is all childish benevolence, the second all groundless alarm, and the third a mere mouthpiece for ostentatious lies. The same objection, however, may be urged against several of the masterpieces of Molière. 'To exaggerate the features of folly, to render it more thoroughly ridiculous,' was the just principle of comic satire laid down by Goldsmith in his 'Essay on Learning.' His mistake is to have carried the principle too far, till comedy descends to the lower level of farce. The humour is excellent of its kind. Lofty is entertaining, and the apprehensions of Croaker are ludicrous in the extreme. The misunderstandings, though not always probable, are well contrived for producing mirth,

mirth, and the piece must have had a triumphant run if the insipid Honeywood had been replaced by a character of more sterling worth or more comic effect. As it is he provokes less laughter than contempt, and is too complete an illustration of the proverb that 'every man's friend is every man's fool' for the serious hero of a play.

Shuter selected the piece for his benefit, and the author, says Mr. Forster, 'in a fit of extravagant good nature sent him ten guineas for a box ticket.' In this instance we think that the gratuity of Goldsmith was the discharge of a debt, for, by saving his comedy from being damned, Shuter had brought him fifty times the sum. On the first night of the play he told the actor that he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of the colouring made it appear almost as new to him as to the audience. The bulk of the proceeds from the 'Good-natured Man' was spent in purchasing, and furnishing with elegance, a set of chambers in Brick Court, in the Temple, for which he gave four hundred pounds. Having emptied out his pockets the instant they were filled, he had still his daily bread to earn, and for this he trusted to a 'History of Rome' in two volumes which he was compiling for Davies. It was commenced in 1767, and published in May 1769. The price paid for the copyright was two hundred and fifty guineas. This was the work which Johnson very erroneously contended placed Goldsmith above Robertson as a writer of history. Goldsmith, he said, had put into his book as much as it would hold—had told briefly, plainly, and agreeably all that the reader wanted to know; while Robertson was fanciful, cumbrous, and diffuse. 'Goldsmith's abridgment,' he went on, 'is better than that of Lucius Florus or Eutropius; and I will venture to say that, if you compare him with Vertot in the same places of the Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. Sir, he has the art of compiling, and of saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner.' Though there is broad truth in the commendation of Johnson, it conveys an exaggerated notion of the merit of the book, which is not only destitute of exact scholarship, but bears in the style innumerable marks of the careless haste with which it was composed.

The credit he derived from his English and Roman Histories, coupled with his general fame, procured him, in December 1769, the distinction of being nominated Professor of History in the newly created Royal Academy of Painting, at the same time that Johnson was appointed Professor of Ancient Literature. There was neither salary nor duties attached to the office, and Goldsmith, in a stray letter to his brother Maurice in the January following, says, 'I took it rather as a compliment to the institution



tion than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt.' A less vain and simple man would have reversed the phrase and represented the appointment as a compliment from the institution to himself. To obtain the requisite shirt, he had entered into an engagement in February 1769, with a bookseller, Mr. Griffin, to compile a Natural History in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas a volume, and in June, encouraged by the success of his 'Rome,' he contracted with Davies to finish in two years a 'History of England' in four volumes for five hundred pounds. He was to be paid for each volume of the Natural History as the manuscript was delivered; but he was to receive nothing on the 'History of England' till the whole was complete. Before the year had run out he persuaded Griffin to advance him five hundred guineas on a work he had barely begun, and, having anticipated and squandered his supplies from this source, he devoted nearly all his time to the compilation for Davies, which would bring a return. He had never been very sensitive in pecuniary matters, and his obtuseness increased with his difficulties. The breach of his engagements produced expostulations from the booksellers, which roused more ire than repentance. In one altercation of the kind with Davies, they agreed to refer the difference to Johnson; and Goldsmith 'was enraged to find that one author should have so little feeling for another as to determine a dispute to his disadvantage in favour of a tradesman.'

Mr. Robert Day, then a law student at the Middle Temple, and afterwards an Irish judge, became acquainted with him in 1769, and often visited him in conjunction with another of his countrymen, the young and at that time unknown Henry Grattan. The habit of Goldsmith, according to this unexceptionable witness, was to lay aside his labours when his purse was replenished, and give himself up, while he had a sixpence left, to convivial enjoyments, and attendance at the theatres, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall. His funds dissipated, he recommenced his drudgery, and paid for his brief excesses by protracted toil. All are agreed, notwithstanding the Man in Black, Sir William Thornhill and Honeywood; that much of his money continued to be bestowed upon artful impostors, or upon persons whose circumstances were not so bad as his own. Once, as Mr. Forster relates, when he had recently performed a piece of literary task-work for the sake of two guineas, he made over seven and a half to a vagabond Frenchman as a subscription to a pretended History of England in fifteen volumes. Two or three poor authors and several widows and housekeepers were his constant pensioners.

pensioners. 'He was so humane in his disposition,' says Mr. Cooke, 'that his last guinea was the general boundary of his beneficence.' Nay, he carried it further still, for, when he had no money to bestow upon his regular dependants, he would give them clothes, and sometimes his food. 'Now, let me only suppose,' he would say with a smile of satisfaction after sweeping the meal on his table into their laps, 'that I have eaten a heartier breakfast than usual, and I am nothing out of pocket.'

Observers remarked that his benevolence, real as it was, was stimulated by ostentation, and, from his imputing the motive to the characters which he drew from himself, he was evidently conscious of the weakness. The odd simplicity which pervaded his proceedings was especially conspicuous in relation to money. He borrowed a guinea when he was destitute himself to lend it to Mr. Cooke, and endeavoured in his absence to thrust it under his door. His friend, in thanking him, remarked that somebody else might have been first at the chambers, and picked it up. 'In truth, my dear fellow,' he replied, 'I did not think of that.' Another acquaintance remonstrated with him for leaving money in an unlocked drawer, from which an occasional servant took what he pleased for the casual expenses of his master. 'What, my dear friend,' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'do you take Dennis for a thief?'

With all his recklessness of expenditure no man had a store of cheaper tastes, or was more easily entertained. His favourite festivity, his holiday of holidays, was to have three or four intimate friends to breakfast with him at ten o'clock, to start at eleven for a walk through the fields to Highbury Barn, where they dined at an ordinary, frequented by authors, Templars, and retired citizens, for 10*d.* a head, to return at six and drink tea at White Conduit House, and to end the evening with a supper at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffeehouse. 'The whole expense,' says Mr. Cooke, 'of the day's fête never exceeded a crown, and oftener from three and sixpence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air, good living, and good conversation.' He had got weary of the hopeless attempt to keep up his dignity, and was again willing to be happy in the secondary society where he was alone at his ease. Mr. Forster has tracked him in particular to a club of good fellows at the Globe Tavern, called the Wednesday Club from its day of meeting, and where a principal part of the pleasure was to sing songs after supper. The sort of company he met there, and the terms on which he stood with them, are amusingly exhibited in the fact that a pig-butcher was one of the members, and, piquing himself on his familiarity with the celebrated Goldsmith, always said in drinking to

to him, 'Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy.' Glover, an Irish adventurer, and who had been, in succession, physician, actor, and author, maliciously whispered to Noll, after one of these salutations, that he wondered he permitted such liberties from a pig-butcher. 'Let him alone,' said Goldsmith, 'and you'll see how civilly I'll let him down.' With this design he called out, at the first pause in the conversation, 'Mr. B., I have the honour of drinking your good health;' to which the pig-butcher answered briskly, 'Thankee, thankee, Noll.' 'Well, where now,' inquired Glover, 'is the advantage of your reproof?' and the baffled Noll had nothing to reply, except that 'he ought to have known before that there was no putting a pig in the right way.' Trivial as are these anecdotes, they are worth repeating, because they throw light upon the character of the man, and explain why he was 'the jest and riddle,' as well as the 'glory,' of his friends.

His enjoyment in all societies where he could freely give way to his natural impulses was immense. 'He was always cheerful and animated,' says Mr. Day, 'often indeed boisterous in his mirth.' He went to a dance at Macklin's, and was brought to such a pitch of ecstasy by this 'frisking light in frolic measures,' that he threw up his wig to the ceiling, exclaiming that 'men were never so much like men as when they looked like boys.' He prided himself on his dancing, which was not so graceful as it was hearty, and an Irish family of the name of Seguin, who were intimate with him at this period, were thrown into uncontrollable fits of laughter by seeing him go through a minuet. He loved to romp with children and join in their games. He would put the front of his wig behind to excite their merriment, play forfeits and blind man's buff, and show them tricks upon cards. The younger Colman remembered that when he was five years old he had given Oliver a smart slap upon the face for taking him on his knee. The little vixen was locked up by his father in a dark room, whither Goldsmith soon followed with a candle and wheedled Master Colman back to good humour by placing a shilling under each of three hats, and then conjuring them all under the same crown. It was a gambol with his dog that suggested to him the pretty couplet in 'The Traveller':

'By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,  
The sports of children satisfy the child.'

But from sports like these he was summoned back to his desk, and, in addition to the bulky compilations he had undertaken, he was preparing 'The Deserted Village' for the press. Mr. Cooke calling upon him the day after it was commenced, Goldsmith

read



read him a fragment of ten lines, adding, when he had done, 'Come, let me tell you this is no bad morning's work.' From the time he took to complete the poem he could rarely have accomplished so much at a sitting. His habit was first to set down his ideas in prose, and, when he had turned them carefully into rhyme, to continue retouching the lines with infinite pains to give point to the sentiment and polish to the verse. Mr. Forster dwells with great force upon the loss to literature from the want of this care in the generality of authors. The bulky ore, he truly says, can seldom obtain currency, however rich the vein. Those who extract and collect the gold, no matter how thinly it may have been originally spread, will ever be the writers most prized by the world. It was owing to this care that 'The Deserted Village,' being published on the 26th of May 1770, went through four editions before the end of June. His brother Henry died in 1768, and the honour which Goldsmith allotted him on the appearance of the 'Traveller,' he now conferred upon Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'The only dedication I ever made,' he gracefully says, 'was to my brother, because I loved him better than most men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.' Sir Joshua Reynolds returned the compliment by painting a picture of Resignation, in allusion to the line—

'While Resignation gently slopes the way,'

and inscribing the print which was engraved from it to Goldsmith. An anecdote was told of his having returned a part of the hundred pounds which Griffin had paid him for the copyright, in consequence of his having discovered that it amounted to 'near *five shillings* a couplet, which was more than any bookseller could afford, or indeed more than any modern poetry was worth.' Mr. Forster rejects the tale on the ground that it was a very improbable act in a man who, a little before, had taken five hundred guineas from the same publisher on the faith of a book he had hardly begun. Mr. Cooke, however, a very trustworthy authority, and who was certainly in a situation to be privy to the transaction, says that the story was 'strictly true,'—a phrase which implies both that it had been called in question, and that he knew it to be a fact. Testimony so distinct must weigh, we think, against speculative improbabilities, which amount to very little in the case of Goldsmith, who was a creature of impulse, and who in money matters especially would meanly borrow one minute what he generously gave the next. The rapid sale of the poem, it is added, removed his scruples, and he ultimately accepted payment in full. Even at this price he was only remunerated in fame for the lengthened labour

labour he had bestowed upon the work, and he replied to Lord Lisburne, who urged him at an Academy dinner to persevere in writing verse, 'I cannot afford to court the muses; they would let me starve; but by my other labours I can make shift to eat and drink, and have good clothes.'

'What true and pretty pastoral images has Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village*,' says Burke in a letter quoted by Mr. Forster. 'They beat all: Pope and Phillips, and Spenser too, in my opinion—that is in the pastoral, for I go no farther.' In no other rural piece is there so much poetry and reality combined. The pictures of Auburn—its pastor, its schoolmaster, and all its other accessories—are as exact as anything in Crabbe, but they are painted under their best and softest aspect; and while 'The Parish Register' pains and depresses, Goldsmith throws a hue of enchantment in the '*Deserted Village*' over all he describes. The very titles of the poems are characteristic of their contents, and seem one to promise the prose, the other the poetry of life. '*The Deserted Village*' has the advantage over the '*Traveller*,' of treating upon topics which lie closer to our doors, and touch our sympathies more nearly. The verse is a continuous succession of felicities without a single forced conceit. The vividness of the descriptive passages, the skill with which the details are selected, the magical language in which they are expressed, the pensive sweetness which pervades the piece, unite to make it one of the most perfect little poems in the world.

In the midst of the blaze of reputation which attended the publication of '*The Deserted Village*,' Goldsmith started in July for France, attended by Mrs. Horneck and her two pretty daughters—a Devonshire family whose acquaintance he had made in the house of Reynolds. To travel had once been his supreme delight. The love for every place, except that in which they resided, is mentioned by himself as a Goldsmith characteristic. 'But travelling at twenty and at forty are,' he said, 'very different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the continent so good as when I left it.' Not meeting with the pleasure he anticipated, and his literary undertakings weighing upon his mind, he was glad to get back to his old quarters, after an absence of two months. He was no sooner home than he added to his already oppressive engagements by agreeing for a payment of fifty guineas to abridge his *Roman History*. A slight sketch of Parnell, which contained two or three graceful paragraphs, was published in the summer with some success; and a '*Life of Bolingbroke*,' to be prefixed to his '*Dissertation on Parties*,' which it was calculated might obtain a fresh lease of popularity in the political heats of that fiery time, was now to be provided

without delay. It was the first completed of his pending projects, and is one of the flimsiest tracts which ever proceeded from his pen—flat and feeble in style, as well as destitute of thought and knowledge. In August 1771 came forth the ‘History of England,’ in four volumes, which has all the characteristics of his former compilations of the same kind. He avowedly took his information at secondhand, and only engaged to furnish what he more than accomplished—‘a plain, unaffected narrative of facts, with just ornament enough to keep attention awake, and with reflection barely sufficient to set the reader upon thinking.’ He was accused, by men who were themselves overflowing with party-spirit, of being the tool of the ministry, and of making history subservient to political passions. ‘I have been a good deal abused,’ he remarked, writing to Langton, ‘for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of decent size, that, as Squire Richard says, would do harm to nobody. However, they set me down as an ardent Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you’ll say that I am a sour Whig.’ Goldsmith’s political creed was of so extreme a kind that he was even opposed to the Hanoverian succession, and affirmed that it never would be well with our constitution until another ‘happy revolution’ should rectify the injury done by the settlement of 1688. He had once gone with Johnson to visit Westminster Abbey, and, while they were surveying Poet’s corner, his friend exclaimed—

‘Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.’

When they reached Temple Bar Goldsmith pointed to the bony remains of the rebels’ heads, and slyly whispered, in allusion to their mutual Jacobite predilections—

‘Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.’

But notwithstanding his indulgence in these obsolete theories, his practical interest in passing politics, during the hottest ebullitions of factious rage, appears to have been extremely slight, and there were few subjects, we imagine, upon which he read, thought, or understood less. A year or two before, Dr. Scott, the chaplain of Lord Sandwich, endeavoured to engage him to devote his pen to the support of the administration, and informed him that he was empowered to pay him liberally for his services; but poor as Goldsmith was, he was not to be tempted by the offer. ‘I can earn,’ he said, ‘as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.’

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The fame of 'The Traveller' brought Goldsmith into contact with his countryman Mr. Nugent, who had now become Lord Clare. He was much with him at the close of 1770 at his seat of Gosfield Park, and in the spring of 1771 accompanied him to Bath.\* Oliver is said by Mr. Cooke to have been liable to fits of absence, and an instance occurred during the present visit when he strayed into the house of the Duke of Northumberland, who lived next door to Lord Clare, and threw himself down on the sofa just as the Duke and Duchess, who were acquainted with him, were sitting down to breakfast. Conjecturing that he had made a mistake, they endeavoured to put him at his ease and inquired the news of the day; but it was not until they invited him to join them at the table that he awoke from his reverie, and explained, with many apologies and much confusion, that he was unconscious of the intrusion. After seeing on his return to London his 'History of England' through the press, he hired a room in a farm-house on the Edgware Road, and commenced 'She Stoops to Conquer.' 'I have been trying these three months,' he wrote to Bennet Langton, September 7th, 1771, 'to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The comedy is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve.' He met with more difficulties in his attempt to get it brought upon the stage than he probably anticipated when these words were penned. He told his friends that, notwithstanding the partiality of the public for graver pieces, he would persevere in his former course, and, at the risk of being thought low, 'would hunt after nature and humour in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous.' The cold reception of the 'Good-natured Man' had nevertheless abated much of his confidence in the result, and he was easily discouraged. A friend to whom he told the plot in a chop-house, shook his head and expressed a fear that the audience would think it too broad and farcical for comedy. Goldsmith looked serious, and, taking him by the hand after a pause, said in piteous tones, 'I am much obliged to you, my dear friend, for the candour of your opinion, but it is all I can do; for, alas! I find that my genius, if ever I had any, has of late totally deserted me.' The manager of Covent Garden Theatre shook his head, like this friend. He kept the author long without an answer, started objections to the conduct of the piece, and on a pressing appeal from Goldsmith, in January 1773, to be relieved from suspense, coupled with an entreaty that the comedy might at least be allowed a hearing in consideration of the large sum of money he had shortly to make up,

he replied by sending back the manuscript, with several unwelcome criticisms endorsed upon the pages. Though he added an assurance that the play should be acted, Oliver was irritated and applied to Garrick. He had no sooner taken the step than he revoked the request at the advice of Dr. Johnson, who went to Colman, and in his own words 'prevailed on him at last by much solicitation, nay a kind of force, to bring it on.' The manager still believed that it would never reach a second representation, and refused to expend a shilling in decoration. Several of the performers mutinied and threw up their parts. Other petty vexations followed, and, with the exception of a favourable opinion from Dr. Johnson and one or two more, everything conspired to frown upon the venture. There was some difficulty in finding a suitable title for the piece, and on Davies repeating that the great oracle had said, 'We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy's* play,' Oliver, in one of those capricious fits of assumption, which oddly intermingled with undignified familiarity, exclaimed, 'I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*.'

On the evening of the first performance (March 15th, 1773) a few of the principal literary friends of the author assembled at dinner; but Goldsmith was too agitated to swallow a mouthful, and too nervous to accompany the party to the theatre. He was found sauntering in St. James's Park by an acquaintance, who told him his presence might be necessary to make some alteration demanded by the temper of the audience, which induced him to go. Entering the stage-door as a faint hiss broke out at the improbability of Mrs. Hardcastle believing herself to be forty miles from home when she was within a few yards of her own house, he exclaimed with alarm 'What's that?' 'Pshaw! Doctor,' said Colman, who was standing behind the scenes, 'don't be fearful of squibs, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder.' Goldsmith never forgave the speech. In reality the piece had not been in jeopardy for an instant, and from beginning to end all was mirth and applause. Johnson, who presided over the dinner, was present to justify his favourable verdict, and, as often as he broke forth into a roar of laughter, the rest of the house followed the lead and laughed in chorus. 'I know of no comedy,' he said, 'for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience,—that has answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry.' 'The play,' Goldsmith wrote himself to Mr. Cradock, 'has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage, and, though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall on the whole be a loser even in a pecuniary light; my ease  
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and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation.' The comedy was repeated all the available nights, which amounted only to twelve, up to the end of the season, and if what Mr. Cooke says be true, that Goldsmith cleared eight hundred pounds, he could not have been the loser he anticipated through the time subtracted from his ordinary task-work. In the next season 'She Stoops to Conquer' continued a favourite, and Goldsmith grew in love with dramatic writing and the stage. Mr. Cooke believes that, had he lived, he would have increasingly devoted himself to this department of literature. The general approbation of the comedy was accompanied by a general abuse of Colman for his jealousy or want of judgment, and he was at last humbled to the point of asking Goldsmith to make some statement which should 'take him off the rack of the newspapers.'

No better description can be given of 'She Stoops to Conquer' than that which was written by Johnson to Boswell, after reading it in manuscript. 'The chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is made to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. This, you see, borders upon farce. The dialogue is quick and gay, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable.' With a general resemblance of manner to his former comedy, there is this prominent distinction, that in the 'Good-Natured Man' he has concentrated his strength upon the humour which grows out of character, and in 'She Stoops to Conquer' upon the mirth which is provoked by misadventures. Even Marlow, forward with his inferiors and bashful with his equals, seems a commonplace conception. The interest and comicality of the piece are in the succession of deceptions and misunderstandings, and the lively dialogue which accompanies them. As he indulged before in extravagance of character, so he did now in extravagance of incident, and nothing except his admirable management of his materials kept his piece within the limits of comedy. Horace Walpole pronounced it the 'lowest of all possible farces.' He might at least have said the highest, nor does it much matter by what name it is called, when it is allowed by everybody to be one of the most ingenious, original, and laughable plays in the language. The 'Good-Natured Man' is tame by comparison.

Every stage of Goldsmith's existence was coupled with some disaster or jest, and a few days after the appearance of 'She Stoops to Conquer' he brought himself into a new description of trouble. A letter appeared in the 'London Packet' abusing his comedy, and asserting that he had a hopeless admiration of Miss Horneck. He had the folly to call upon Evans, the publisher of the paper, and strike him with a cane at the moment when he



he was disclaiming his knowledge of the libel, and promised to speak to the editor. Evans returned the blow, a scuffle ensued, Goldsmith's hand was much bruised in the fray, a lamp above his head was broken to pieces and covered him with oil, and, to complete his humiliation, there issued at this instant from a back room his old detractor Dr. Kenrick, the author of the attack, who led him away to a hackney coach. He was prosecuted by Evans for the assault, and compromised the action by paying fifty pounds to a Welsh charity. His friends laughed, the journals railed at him, and he wrote a letter in his defence, called by Johnson 'a foolish thing well done,' in which, avoiding all the details of the transaction, he confined himself to half-a-dozen well-turned sentences upon the licentiousness of the press. It was this time a comedy in which 'he had stooped to be conquered.'

Neither the eight hundred pounds, nor his other earnings, sufficed to satisfy his past debts and present extravagance. 'When he exchanged his simple habits,' says Mr. Cooke, 'for those of the great, he contracted their follies without their fortunes or qualifications. Hence, when he eat or drank with them he was habituated to extravagances which he could not afford; when he squandered his time with them he squandered part of his income; and when he lost his money at play with them he had not their talents to recover it at another opportunity.' He had all his life been fond of cards, played ill, and, when the run of luck was against him, would fling his hand upon the floor, and exclaim with mock concern, 'Bye—fore George, I ought for ever to renounce thee, fickle, faithless Fortune!' But in his latter years he played for deeper stakes. He contracted what Cooke calls 'a passion for gaming,' which is one of 'the ingredients' in the motley character that was drawn of him by Garrick, and Mr. Cradock, who was on familiar terms with him at this period, specifies it as his greatest fault, that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket he would lose it all by an attempt to double it. An abstemious man himself, he was ostentatious in his entertainments, and in the last year of his life Johnson and Reynolds rebuked his profusion by refusing to partake of the second course of a too sumptuous dinner. He often repented his folly, but as often renewed it. Reynolds found him one morning kicking a bundle round his room. The poet said in explanation, that it was a masquerade suit, and, being too poor to have anything useless about him, he was taking out the value in exercise, or in other words he was venting his vexation for his thoughtless conduct upon the dress. His accumulating debts made him melancholy and wayward. He would frequently quit abruptly  
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the social circle and creep to his own cheerless chamber to brood over his embarrassments. His happiest periods, as he acknowledged, were when, driven by sheer necessity from the round of dissipation, he retired into the country to labour with unremitting toil upon his projects.

In the intervals between his other engagements Goldsmith had for some time been continuing in his farm-house retreat the 'History of Animated Nature.' 'It is about half finished,' he said to Langton in the letter of September 1771, 'and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows, I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work.' Boswell, in company with Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, went to see him at his country lodging in April 1772. He was not at home, but they entered his apartment and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil. Buffon was his principal store-house for facts, and much of the work is an avowed translation from the eloquent Frenchman. 'Goldsmith, Sir,' said Johnson, 'will give us a very fine book on the subject, but, if he can distinguish a cow from a horse, that I believe may be the extent of his knowledge of Natural History.' To observe for himself, and to recapitulate the observations of others, were such distinct operations, that, in spite of his want of a practical acquaintance with the science, he might easily be equal to a view of the popular parts of the study. He was a little credulous of marvels, and if his guides had gone astray he of necessity copied their errors, but the volumes teem with delightful information, and of the literary merits of the narrative it is enough to say that it was written by Goldsmith.

The purchase-money of the 'History of Animated Nature' was spent before it was earned. The work was not finished till Goldsmith was within a foot of the grave, nor published till after his death, and throughout the interval which elapsed from its commencement to its conclusion it continued to be one of his worst embarrassments. He had still to provide for the wants of the passing hour, and numerous were the schemes he attempted or proposed. He was in arrear to the younger Newberry, to whom he made over the copyright of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' in partial satisfaction of a debt which he had previously promised to discharge by another such tale as the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The specimen which he furnished proved to be a narrative version of the 'Good-natured Man,' and was declined by the publisher. He undertook, as a companion to his 'History of Rome,' to compile for two hundred and fifty pounds a 'History of Greece,' which was unfinished when he died. But his favourite project was a 'Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,' to which Johnson,

Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds had promised to contribute, and the loss of the disquisitions of these famous men renders the abandonment of the work a subject for great regret, though in the aggregate it would probably have been a very imperfect performance. Goldsmith wrote the Introduction to the Dictionary, which was read in the manuscript by Mr. Cradock, who thought it excellent, and which may possibly be the same with the Prospectus he printed and circulated among his friends, but which has hitherto escaped the researches of his editors. Davies tells us that his expectations from any new scheme were generally sanguine, but for this he prognosticated an unusual success, and never recovered the disappointment of its rejection by the booksellers, who had little confidence in the prosperity of 'an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon a man with whose indolence of temper and habits of procrastination they had long been acquainted.' In some emergency in 1773 he borrowed forty pounds of Garrick, and not long afterwards he sent him a note, which bears manifest marks of having been written in agitation and distress, in which he requests him to make the debt an hundred. To propitiate his creditor he offered to remodel the 'Good-natured Man' in accordance with the original proposal of the manager when they quarrelled upon the subject. 'I will give you a new character,' Goldsmith said, 'and knock out Lofty, which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you suggest.' Garrick promised the money, but gave no encouragement to the scheme for recasting the play. The thanks of Goldsmith were warm, and to show his gratitude he added, 'I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two, at farthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing.' Both these notes are endorsed by Garrick 'Goldsmith's parlaver;' and it is likely enough that his distresses enticed him into promises and professions which, though meant at the moment, were quickly forgotten.

In the midst of these shifts and sorrows a trivial incident occurred which produced one of the happiest effusions of Goldsmith's pen, and afforded a fresh proof of the versatility of his talents. He insisted one evening at the Literary Club competing with Garrick in epigram, and each agreed to write the other's epitaph. The actor exclaimed on the instant that his was ready, and he produced extempore the couplet which is as widely known as the name of Goldsmith himself:—

'Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.'

Abashed at the laugh which ensued, 'poor Poll' was unable to produce a retort. The company pursued the idea which had been  
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been started, and either then or afterwards several of them wrote epitaphs upon their standing butt in a similar vein. Goldsmith in the interim was not idle. He was carefully preparing his 'Retaliation' in silence; and when he had advanced as far as the character of Reynolds he showed it to Burke. He wished it to be a secret till it was finished; but having allowed copies to be taken, its existence became known to those who were the subjects of it, and he was obliged to read it at the Literary Club in its imperfect state. Garrick mentions that the skirmish on the part of all concerned was conceived and executed in perfect good temper; but we learn from Mr. Cooke that Goldsmith intended that the sting should be felt. From the time that his talent for satire was discovered he was treated with greater respect, and the oddities which had hitherto been a theme for endless jest were spoken of as not entirely destitute of humour. Oliver marked the change, felt his power, and told a friend that he kept the poem 'as a rod in pickle upon any future occasion.' The premature disclosure of his verses took away the stimulus which he derived from anticipating the effect they would produce upon his bantering friends, and seems to have prevented his proceeding any further in a composition which certainly cost him much thought and pains. As far as we can recollect, nothing of the kind had ever been struck out before. His little rhyming piece of pleasantry, 'The Haunch of Venison,' which he sent to Lord Clare about 1771, is in the same easy strain of verse; but the peculiarity of 'Retaliation' is in the happy mixture of gaiety and satire; in the air of smiling good humour with which he has told the most poignant truths; and the dexterity with which he has blended praise and blame. The characters are drawn with uncommon terseness and force, and with such felicity of language that many of the lines have become proverbial.

A few weeks after this game of epitaphs had been played out poor Goldsmith was in his grave. He was subject to strangury, produced or aggravated by fits of sedentary toil; and an attack of the disorder in March, 1774, passed into a nervous fever. On the 25th of the month he sent for an apothecary, and in defiance of his remonstrance persisted in taking James's powder. Yet, much as the medicine reduced his powers, the worst symptoms of the disorder abated, and it was apparent that the sleeplessness which remained was induced by some other cause. 'Your pulse,' said Doctor Turton, 'is in much greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?' 'No,' said Goldsmith, 'it is not.' He was paying, in fact, with his life the penalty of his improvidence. He expired, after an illness of ten days, on the 4th of April, 1774;

1774 ; and on the 9th, his remains, followed by a few coffeehouse acquaintances, hastily gathered together, were laid in the burial-ground of the Temple. 'He died,' wrote Johnson, 'of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before? But let not his faults be remembered. He was a very great man.' It was suggested that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, with a pomp commensurate with his fame ; and Judge Day conjectured that the proposal was abandoned in consequence of his debts ; but Mr. Cooke expressly states that the reason why the scheme was given up was because the greater part of the eminent persons who were invited to hold the pall, and whose presence could alone have conferred importance on the proceeding, pleaded inability to attend. Yet two at least of the number had a real and deep regard for the man. Burke, when he heard of his death, burst into tears ; and Reynolds, who had never been known to suspend the exercise of his calling for any distress, laid down his brush, and painted no more that day.

Goldsmith was short and thick in stature, his face round and strongly pitted with the smallpox, his forehead low, and his complexion pale. The general cast of his countenance, according to Boswell, was coarse and vulgar ; and Miss Reynolds states that he had the appearance of a low mechanic. He was once relating, with great indignation, that a gentleman in a coffeehouse had mistaken him for a tailor ; and his resemblance to the brethren of the needle was notoriously so strong that an irresistible titter went round the circle. One morning when Mr. Percival Stockdale was remarking to Davies the bookseller on this similarity of appearance, Goldsmith entered, and, with that curious infelicity which seemed always to attend upon him, said to Mr. Stockdale, who had recently published a translation of Tasso's *Aminta*, 'I shall soon take measure of you.' His picture by Sir Joshua presents the face of a man unusually plain, yet Miss Reynolds mentions it as the crowning feat of her brother in portrait-painting that he had imparted dignity of expression without destroying the likeness. What that lady thought of him appears from her naming him for her toast when she was asked to give the ugliest person she knew ; and Mrs. Cholmondeley, with whom she had some little difference at the time, was so delighted with the selection that she shook hands with her across the table. 'Thus the ancients,' said Johnson, 'in the making up of their quarrels, used to sacrifice a beast between them.'

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His address, until he warmed into the good-humour which was natural to him, strengthened the unfavourable impression produced by his appearance. 'His deportment,' says Boswell, 'was that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman.' 'His manner,' says Davies, 'was uncouth, his language unpolished, and his elocution was continually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation.' 'He expressed himself,' says his friend Mr. Cooke, 'upon common subjects with a plainness bordering upon rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen.' Some attempts have been made in recent years to prove that his talk was not unworthy of his fame; but the witnesses to the contrary are so numerous, and there is such a general agreement in their testimony, that it is idle to controvert it. Mr. Rogers asked Mr. Cooke what he really was in conversation, and Cooke replied, emphatically, 'He was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a shilling, he 'd say, "Why, it 's as good a shilling as ever was *born*." He was a fool, sir.' Mr. Forster observes in extenuation, that 'born' is an Irish mode of speech; but though the particular instance may not support the proposition, it was not from a single example, but from an intimate acquaintance of seven years, that Cooke derived his impression. Dr. Beattie said that the silliness he exhibited was so great that it almost seemed affected; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had a peculiar regard for him, adopted the same improbable theory. Chamier, after talking with him, came away, saying, 'Well, I do believe he wrote the *Traveller* himself; and let me tell you that is believing a great deal.' Against Horace Walpole's smart saying, that he was an 'inspired idiot,' Mrs. Piozzi wrote in her old age, 'very true;\*' and the point, we may add, of Garrick's epigram would have had no sort of force unless it had possessed a semblance of truth. It is easy to collect from the book of Boswell, who acknowledges that his folly had been greatly exaggerated, the real state of the case. Johnson, who did the amplest justice to his genius, remarked that he had no settled notions upon any subject; that his ready knowledge was very slight; that he was eager to shine; and discoursed at random upon questions of which he was almost entirely ignorant. 'If he were with two foundlers,' said the Doctor, 'he would fall a-talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of.' To this want of fixed opinions and extensive in-

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\* Malone, on the other hand, says that he never could assent to Walpole's pointed sentence. 'I always,' he adds, 'made battle against Boswell's representation of him, and often expressed to him my opinion that he rated Goldsmith much too low.'



formation was added what Boswell calls 'a hurry of ideas, producing a laughable confusion in the expressing them;' and what Mr. Cooke terms 'a strange, uncouth, deranged manner' of speaking. With his slender store of facts, his inability to arrange his thoughts on a sudden, his hasty rashness of assertion, his incoherent, provincial style of expression, it is manifest that he would do very slender justice to the better genius which he poured at leisure into his books. But a man of his talents must, in spite of the deficiency of tact and quickness, have often been visited with bright ideas; and Boswell relates that he was sometimes very happy in his wit-combats with Johnson, and records the instances of it. From the specimens which have been preserved of his absurdities it appears that they often consisted in the ludicrous misapplication of a single phrase. The story of his remarking to Lord Shelburne, 'I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida; for Malagrida was a very good sort of man,' was, as Johnson justly remarked, little more than an error of emphasis. Horace Walpole, whose authority, however, is worth nothing on the question, exclaimed that the blunder was a picture of his whole life. Beauclerk called it, ironically, 'a happy turn of expression, peculiar to himself;' and the daughter of his friend Lord Clare, who always spoke of him with the utmost affection, used to say 'that it was *so* like him.' His delight at the pun which was made on the dish of yellow-looking peas at Sir Joshua's table, when one of the company observed that they ought to be sent to Hammersmith, for that was the way to Turn'em Green; his taking the earliest opportunity to repeat the jest as his own, his first exclaiming that that was the way to *make* 'em green, and next, when he found his witticism fall pointless, that that was the *road* to turn 'em green; his starting up, disconcerted at the second failure, and quitting the dinner-table abruptly, all reads like a humorous invention to caricature his failings. In confirmation of his disposition to retire when he was mortified, Hawkins states that he would leave a tavern if his jokes were not rewarded by a roar. Once in particular, having promised the company, if they would call for another bottle, that they should hear one of his *bon mots*, he proceeded to tell, that, on hearing that Sheridan practised stage-gestures in a room with ten mirrors, he replied 'that then there were ten ugly fellows together.' His anecdote was received in silence; and after inquiring, to no purpose, 'Why nobody laughed?' he departed in anger. 'Rochester,' says Mr. Forster, 'observed of Shadwell, that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet; and measuring Goldsmith by Shadwell, we may

may rest perfectly satisfied with the relative accomplishments and deficiencies of each.'

Boswell asserts that he studiously copied Johnson's manner, on a smaller scale; and both Hawkins and Joseph Warton relate that he affected to use the great lexicographer's hard words in conversation. The consequent impression he left upon Warton was, that 'he was of all solemn coxcombs the first; yet,' he adds, 'sensible.' To be solemn was not natural to him; and it is evident that he often forgot to act his part, or deliberately laid it aside. This mimicry of Johnson, which reduced him to a comical miniature of the original, no doubt occasioned, as it renders more piquant, the insolence of Graham, who wrote the 'Masque of Telemachus.' When he had arrived at a point of conviviality to talk to one man and look at another, he said, 'Doctor, I shall be happy to see you at Eton,' where he was one of the masters. 'I shall be glad to wait on you,' said Goldsmith. 'No,' replied Graham, 'tis not you I mean, Dr. *Minor*; 'tis Dr. *Major*, there.' 'Graham,' said Oliver, describing him afterwards, 'is a fellow to make one commit suicide.' Another circumstance which he used to mention with strong indignation was the conduct of Moser, the Swiss, at an Academy dinner, who cut short his conversation with a 'Stay, stay, Doctor Shonson is going to say something.' On such occasions, Johnson tells us, he was as irascible as a hornet; was angry when he was detected in an absurdity; and miserably vexed when he was defeated in an argument. Of the little ebullitions of temper which arose from mortified vanity, Boswell has preserved a single instance. He was about to interpose an observation in a discussion which was going on, and his sentence was drowned by the loud voice of Johnson, who had not heard him speak. Dr. Minor, who was standing restless, in consequence of being excluded from the conversation, hesitating whether to go or to stay, threw down his hat in a passion, and, looking angrily at Dr. Major, ejaculated, 'Take it!' Toplady beginning to say something, and Johnson making a sound, Goldsmith called out, 'Sir, the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him.' 'Sir,' rejoined Johnson, 'I was not interrupting the gentleman. I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent.' When they met in the evening at the club, Johnson asked his pardon, and Goldsmith, who was as placable as he was hasty, placidly replied, 'It must be much, Sir, that I take ill from you.'

Of his vanity he gave many ludicrous examples. 'He would never,' said Garrick, 'allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe.' 'How well this postboy drives,'

drives,' said Johnson to Boswell. 'Now, if Goldy were here, he'd say he could drive better.' 'If you were to meet him,' said a journalist of the day, who was satirising his well-known infirmity, 'and boast of your shoes being well blacked, the Doctor would look down at his own and reply, "I think mine are still better done."' In trying to show at Versailles how well he could jump over a piece of water, he tumbled into the midst of it: at the exhibition of puppets he warmly exclaimed, on their dexterously tossing a pike, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself;' and he broke his shins the same evening, at the house of Mr. Burke, in the attempt to prove that he could surpass them in leaping over a stick. When some of the club were loud in their praise of a speech of Mr. Burke, Goldsmith maintained that oratory was a knack, and that he would undertake to do as well himself. Being dared to the trial, he mounted a chair and was unable to advance beyond one or two sentences. He was compelled to desist, but reiterated his assertion, and imputed his failure to his being 'out of luck' at the moment. He possessed so little of the boasted knack, that when he attempted a speech at the Society of Arts he was obliged to sit down in confusion.

His vanity was coupled with a babbling envy that was laughable, but not malignant. 'Though the type,' says Cooke, 'of his Good-natured Man in every other respect, yet, in point of authorship, and particularly in poetry, he could bear no rival near his throne. This was so deeply rooted in his nature that nothing could cure it. Poverty had no terrors for him; but the applauses paid a brother poet made him poor indeed.' He could not bear, Dr. Beattie said, that so much admiration should be bestowed upon Shakespeare; and though he had a true and hearty regard for Johnson, he exclaimed in a kind of agony, on hearing him vehemently applauded, 'No more, I desire you; you harrow up my soul.'

'Genius is jealous: I have heard of some  
Who, if unnoticed, grew perversely dumb;  
Nay, different talents would their envy raise:  
Poets have sickened at a dancer's praise;  
And one, the happiest writer of his time,  
Grew pale at hearing Reynolds was sublime;  
That Rutland's Duchess wore a heavenly smile—  
"And I," said he, "neglected all the while!"'

Mr. Forster expresses his regret that Crabbe should have invented an illustration of Goldsmith's vanity opposed to all the known records of his intercourse with Reynolds; but the author of the 'Tales,' who had lived with many of Oliver's associates, plainly meant to give real instances; and, as we see from the  
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case of Johnson, love for the man did not exclude jealousy of the panegyrics bestowed upon the genius. The work of Crabbe in which the lines occur was dedicated to the Duchess of Rutland, and the second example was doubtless derived from herself or her family. Another ludicrous manifestation of his jealousy occurred at an Academy dinner; when one of the company was uttering some witticisms which excited mirth, Goldsmith begged those who sat near him not to laugh, 'for in truth he thought it would make the man vain.' He openly confessed that he was of an envious disposition; and Boswell maintained that he had no more of it than other people, but only talked of it more freely. All are agreed that it never embittered his heart; that it entirely spent itself in occasional outbreaks; and that he was utterly incapable of a steady rancour, or of doing an action which could hurt any man living. He once proposed to muster a party to damn Home's play 'The Fatal Discovery,' alleging for his reason 'that such fellows ought not to be encouraged;' but this, says Davies, was 'a transient thought, which, upon the least check, he would have immediately renounced, and as heartily joined to support the piece he had before devoted to destruction.' Such were the foibles which shaded the higher qualities of this whimsical being, and which must find the readier belief that most of those who record his eccentricities appear to have felt kindly towards him, and could certainly not have conspired to fasten upon him a fictitious character which was so little in keeping with his genius.

Washington Irving expresses his belief that, far from being displeased that his weaknesses should be remembered, he would be gratified to hear the reader shut the volume which contained his history with the ejaculation POOR GOLDSMITH! In our opinion nothing would be more distasteful to him. He had higher aspirations, a more heroic ambition. But what would have delighted him would have been to hear Johnson pronounce in oracular tones that 'he deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better;' to read in the epitaph which his great friend prepared for his monument, 'that he was of a genius sublime, lively and versatile, that there was no species of writing that he had left untried, and that he treated nothing which he did not adorn;' to find posterity confirming the sentence and ranking him as the worthy peer of the illustrious men whose fame he emulated, and whom he needlessly envied; to see that his works were among the most popular of British classics, that everything connected with him possessed an undying interest for mankind, that all the minutest incidents of his career had engaged the anxious researches of numerous biographers, and  
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that the list was closed by the elaborate volumes of Mr. Forster. 'Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother.'

In adding one more to the many sketches of Goldsmith's life we have not done justice to the very able and interesting Biography from which we have drawn our materials. His history is there illustrated with a fulness which may even be thought excessive, for the era in which his lot was cast, and the eminent men with whom he associated in his later years, are largely described in conjunction with himself. In intrinsic interest these episodes are inferior to no other portion of the book, and the very notes are a storehouse of wit and wisdom culled from the writings and sayings of the contemporaries of Goldsmith. The central figure of the piece is drawn with equal ability and truth, and with no more extenuation of his infirmities than is due to the frailties of a common humanity. But Mr. Forster had a wider object than the mere exhibition of the life and adventures of an individual. He wished through the example of Goldsmith to plead the cause of literature with the world, and we are anxious to give currency to the concluding pages in which he sums up the scope and moral of his admirable work:—

'This book has been written to little purpose, if the intention can be attributed to it of claiming for the literary man either more money than is proportioned to the work he does by the appreciation it commands, or immunity from those conditions of prudence, industry, and a knowledge of the multiplication table, which are inseparable from success in all other walks of life. But, with a design far other than that, one object of it has been to show that the very character of the writer's calling, by the thoughts which he creates, by the emotions he is able to inspire, by the happiness he may extend to distant generations, so far places him on a different level from the tradesman, merchant, lawyer, or physician, who has his wares and merchandise or advice to sell, that, whereas in the latter case the service is as indefinite as the reward due to it, in the former a balance must be always left, which only time can adjust fairly. In the vast majority of cases, too, even the attempt at adjustment is not made until the tuneful tongue is silent, and the ear deaf to praise; nor, much as the extension of the public of readers has done to diminish the probabilities of a writer's suffering, are the chances of his lot bettered even yet, in regard to that fair and full reward. Another object of this book has therefore been to point out that literature ought long ago to have received from the state an amount of recognition which would at least have placed its highest cultivators on a level with other and not worthier recipients of its gratitude. \* \* \* The best offices of service to a state are those in which thinkers are required, and, more than many of its lawyers, more than all its soldiers, it is in such offices that the higher class of men



men of letters and science are competent to assist. Yet, if any one would measure the weight of contempt and neglect that now presses down such service, let him compare the deeds for which an English parliament ordinarily bestows its thanks, its peerages, and its pensions, with the highest grade of honour or reward that it has ever vouchsafed to the loftiest genius, the highest distinction in literature, the greatest moral or mechanical achievement, by which not simply England has been benefited and exalted, but the whole human race.

\* \* Partly because of the sordid ills that attended authorship in such days as have been described in these volumes, partly from the fact that it is a calling daily entered by men whom neither natural gifts nor laborious acquirements entitle to success in it, the belief is still very common that to be an author is to be a kind of vagrant, picking up subsistence as he can, a loaf to-day, a crumb to-morrow, and that to such a man no special signification of respect in social life can possibly be paid. Nor, in marking thus the low account and general disesteem of their calling, are the literary class themselves to be exempted from blame. "It were well," said Goldsmith, on one occasion, with bitter truth, "if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy." The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith after his fashion very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that on all occasions to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it, but, while De Foe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling De Foe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as in *formâ pauperis* the rights of the English author. Confiscation is a hard word, but it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne, for the encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning: for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind every other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Doctor Johnson argued that it was, to surrender a part for greater efficiency of protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years, whereas in England it is the magnificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. \* \* No consideration of moral right exists, no principle



ciple of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public before they have had the chance of remunerating the genius and labour of their producers.'

The volumes of Mr. Forster afford many touching proofs of the truth of his positions, and contain, indeed, the most complete and affecting representation with which we are acquainted of the bitter struggles and reverses of men of genius in all the walks of life. No author in this productive and charming department of literature has ever exhibited so wide a range of knowledge and sympathy, and, though his hero had become a hackneyed topic, the originality with which the work is conceived and executed, the vast variety of facts, anecdotes, and letters, which are now produced for the first time, the new and more truthful light in which the old materials are disposed, the introduction into the picture of Burke, Johnson, Garrick, and other celebrated members of the Goldsmith group, render these Memoirs as fresh and novel as though Mr. Forster had been the first biographer of the poet, instead of the last. Much, indeed, of what had been previously done consisted of a loose collection of stories about the man, but here we have depicted the man himself as he moved along his path, and at every turn of the story, which is unfolded with the vivacity and regularity of an actual drama, he stands before us in the vividness of reality, with all the changes which had been wrought in him by each previous stage of his journey. This is real *Biography*.

ART. VI.—1. *The Eclipse of Faith*. 5th Edition. London. 1854.

2. *Phases of Faith*, 3rd Edition, with a *Reply to the Eclipse of Faith*. By F. Newman. London. 1854.

3. *A Defence of the Eclipse of Faith*. 2nd Edition. London. 1854.

THE 'Eclipse of Faith' having gone through five editions in less than two years, is so generally known and appreciated, that it would be superfluous to recommend it to the notice of our readers. Moreover, its subjects are too vast and various to be properly discussed in a single article; and its arguments must lose force and illustration by the condensation needful in a summary abstract. Hence we should probably have passed over this work in silence, in spite of (and partly because of) its great merit, had it not been assailed with an asperity and unfairness that provoke us to give some account of the controversy which originated in its publication.

The author's main design is to apply Butler's great argument to

to some recent modifications of Deism. He has thrown his reasoning, for the most part, into the form of dialogue; and we think that the Socratic weapons have never, since the time of Plato, been wielded with more grace and spirit. Various talkers are brought upon the stage, who state fairly the opinions of different Deistic schools, and are successively foiled by a sceptical friend who overthrows them in succession by the very objections they have urged against Christianity. This task is accomplished not only with great power of logic, but also with unusual liveliness of illustration, seasoned with a plentiful admixture of sarcastic humour; the latter being never intruded needlessly into the argument, but springing naturally out of it. The principal representative of Deism in the dialogue is a disciple of Mr. Francis Newman, whose writings are made to supply a large contribution to this species of entertainment. Their author has been persuaded by his friends to reply to his critic; and has published his answer in the second edition of his '*Phases of Faith*,' a performance of which we must give a brief account, in order to render the sequel intelligible.

We must premise that Mr. F. Newman, like his more celebrated brother, is a disciple of the logic of difficulties. The former has been led to Deism, the latter to Romanism, by the same bias of understanding, differently modified in the two cases by a different moral constitution. Each brother alike is irresistibly impelled to reject creed after creed, as he discovers in each some difficulty which he cannot solve; but neither of them will acquiesce in the absolute scepticism which is the only logical result of their principles. The elder, finding that the exercise of the understanding plunged him into the depths of Pyrrhonism, fled for refuge to the authority of an infallible church, and renounced his private judgment altogether. The younger, by a similar exercise of arbitrary will, has checked his downward career for a time at the stage of Deism; whereof he has adopted a peculiar modification, which professes to retain the sentiment of religion without the form. He first expounded his present creed in a work upon '*The Soul, and her Aspirations*;' but the difficulties which induced him to abandon Christianity are set forth in the '*Phases of Faith*.'

The form he has chosen for his argument is an autobiography, in which he gives the history of his religious experience, and describes the process by which he was led, year after year, to reject, bit by bit, the articles of his belief, casting away fragment after fragment till he had reduced himself to a state of spiritual nudity. There is something in the personal character of his narrative which gives an impression of reality and truthfulness to the book, and it thus creates a far more lively interest

than could be won by a mere theological treatise. Mr. Newman's objections to Christianity are not original; but the manner in which they are marshalled in detachments, and brought against the successive positions taken up by his retreating faith, gives them an air of freshness and novelty. The principle which he assumes throughout is that his individual consciousness is the standard of religious truth. He agrees with those Greek philosophers who held that 'MAN is the measure of all things;' only that, in practice, he restricts MAN to Newman. His development of this idiosyncrasy for the benefit of the world has produced a pleasant mixture of theological argumentation with personal gossip; the whole being blended and harmonised by a neutral tint of egotistic naïveté which often reminds us of the 'Confessions' of Rousseau. The taste of the performance also not seldom recalls that of the French autobiographer. For instance, it is usual in English writers to shrink from details of their domestic history and family feuds. Mr. Newman by discarding such scruples makes his book far more amusing than these of his predecessors. Thus he describes 'a painful and injurious conflict' in which he was involved with 'a superior kinsman' in his early youth; he gives the particulars of an 'uneasy collision' with his brother at Oxford; he informs us that in consequence of theological differences the same relative at a later period 'separated himself entirely from his private friendship and acquaintance.' The same reference of all truth to the standard of his individual consciousness leads him to require in his critics a profound acquaintance with all his previous writings, before he will allow them to pass judgment on any of his conclusions. Such knowledge, he tells them, is as necessary as it would be for a reader of the 47th proposition of Euclid to be acquainted with the 41st. We cannot but feel this requisition rather severe from an author who has written so many books on such diverse subjects; including a 'Treatise on Logic,' 'Lectures on Political Economy,' 'A History of the Hebrew Monarchy,' 'The Mathematical Theory of Parallels,' 'Lectures on Modern History,' 'The Soul and her Aspirations,' 'Horace in unrhymed Metres,' 'The Phases of Faith,' 'The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg,' and several other works, which, we candidly own, we have not profoundly studied.

The same idiosyncrasy compels him to believe that views which satisfy his own mind must satisfy the minds of others; and that nothing which pleases his own palate ought to shock the taste or jar the feelings of his readers. Hence he unsuspectingly excites their disgust by sentiments and expressions which must appear to every one but himself the extreme of flippant irreverence. Nothing but the desire to show the fright-  
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ful profanation at which those arrive who once enter upon this downward career, and by this means to convey a warning more forcible than any other we could devise, would induce us to quote examples of the offence. The following is the mode in which he thinks it becoming to speak of Saint John's testimony to the miracles of our Lord. 'O that one could have the satisfaction of cross-examining John on this subject! Let me suppose him put into the witness-box, and I will speak to him thus: *O aged sir, we understand that you have two memories, a natural and a miraculous one.*' (*Phases*, 118.) It might have been thought difficult to surpass this specimen of revolting levity; yet the following comparison, by which Mr. Newman designs to prove the impropriety of attributing perfection to our Lord, is even more outrageous. 'If any one were to call my old schoolmaster, or my old parish priest, a perfect and universal model, and were to claim that I would entitle him Lord, and think of him as the only true revelation of God, should I not be at liberty to say, without disrespect, that I most emphatically deprecate such extravagant claims for him?' (*Phases*, 147.) He that could thus write what no one can read without horror, must be so destitute of all moral tact, all delicacy of perception, and all refinement of taste, that we are not surprised to find him equally bereft of the imaginative and poetic faculty. This latter deficiency explains his painful want of appreciation of some of the sublimer portions of Scripture, which might otherwise have been attributed to wanton coarseness.\*

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the 'Phases' is calculated to impose upon a certain class of persons. The mind of its writer, though ingenious and versatile, seems unable to contemplate an object in more lights than one; hence his readers are not troubled with any nice weighing of evidence, nor with any hesitating balance of argument, but are carried smoothly forward to a seemingly inevitable conclusion. This makes the reasoning extremely seductive to shallow understandings, which have never grappled with the difficulties encompassing the great problems of religion. But Mr. Newman, though he has been 'everything by turns,' has been 'nothing long;' and he will soon open his eyes to perceive new stumblingblocks. We believe him too honest to stop short at the point where he has now fixed himself; although the vanity of authorship must naturally make him loth to confess the untenable nature of the ground he has occupied, and must therefore tend to retard the farther development of his opinions. Meanwhile the 'Eclipse' has applied a stimu-

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\* To estimate Mr. F. Newman's poetic power, it suffices to look at his version of Horace.

lating fomentation to the imposthume, which must make it burst the sooner.

Such applications, however, are seldom agreeable to the patient; and accordingly Mr. Newman has exhibited symptoms of extreme irritation under the treatment. We regret to add that, notwithstanding the courtesy with which he was personally treated in the '*Eclipse of Faith*,' he has vented his spleen by indulging in the most unjustifiable imputations against his critic. No doubt it is mortifying to feel oneself worsted, especially before a large body of lookers-on. And in this case the prostrate gladiator bitterly complains that all the reviewers sided with his antagonist, and cried '*habet*' at each telling blow. In return he vociferates anathemas against them, and replies to his opponent's argument by personal vituperation. Thus he speaks of him as one who '*desires* to be thought a gentleman' (*Phases*, 178); he charges him with 'stealthy misrepresentation' and 'gross garbling' (charges which Mr. Rogers has most triumphantly refuted in his Defence); he calls him 'a profane dog' (p. 199); and tells him that 'nothing but his own heart could have suggested the profane insults with which his book abounds; that he seems to lack 'not only spiritual insight, but honesty; that he 'wraps a pagan heart in a Christian veil; that he 'scolds down and mocks at other men's piety; and much more of the same description. This virulent explosion of wrath is oddly interspersed with exhortations to universal good will, deprecation of 'personal antagonisms,' and an admonition to the person assailed that he should 'open his heart to love' (p. 200). So that, 'as one contrasts,' says the rejoinder, 'Mr. Newman's loving injunctions with his invectives, one seems to be transported into a world where the usual symbols of emotion are all inverted, where men frown in pure benevolence, and gnash their teeth in loving-kindness and charity.'

Mr. Newman also bitterly complains that his atheistical critics have treated him with far more tenderness than his Christian antagonists. He tells us that a Mr. Holyoake, 'a serious atheist,' has lectured on his book, and handled it with remarkable candour and leniency. 'No doubt,' rejoins Mr. Rogers, 'Mr. Holyoake will regard such books with leniency. He well knows whither Mr. Newman's theory will lead, and what sort of converts it will ultimately make. The sportsman does not shoot his own pointer.' We may add that Mr. Newman himself seems to entertain some suspicion that he is tending towards the same goal; for in the '*Phases*' he often speaks of Atheism with a lurking kindness. He has even invented a new application of the 'non-natural sense' for the benefit of 'serious atheists.' He informs us that  
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an atheist may say that the universe is 'the work of God,' because he may 'use the word *God* as the unknown power dwelling in and forming the universe' (p. 198). This almost looks like preparing for transition into a new phase of faith—'if faith it can be called which faith is none.'

But Mr. Newman's most frequent complaint against his opponent is, that he profanes the sacred topics of discussion by sarcasm and ridicule. Mr. Rogers replies as Pascal replied to the Jesuits, who brought against him the same accusation—'I am far enough from ridiculing sacred things, when I ridicule Mr. Newman's creed.' He adds the following defence of the legitimate use of ridicule in the cause of religion.

"But will not the employment of ridicule *against* the opponents of Christianity lead them to use the same weapon?" I imagine some timid Christian to say. I answer,—And have they ever spared it, dear simple soul? Will your *not using* it prevent their *abusing* it? Will your throwing away the arrow prevent their transfixing you with theirs? Is not the shield of Christianity stuck full of those shafts? From Lucian to Voltaire, the whole literature of infidelity shows what sort of "reciprocity" forbearance is likely to meet with. . . . . Though Shaftesbury was wrong in saying that ridicule was the test of truth, it is usually impossible for error long to stand against it. . . . . If you have, as you believe, truth on your side, you will do well and wisely not wholly to cast aside a weapon which has not been, and will not be, used the less against you for your rejecting it, and which truth always, in the nature of things, can wield more powerfully than error. As to the legitimacy of its occasional use against solemn "follies" or would-be sacred "impieties," read Pascal's immortal Eleventh Letter; if that does not convince you, I have nothing more to say.'—*Defence*, p. 29.

These remarks are worth weighing by those good men who shrink from every touch of humour, as though it were the mark of a careless spirit or a flippant mind. No fallacy can well be falser. Earnest indignation vents itself in laughter as often as in tears. The true worshipper rudely strips off the robe of motley, which hides and disfigures the object of his adoration. The true Idoloclast, as Archdeacon Hare has said, shatters in pieces the idol which lowers and debases the divinity it pretends to embody; striking the more scornfully in proportion as he is more deeply possessed with a reverent love and homage for the profaned ideal. That this is the case with Mr. Rogers is abundantly evident from his writings. No impartial reader can study the '*Eclipse*' without feeling that its writer has himself gone through the trials of faith which he portrays, and he is thus the better qualified for guiding others to the haven which he has reached after contending with  
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the storm. This is the task to which he has devoted himself with an earnestness of conviction that breathes through every word he utters. His whole soul is penetrated with a sense of the awfulness of those problems which man is constrained to contemplate, but which God alone can solve. Witness the following statement of them:—

‘I want to know—whence I came? Whither I am going? Whether there be, in truth, as many say there is, a God—a tremendous Personality, to whose infinite faculties the “great” and the “little” (as we call them) equally vanish—whose universal existence fills all space, in every point of which he exists entire in the amplitude of all his infinite attributes—whose universal government extends even to *me*, and my fellow-atoms called men; within whose sheltering embrace even I am not too mean for protection? Whether, if there be such a Being, he is truly infinite; or whether this vast machine of the universe may not have developed tendencies, or involved consequences, which eluded his forethought, and are *now* beyond even His control? Whether, for this reason, or for some other necessity, such infinite sorrows have been permitted to invade it? Whether, above all, He be propitious or hostile towards a world in which I feel too surely in the profound and various misery of man that His aspects are not *all* benignant? How if He be offended, he is to be reconciled? Whether he is at all accessible, or one to whom the pleasures and the sufferings of the poor child of dust are equally subjects of horrible indifference? Whether, if such Omnipotent Being created the world, he has now abandoned it to be the sport of chance, and I am thus an orphan in the universe? Whether this “universal frame” be indeed without a mind, and we are in fact the only forms of conscious existence? Whether, as the Pantheist declares, the universe itself be God—ever making, never made—the product of an evolution of an infinite series of “antecedents” and “consequents;” a God of *which*—for I cannot say of *whom*—you and I are bits; perishable fragments of a Divinity, itself imperishable only because there will always be *bits* of it to perish? Whether, even upon some such supposition, this conscious existence of ours is to be *renewed*; and if so, under what conditions; or whether, when we have finished our little day, no other dawn is to break upon our night; whether the *vale, rule, in æternum vale*, is really the proper utterance of a broken heart, as it closes the sepulchre on the object of its love?’—*Eclipse*, pp. 59, 60.

The object of the ‘Eclipse’ is to demonstrate the futility of the solution of these awful problems given by modern Deism, whereof Mr. Newman and Mr. Parker are taken as the chief representatives. Both agree in rejecting all external revelation, miraculously attested, as in itself impossible, and useless if it were possible; and they both substitute for Christianity an internal revelation derived from their intuitive consciousness. ‘Being conscious,’ says Mr. Newman, ‘that I have personally a little love and a little goodness, I ask concerning it as concern-

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ing intelligence, *where did I pick it up?* And I feel an invincible persuasion that, if I have some moral goodness, the great Author of my being has infinitely more. . . . Hence it is *from within* that we know the morality of God.' On which we may remark, in passing, that it is strange the author of this reasoning did not see that he might, by exactly the same process, establish the reverse of his position. For he might equally have said, 'Being conscious in myself of a little hatred and a little evil, I ask concerning it, *where did I pick it up?* And I feel an invincible persuasion that, if I have some moral evil, the great Author of my being has infinitely more. Hence it is from within that we know the immorality of God.' If God is to be made the magnified reflection of man's moral nature, it is quite as philosophical to worship an omnipotent devil as a benevolent deity. In point of fact, mankind has practically adopted the former conclusion much oftener than the latter. The faculty of 'spiritual insight,' which is, according to Mr. Newman, man's only religious guide, has led its votaries into tracks diverging through all the points of the compass. It has created such divinities as Kali, the Goddess of the Thugs, and has seated incarnations of lust, envy, murder, and every conceivable crime, in the miscellaneous crowd of its Pantheon. 'This boasted faculty,' says Mr. Rogers, most truly, 'instead of being a glorious light which renders all external revelation superfluous, is one of the feeblest in our nature, which everywhere and always is seduced and debauched. It is not so with people's eyes; it is not so with people's appetites. No early instruction can make men think that green is blue, or stones and chalk good for food.' Mr. Parker, indeed, says that he can find an '*absolute religion*' which animates every form of worship. Whereon Harrington (the sceptical interlocutor in the 'Eclipse') observes—

'If it be vain to attempt to abstract this absolute religion from all religions (as Mr. Parker admits), though it is truly *in* them—and if I take his definition from his "direct consciousness" (which direct consciousness we can see has been *directly* affected by his abjured Bible), namely, "that it is voluntary obedience to the will of God, outward and inward"—why, what on earth does this vague generality do for us? What *sort* of God? Is *he* or *it* one or many? Of infinite attributes or finite? Of goodness and mercy equal to his power or not? What *is* his will? *How* is he to be worshipped? Have we offended him? Is he placable or not? . . . Is it true that man is immortal, and knows it by immediate "insight," as Mr. Parker contends; or does the said "insight," as Mr. Newman believes, tell us nothing about the matter? Surely the "Absolute Religion," after having removed from it *all* in which different religions differ, is in danger of vanishing into that imperfect susceptibility of *some* religion which I have already conceded,

ceded, and which is certainly *not* such a thing as to render an external revelation very obviously superfluous. It may be summed up in one imperfect article. All men and each may say, "I believe there is *some* Being superior in *some* respects to man, whom it is my duty or my interest to" (*cætera desunt*).—*Eclipse*, p. 107.

Nor need we refer to barbarous nations or uncivilised epochs to prove the fallibility of the 'immutable morality of insight.' In modern times and in civilised countries there is a wide discordance among those who reject Christianity, not only on religious, but also on moral questions. On such points as pride, revenge, chastity, and slavery, there is the strongest diversity of sentiment between Rousseau, Voltaire, Paine, Comte, George Sand, Mr. Parker, Mr. Carlyle, and Mr. Newman. Yet each of these writers has as fair a claim as any of the rest to consider his own 'insight' infallible. Hence most men would conclude, as Socrates did of old from similar phenomena, that an external revelation would be far from useless. Mr. Newman misrepresents this reasoning, and calls it 'a dishonest defence of Christian pretensions to taunt the assailants with diversities in their creed,' whereas the argument was adduced not to prove the truth of Christianity, but to disprove the alleged infallibility of 'spiritual insight,' and to refute Mr. Newman's favourite proposition that a revelation must be useless.

But Mr. Newman had gone far beyond this. He had maintained that a revelation would not merely be useless, but prejudicial; and not merely prejudicial, but impossible. It would be prejudicial, in his opinion, because 'dictatorial' instruction, or an 'authoritative oracle,' would 'paralyze our moral powers' (p. 151), and 'the guidance of a mind from without' would 'benumb conscience by disuse' (p. 138). From this it would seem to follow that the employment of our moral powers (in Mr. Newman's opinion) is the investigation of truth: a strange confusion between the Moral and the Intellectual. It must also strike his readers as inconsistent that Mr. Newman, while thus protesting against 'dictatorial' instruction in morality, contemptuously rejects the moral judgment of all the rest of mankind, whenever it differs from his own. Even those whom he acknowledges as the best specimens of humanity are pronounced 'dishonest' or 'prejudiced,' if they cannot see through the spectacles of his individual consciousness. As to the alleged 'benumbing of conscience' by submission to the guidance of an external revelation, it may be safely referred to experience. We may appeal from the *à priori* sentence of Mr. Newman to the history of Christendom. Where do we find sensitiveness of conscience—where a rigid rule of obligation—where a devoted sacrifice



sacrifice of interest to duty, except among the disciples of that faith which, according to Mr. Newman, benumbs and paralyzes the moral powers ?

But modern Deists, as we have said, hold an external revelation (or, as they are fond of calling it, a *Book-revelation*) to be not merely useless and injurious, but impossible. God *could* not give such a manifestation of his will to man. ‘An authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man.\* What God reveals to us he reveals *within*.’ (*Newman on the Soul*, p. 59.) From this proposition, by a chain of irresistible reasoning, Mr. Rogers deduces the conclusion that Mr. Newman can do what God cannot do; for Mr. Newman has unquestionably given to his few disciples ‘an external revelation of moral and spiritual truth.’ In his ‘reply’ Mr. Newman endeavours to evade the force of this logic by a distinction between the words ‘authoritative’ and ‘instructive.’ He never denied, it seems, the possibility of an ‘instructive’ revelation, but only of an ‘authoritative’ revelation. To this Mr. Rogers rejoins as follows:—

‘It appears that there is a convenient distinction to be made between what is morally and spiritually *instructive*, and what is morally and spiritually *authoritative*. I answer—in sound only, not in meaning. For to convince any one who believes in a God and moral and spiritual truth at all, of any moral and spiritual truth, is, *ipso facto*, to make it authoritative in the sense that it is felt it *ought* to have authority. He who knows what he means when he talks of *God* and his *claims*, *man* and his *duty*, will smile at the paradox of any moral or spiritual truth being proved to him (no matter how or by whom), while yet it is considered optional with him whether he shall regard it as merely “instructive” and not “authoritative.” . . . In admitting that books on spiritual and religious subjects may be instructive, Mr. Newman admits all that is essential to the argument. *Instructive*! yes, but if books be so instructive as to teach men who have no scruple in banqueting on their fellow-creatures, in strangling their new-born infants, in exposing their parents, that all these things are “abominations”—then in such *instruction* is shown plainly the possibility of an external revelation; it is to teach men to recognise doctrines which were before unrecognised; to realise truths of which they were before unconscious, and to practise duties which they had never suspected to be duties

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\* Sceptics have recourse to sophisms like that of Hume, who denied the possibility of proving a miracle, or like this of Mr. Newman, who denies the possibility of an external revelation, to escape the necessity of meeting in its integrity the mass of direct evidence which proves beyond refutation that miracles were wrought and that an external revelation has been made. That they are compelled to rest their unbelief upon such *à priori* propositions as are rejected, after all, by the common sense of mankind, and upon partial cavils at arguments which they are unable to meet as a whole, is of itself to proclaim how untenable is their cause.

before. If this be so, then the argument returns,—that what man can do, God can surely do.—*Defence*, p. 89.

A favourite argument of Mr. Newman's to prove an external revelation impossible is, that such a revelation must appeal to the conscience in witness of its truth; and since it appeals to the verdict of man's moral faculties, it cannot authoritatively guide and direct those faculties themselves. The mistake involved in this fallacy is that commonplace metaphysical solecism which confounds *capacities* with *notions*. A reflecting telescope has a rusty, dented mirror; if it had no mirror at all, it would be useless to its owner, and, however correctly pointed to the starry heaven, would leave him ignorant of Jupiter's satellites and Saturn's ring to his dying day. *Therefore*, according to Mr. Newman's reasoning, it is impossible that any external operation should cleanse and polish the reflecting surface. Or, to take the illustration of the rejoinder—

‘There is some savage cannibal who is ready to devour his fellow-men, or a creature who puts his children out of the way with as little remorse as you would drown a kitten, devoutly worshipping at the same time a wooden thing which certainly is *not* the “likeness of anything in heaven above nor in the earth beneath,” and so far does not infringe upon the Second Commandment. Well, you naturally think his “moral and spiritual” perceptions somewhat out of sorts. The missionaries succeed in convincing him of his abominable errors, and in amending his practice. “Ah!” then cries the savage, “it is true that you found me dining upon my neighbour, and quite ready to dine upon you, murdering my children, and living in all sorts of licentiousness and beastliness without compunction. Yet, let me tell you, Mr. Missionary, you could not have given me a ‘revelation’ of all this error unless I had had faculties which could be educated to a perception of it; and I therefore conclude that an authoritative revelation of moral and spiritual truth is impossible!” What, think you, would the missionary reply? I apprehend something like this:—“My good Mr. Savage, just as it is because you are a *reasonable* creature, and not an *idiot*, that I can instruct you in anything,\*so it is because you had a spiritual faculty (though, as your sentiments and practices too plainly showed, in a very dormant state) that a revelation was *possible*—not *impossible*—my good friend. It was because your faculties were asleep, not dead, that I could awaken them; had you *not* had those faculties which, you so strangely say, render a revelation *impossible*, it *would* have been impossible: it was possible only because you had them.”’—*Defence*, p. 83.

Connected with this doctrine of the ‘impossibility of an external revelation’ is that of the ‘impossibility of an historical religion.’ No historical facts, such, for example, as the resurrection of our Lord, can, it seems, be a part of religion, because such facts are received by our understanding, not by our spiritual faculties;  
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from without, not from within. 'Of our moral and spiritual God,' says Mr. Newman, '*we know nothing without, everything within.* It is in the spirit we meet him, not in the communications of sense.\*' Mr. Rogers points out the inconsistency of this with Mr. Newman's admission that we do in fact receive our religion by external instruction. In his reply Mr. Newman attempts to meet the difficulty by a parallel. 'Religion and mathematics,' he says, 'alike come to us by historical transmission, but are not believed *because of* that transmission; and no historical facts concerning that transmission are any part of the science at all. Mathematics is concerned with relations of quantity; religion with the normal relations between divine and human nature; *that is all.*' To which Mr. Rogers rejoins that, even if this parallel were maintainable, it would not support the conclusion; for even in mathematics it would be untrue to say that we know everything within, and nothing from without. And farther, that the analogy is false, because religious truth is received on moral evidence, mathematical truth on demonstrative evidence. We may add, that, even according to Mr. Newman's admission, *some* historical truths are a part of religion; for it is a portion of his creed that 'God created the world,' and this is as strictly *historical* as the proposition that 'Cæsar created the empire.' If Mr. Newman's parallel were tenable, no religious belief could be contradicted without a contradiction in terms. Yet he will scarcely venture to maintain such a paradox as this, in face of the variety of religious sentiment among men. Mr. Rogers comments on the conclusion of the parallel as follows:—

'The close of the paragraph is exquisite: "Mathematics is concerned with relations of quantities; religion with the *normal* relations between divine and human nature. *That is all.*" All, indeed! and enough too. This is just the way in which Mr. Newman slurs over a difficulty with vague language. The moment we ask "What are the relations of quantity?" all mankind are *agreed*. No one supposes that two and two make five. But when we ask what are "the *normal* relations of divine and human nature?" I suppose the hubbub that will arise will distinctly show that the case is very different. Or are we to take Mr. Newman's theory of the said normal relations as infallibly true?"—*Defence*, p. 100.

In truth, this unfortunate parallel labours under a double

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\* *Phases*, p. 152 (1st edition). In the 2nd edition of the '*Phases*' these sentences are erased, without acknowledgment. On which the rejoinder remarks, 'When an author is about to charge another with having *stealthily misrepresented* him, it is as well to let the world know *what* he has erased, and *why*. He says that my representation of his sentiments is "the reverse of all that he has most carefully written." It certainly is not the reverse of all that he has most carefully *scratched out*.'



defect; it rests on a false analogy, and would not help its author even if it were true. Although mathematical truth is seen by its own light, and submits itself to the human judgment, yet it by no means follows that therefore a 'book-revelation' of mathematics must be useless. On the contrary, the mass of mankind depends, and always must depend, upon such 'book-revelations.' Ninety-nine men out of every hundred believe, and always will believe, mathematical truth on the authority of the few who are capable of its investigation. The Nautical Almanac and the Table of Logarithms are mathematical 'book-revelations' to thousands who receive them on the same kind of evidence, which induces Christians to receive the Bible.

This last consideration bears upon another fallacy of Mr. Newman's. 'The poor and half-educated,' he tells us, 'cannot investigate historical and literary questions; therefore these questions cannot constitute an essential part of religion.' How plausible this sounds on first statement; yet how easy to deduce from the same premises a proposition obviously false!—for instance: 'the half-educated navigator cannot investigate astronomical questions; therefore these questions cannot be an essential part of navigation.' The answer in both cases is the same; namely, that the *investigations* are *not* an essential part, either of practical religion or of practical navigation; but that, nevertheless, neither religion nor navigation can be practised, if the *results* of such investigations are discarded. Mr. Rogers, as usual, answers the difficulty by analogy, as follows:—

'I believe that you will not deny you are profoundly ignorant of medicine, nor that, though the most necessary, it is at the same time the most difficult and uncertain of all the sciences. You know that the great bulk of mankind are as ignorant as yourself; nay, some affirm that physicians themselves are about as ignorant as their patients; it is certain that, in reference to many classes of disease, doctors take the most opposite views of the appropriate treatment, and even treat disease in general on principles diametrically opposed. A more miserable condition for an unhappy patient can hardly be imagined. Though our own life, or that of our dearest friend in the world, hangs in the balance, it is impossible for us to tell whether the art of the doctor will save or kill. I doubt, therefore, whether you ought not to conclude, from the principle on which we have already said so much, that God cannot have made it a poor wretch's duty to take any step whatever.

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'The absurdity is in the principle affirmed, viz. that God cannot have constituted it man's duty to *act* in cases of very imperfect knowledge; and yet we see that he has perpetually compelled him to do so; nay, often in a condition next door to stark ignorance. To vindicate the wisdom of such a constitution may be impossible; but the fact cannot be

be denied. The Christian admits the difficulty alike in relation to religion and to the affairs of this world. He believes, with Butler, that "probability is the guide of life;" that man may have sufficient evidence in a thousand cases (varying, however, in different individuals) to warrant his action, though that evidence is very far removed from certitude; that similarly the mass of men are justified in saying that they *know* a thousand facts of History to be true, though they have never had the opportunity or capacity of thoroughly investigating them, and that the great facts of Science are true, though they may know no more of science than of the geology of the moon.'—*Eclipse*, p. 283.

But besides *à priori* arguments against the existence of revelation, Deists, both old and new, have objected to its contents. There is nothing original in Mr. Newman's statement of these objections, but he puts them in a plausible form, and gives them additional force by detailing the gradual victory which they won over his own belief. His attacks are directed more especially against the *morality* both of the Old and New Testaments. As to the Old, he contends that it must be at once rejected; because it 'attributes to God what we should call harsh, cruel, or unjust in man.\*' He instances the offering of Isaac, the extermination of the Canaanites, and the 'perfidious murder' of Sisera. Now supposing, for the sake of argument, that Christianity represented all three of these proceedings as agreeable to the perfect will of God, is the Deist consistent in rejecting a creed which 'attributes to God what we should call harsh, cruel, or unjust in man'? Can he apply the same criterion to the universe which he applies to the Bible, without denying it also to be the work of God? Let us hear the answer of the '*Eclipse*.'

'Mr. Newman has created a God after his own mind; if he could but have created a universe also after his own mind, we should doubtless have been relieved from all our perplexities. But unhappily we find in it, as I imagine, the very things which so startle Mr. Newman in the scriptural representations of the divine character and proceedings. Is he not peculiarly scandalised that God should have *enjoined* the extermination of the Canaanites; and yet does not God *do* still more startling things every day of our lives, and which appear *less* startling only because we are familiar with them? at least, if we believe that the elements, pestilence, famine (in a word, destruction in all its forms), really fulfil *his* bidding. . . . \* . . . Does not a pestilence or a

\* Mr. Newman bases this proposition on another, viz. 'No heaven-sent Bible can guarantee the veracity of God to a man who doubts that veracity;' because, he says, we cannot know God's veracity except by discerning that he has virtues like human virtues. To which we may reply by asking Mr. Newman if he seriously believes that any man ever existed so sceptical as to *refuse to believe a miraculous communication* because he doubted the *veracity* of God? Whereas he knows there are thousands who doubt his decisions as to the *morality* of God.

famine send thousands of the guilty and the innocent alike—nay, thousands of those who know not their right hand from their left—to one common destruction? Does not God (if you suppose it his doing) swallow up whole cities by earthquakes, or overwhelm them with volcanic fires? I say, is there any difference between the cases, except that the victims are very rarely so wicked as the Canaanites are said to have been, and that God in the one case *himself* does the very things which he commissions men to do in the other? Now, if the thing be wrong, I, for one, shall never think it less wrong to do it oneself than to do it by proxy.

Applying, therefore, the principles of Mr. Newman, I must refuse to acknowledge such conduct on the part of the Divine Being, and to say, that such things are not done by him. If I may trust my *whisper* of God derived from *analogous* moral qualities in myself, I must believe that an administration which so ruthlessly permits these things is not *his* work, but that his power, wisdom, and goodness have been thwarted, baffled, and overmastered by some “omnipotent devil,” to use Mr. Newman’s expression; if it be his work, then that whisper of him cannot be trusted: the heathen was right, “*Sunt superis sua jura.*” In other words, I feel that I must become an Atheist, a Pantheist, a Manichean, or a sceptic.

If it be said that there *may be reasons* for such apparent violations of rectitude which we cannot fathom, I deny it not; but that is to acknowledge that the supposed maxims derived from the analogies of our own being are most deceptive as applied to the Supreme; it is to remit us to an act of absolute faith, by which, with no greater effort, nor so great, we may be reconciled to similar mysteries of the Bible.

If I am to yield to pretensions of any kind, I would infinitely prefer the yoke of the Bible to that of Messrs. Parker and Newman; for it is to nothing else but their dogmatism I must yield, if I admit that the difficulties which compel me to *doubt* in the one case are less than those which compel me to *doubt* in the other.’—*Eclipse*, p. 130.\*

Nothing can be clearer than this reasoning; yet Mr. Newman, in his ‘reply,’ tells his readers that his critic professes ‘an utter disbelief that God had any morality which conscience judging freely can approve;’ and he constantly accuses him of worshipping an ‘*unmoral deity.*’ Had such a misrepresentation of an argument so plain proceeded from any other writer, we must have been compelled to suppose it intentional; but in Mr. Newman’s case we consider it only as a fresh example of that incapacity to see anything but what makes for his own side of an argument, which we have already noticed. We agree, however, with Mr. Rogers, that in the present instance this tendency was ‘aided by the unconscious instinct of self-preservation.’ Nor can we altogether regret a misrepresentation which

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\* It must be remembered that it is the sceptic who is presumed to speak in this passage, and who refutes Mr. Newman out of his own mouth.



has called forth the following powerful restatement of the argument:—

‘The evils God permits are as incomprehensible as those he inflicts. He smites a man with madness, and the maniac cuts the throats of his innocent wife and children. He gives a man an idiot for his son, and the idiot with a laugh burns down his father’s dwelling. He permits a poor wretch to have a vicious, intemperate father, and he bears about with him for threescore years the miserable heritage of his father’s vices. He lets some savage tyrant—nay, a succession of them—fill a whole country with groans and tears, and broken hearts, and curses . . . . Is not God good then, even in these things? Yes, I say; yes, with an unfaltering faith; but I *believe* it, and cannot *see* it; these things are what *we* should call “harsh, cruel, and unjust in man,” and are utterly incomprehensible to our “little wisdom” and “little goodness” and “little love;” just as His command to exterminate the Canaanites, though not so perplexing, nor a tenth part so perplexing, is also incomprehensible. But I believe that God is good *in spite* of these facts. Mr. Newman, on the other hand, says in effect, “I believe the *last-mentioned* fact incredible, because it contradicts my moral and spiritual convictions of what God would do. It attributes to God what would ‘be harsh, cruel, and unjust in man;’ and *therefore* I must reject it; the *other* facts I can see are quite consistent with all the said convictions.” Try your hand on them, then, I say, and show it. Show that they would not be “harsh, cruel, and unjust in man.” . . . . What! God’s command to Abraham more incomprehensible than many of the things He does and permits? It can only be because the objector does not give himself time to dwell adequately on the things that *are* done and suffered to be done by the Universal Ruler in all parts of the earth in all ages. I have heard one of the most benevolent physicians declare, as he has seen a patient wear out long years of agony in cancer,—agony which it was agony only to witness,—agony which was all remediless and all fruitless (as far as man could conceive), that he would have accepted with rapture a permission to put an end to the scene of sorrow; which it was infinitely more mysterious to him that God should suffer, than that He should have given the command to Abraham. But, at any rate, Mr. Newman must *show* the difference between the cases. If he says, “It is true, God may do such things Himself, but he could not command Abraham to do them, because Abraham had a moral nature, so and so constituted,” let Mr. Newman take heed; this would be a strange proof that God’s *moral* nature was *like that* of Abraham (from which resemblance alone Abraham inferred what God was), that He could and might do the things which for that reason He could not command Abraham to do. The reasons, then, which make certain facts of the universe conformable to Mr. Newman’s intuitions, and certain facts of Scripture *not* conformable, must be given. That is all I ask. Instead of complying, Mr. Newman turns round and says, ‘He perceives that I believe in an *amoral* Deity!’—*Defence*, p. 44.

In another place Mr. Rogers states his creed to be that, while

the prevailing characteristics of the universe indicate goodness in its author, yet that 'these indications are so chequered as to admit of being blessedly confirmed by an external revelation.' This opinion is stigmatised by Mr. Newman as 'heart-deadening devil-worship.' In the same book Mr. Newman cites Mrs. Beecher Stowe as an authority in matters of intuitive morality. He will therefore probably be surprised by the subjoined extract from a letter of that lady lately published—a letter written to her sister with no controversial object, but giving the natural impressions of her mind as they arose, and reflecting on the shipwreck of the 'Albion' packet, in language far stronger and less guarded than that of Mr. Rogers, as follows:—

'What an infinite deal of misery results from man's helplessness and ignorance, and nature's inflexibility, in this one matter of crossing the ocean! What agonies of prayer there were during all the long hours that this ship was driving straight on to these fatal rocks, all to no purpose! It struck and crushed just the same. Surely, without the revelation of God in Jesus, who could believe in the divine goodness? I do not wonder the old Greeks so often spoke of their gods as cruel, and believed the universe was governed by a remorseless and inexorable Fate. Who would come to any other conclusion, except from the pages of the Bible?'—*Sunny Memories*, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, p. 12.

All these difficulties may of course be resolved into the permission of evil; that awful mystery which the profoundest intellects have always most humbly acknowledged to be utterly inscrutable. Mr. Newman, however, takes a different view of it, and by his mode of handling the subject reminds us of a provincial preacher whom we once heard delivering a sermon on the same topic. 'The origin of evil,' said this worthy divine, 'is embarrassed by some difficulties; which I hope, in the course of my remarks this morning, to remove.'

Before leaving the subject of the morality of the Old Testament, let us say a few words on the instances selected by Mr. Newman as irreconcilable with the primary intuitions of man's moral nature. First, these intuitions demonstrate to Mr. Newman that God could not possibly have commanded a father to sacrifice a son. In his opinion, the act of a parent who causes the death of his child is necessarily condemned by the human conscience. But is this the fact? Is such the verdict of mankind on the act of Brutus in dooming his sons—the act of Virginius in stabbing his daughter—the act of the martyr Perpetua, who refused to spare the child in her bosom by throwing a few grains of incense on the altar of heathen gods? Have not these acts been pronounced, by the moral sense of many nations in many ages, to be examples of heroic virtue?

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Mr. Newman compares the obedience of Abraham to the conduct of those Punic parents who sacrificed their sons to Moloch. He forgets that it is the motive which makes the murder. The Punic sacrifice was purely selfish, to extort favours from adverse deities. The compliance of Abraham, on the contrary, is represented in the Scriptural narrative as an act of self-devoted obedience to the will of God. Mr. Newman mixes up with this moral problem the historical question *how* God's will could have been made known to Abraham; whether by 'a voice in the air' (p. 91), or in what other way. This is quite immaterial, and need not trouble us. These narratives in the Old Testament have no other importance to Christians than the instruction which they convey, and the story of the offering of Isaac has impressed deeply on the human mind two lessons: first, the duty of sacrificing our dearest interests to the will of God; secondly, that not the material but the moral sacrifice is acceptable to the Almighty. Such doctrines will still be received as authoritative by millions of human consciences long after the cavils of Mr. Newman are forgotten.

Next we must contradict the assertion that Christians believe that 'the Spirit of God pronounced Jael blessed for perfidiously murdering her husband's trusting friend' (p. 166). Christians believe no such thing. In the first place, they do not believe that Jael was praised by the Spirit of God at all. She was praised in a poem of Deborah, of whom we only know that she was a 'prophetess,' and that she 'judged Israel;' but we are never told that her song was 'inspired;' much less that she was 'infallible.' Hence Christians are perfectly willing to let the act of Jael stand or fall by its own merits; and probably most people would allow that it was the savage deed of a barbarous woman. But to call it the 'perfidious murder of a friend' is ridiculous; nor can Mr. Newman make it appear so, except by gross exaggeration. He says, 'Sisera, when beaten in battle, fled to the tent of his friend Heber.' Now the narrative contains not the least intimation that Sisera was a friend of Heber's. It tells us only that Heber's clan was at peace with Jabin, the master of Sisera. Heber, be it remembered, was himself almost an Israelite, being descended from Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses; he dwelt upon the Jewish border; and his wife was probably a Jewess. Sisera was a military tyrant, who had for many years most cruelly oppressed the Israelitish people.\* At length the victims rise

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\* 'The children of Israel cried unto the Lord; for Sisera had nine hundred chariots of iron; and twenty years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel.'—(*Judges*, iv. 3.)



against their oppressor, much as the Swiss rose against Gesler. The tyrant is defeated, and flies for refuge to the tent of Jael. She feels towards him much as a matron on the borders of Uri would have felt to the brutal Austrian. Open resistance from a defenceless woman against an armed warrior was impossible; she had no alternative but to entertain him as best she might; but no sooner is the bloodthirsty tyrant asleep than she crushes him with the first weapon that comes to hand, with the same impulse that we should crush a sleeping rattlesnake.

There remains the extermination of the Canaanites,\* which shocks the moral sense of Mr. Newman, who yet can see nothing shocking in the fact that the God of Nature daily permits similar exterminations throughout the world, with reasons far less apparent. As to the question whether this is consistent with man's spiritual insight, we must refer Mr. Newman to the insight of Mr. Carlyle, who loudly advocates the 'sweeping away' of such 'Devil's regiments' as these Canaanites were, and maintains it to be the only proper course of dealing with them; and surely Mr. Newman's moral instinct is not more infallible than Mr. Carlyle's.

But how can we believe, it is asked, that God would reveal an imperfect morality? Why did he not raise the Israelites at once to the standard of Christianity, instead of lowering the standard of Judaism to their moral level? We answer by admitting that the question, like the origin of sin, is incapable of being answered. But this imperfect and gradual progress of mankind in moral light is a fact which the Deists themselves cannot controvert; nay, on which they dwell with peculiar emphasis. Thus Mr. Newman informs us that 'the law of God's moral universe, as known to us, is *progress*. We trace it from old barbarism to the methodised Egyptian idolatry; to the more flexible polytheism of Syria and Greece; the poetical pantheism of philosophers; and the moral monotheism of a few sages.' We are far from subscribing to this universality of progress;

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\* This was one of the objections urged by Lord Rochester in his last illness to Burnet, and the admirable answer of the Bishop, which satisfied the understanding of the dying penitent, will be amply sufficient for every rational inquirer. 'For the destruction of the Canaanites by the Israelites it is to be considered that if God had sent a plague among them, that could not have been found fault with. . . . So all the difficulty is, why were the Israelites commanded to execute a thing of such barbarity? But this will not seem so hard if we consider that this was to be no precedent for future times, since they did not do it but upon special warrant and commission from heaven, evidenced to all the world by such mighty miracles as did plainly show that they were particularly designed by God to be the executioners of his justice. And God by employing them in so severe a service intended to possess them with great horror of idolatry, which was punished in so extreme a manner.'—*Burnet's Life of Rochester*.

but, at all events, those who hold it testify that the progression, where there has been any, has been gradual, not instantaneous. This involves them in greater difficulties than the Christian; because, according to their theory, as Mr. Rogers observes, the low morality of the world through so many ages and nations 'is not a calamity, not a thing to be deplored, not the shadow of sin thrown across it, but the natural evolution, the spontaneous product, of creative energy and love.' The Bible, far from originating this mystery, gives the only clue to its solution—tells us how it arose, how it is to be remedied—and assures us that all moral inequalities will at last be rectified by the righteous judgment of God.

In connection with this subject we must express our astonishment that Mr. Newman should say that he has found in the writers of the New Testament '*no indication* that they were aware' of the imperfection of the Mosaic dispensation in its moral teaching (p. 166). This assertion is a fresh proof of the incapacity of this writer to see anything beyond the momentary exigencies of his argument. When he wrote it he must have forgotten that the Sermon on the Mount expressly admits the inferiority of the Mosaic morality: '*Ye have heard that it hath been said An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth (Exodus xxi. 24); but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil.*' He must have lost all recollection of the words wherein our Lord himself specifically declared that the ancient dispensation was adapted to a lower state of moral growth, when He for ever established the indissoluble sanctity of Christian marriage '*Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so; and I say unto you, whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery*' (Matt. xix. 8). He must also have forgotten at least twenty passages in St. Paul's writings, together with the whole Epistle to the Hebrews, whereof the burden is the imperfection of the Mosaic covenant.

This leads us to the consideration of Mr. Newman's strictures on the morality of the New Testament. The faults for which he considers the moral teaching of the Apostles to be condemned by the spontaneous action of the immutable moral insight are two, namely, that it permitted slavery and that it encouraged selfishness. As to the first, he contends that the Apostles were blamable, because they did not everywhere proclaim the essential immorality of slavery. The answer is, in the first place, that they did preach those precepts which have been the only instruments of delivering the captive, and letting the oppressed go free. Those simple words, '*Do unto others as ye would they should do*  
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unto you,' involve ultimate and universal emancipation. 'The great mass of abolitionists,' says Mr. Rogers, 'hate and loathe slavery on the express ground of its inconsistency with the maxims of Christianity. A public clamour against it was never raised in any country not Christian.' Secondly, we reply that, if the Apostles had preached as Mr. Newman would have had them, the direct tendency of their exhortations would have been to promote revolt among the slaves, and bring about another of those servile wars from the horrors of which Italy had scarcely recovered in the time of Paul. Thirdly, we deny that it is, *per se*, an immoral act under all circumstances to keep a slave. In the present day there is far less excuse for slavery than there was in the first century; yet even now it would be absurd to maintain, as Mr. Newman does, that the master of a slave is equally immoral with the violator of the seventh commandment. The *slave-merchant* stands on different grounds, and he is condemned in the New Testament by name, being classed by St. Paul with the foulest criminals (1 Tim. i. 10). Fourthly, we must again beg Mr. Newman to reconcile his infallible moral insight on this subject with the equally infallible moral insight of Mr. Carlyle, who has lately informed us that slavery is a highly laudable institution.

But further, Mr. Newman condemns Christianity as a system of selfishness. It teaches, he says, that man's first business must be to save his soul from future punishment, and to attain future happiness. He congratulates himself that he is now delivered from this selfish bondage. Yet at the same time he acknowledges, with great candour, that, when he was a believer, Christianity 'never really made him selfish—other influences of it were too powerful.' Here he has unconsciously stumbled on the key of the enigma. True it is that the motives of which he speaks are used by Scripture to rouse men from apathy; and it is also true that in cold and unimaginative natures such motives may long remain predominant. But he who has made any progress in the Christian life, and has gained the dispositions of love and holiness, will find that he has insensibly lost in their acquirement the conscious recollection of the motives which may have led him originally to seek them. He can no longer realise the time when he wished to serve God merely for the sake of benefits thence derivable to himself. He feels that he does right because it is right—that he loves duty because it is duty—without reference to the consequences. His conduct would be unaltered even if it could be revealed to him that death would be annihilation, or the future of the sensual and the cruel as happy as that of the pure and good; for those tempers and dispositions, that com-  
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munion with a Master unseen but loved, which once he only valued as a condition of gaining something else, he now prizes for their own sake. This, indeed, is the inevitable result of that law of human nature which metaphysicians describe, whereby the *secondary* are transformed into the *primary* desires. Yet we need not appeal to metaphysics to refute this fallacy of unbelief. The common sense of mankind will tell us who have been the most unselfish men, Christians or heathens, believers or infidels—Paul working with his hands to preach the Gospel freely, or Rousseau abandoning his children at the door of the foundling hospital.

No, it is not Christianity that makes men selfish, Mr. Newman himself being the witness. He tells us, indeed, that when he was a Christian he felt it his first business to save his soul from future punishment. Yet even then, while still under the bondage of the Law, and looking on the Gospel as a system of pains and penalties—even then his faith led him to encounter the perils of a missionary life, that he might carry the light of truth, as he at that time thought it, to the heathen. If he did this solely with a selfish view to his personal salvation, yet at any rate he sought this selfish end by unselfish means, and risked his life for the welfare of his brethren. What worthier end does he accomplish since he has become an unbeliever? Is it not as philanthropic a task to distribute the New Testament in Persia as to translate Horace into unrhymed metre in England?

Not, however, on any individual case, but on universal observation and experience, depends the conclusion that the zeal of men to promote the good of their fellows is directly proportionate to the intensity of their faith in Christ. From the highest aims of philanthropy, no less than from the severest standard of morality, they invariably decline when they forsake the Gospel. Virtues which they had cultivated in their better days are abandoned as needless; vices which they had abhorred, gradually become excusable, indifferent, or pleasing; chastity and meekness are repudiated as ascetic folly; revenge and pride are applauded as the characteristics of manhood.\* One of the ablest

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\* The virtuousness of revenge has lately been maintained by the leader of the most popular school of infidelity in England, in his '*latter-day pamphlets*.' Mr. Newman himself celebrates it as one of the results of his emancipation from the Christian yoke, that he can now indulge in pride without compunction.—(*Phases*, 136.) It is true that the pride he vindicates is pride in 'the worldly greatness of England.' But, in itself, this national pride (which is quite distinct from patriotism) has its root in selfish vanity. As Blanco White observed, when men talk proudly of 'we English,' the emphasis is on the 'we,' not on the 'English.' If any one wishes for a farther illustration of the moral deterioration resulting from the rejection of Christianity, let him read Eugene Sue's seven novels on the 'seven deadly sins,' which are written to demonstrate that all these sins are most excellent qualities, only liable to abuse when not well guided.

religious writers of the last century, Mr. Cecil, used to say that, if a serious and moral man were to reject Christianity and publish his reasons for so doing, it would be a trial far more dangerous to the faith of England than all the sneers of Voltaire and the sentimentality of Rousseau. His foreboding has been realized in our own times; yet the sorrow with which he contemplated its possibility would have been mitigated had he foreseen that the moral deterioration of those who forsook the Gospel would neutralise the intellectual influence of their example, and supply a fresh argument in favour of their abandoned faith.

Most persons will probably think that he has unconsciously furnished such an argument by his attack on the character of Christ.\* After transcribing some of the expressions he has applied to the Saviour, we felt that further to illustrate the offence was almost to repeat it, and we forbear to inflict passages upon our readers which cannot even be glanced at without a shudder. Mr. Newman, who once shared the reverential convictions he now insults, ought to be aware what a deep outrage he is committing upon the most cherished sentiments of mankind; and if he has grown callous himself, we might at least demand that he should have some respect for the sacred feelings of others. When we read the language in which he speaks of our Lord, we cannot avoid the conclusion that as he professes to derive his idea of the moral qualities of God from his own virtues, so he has unwittingly clad with his own defects the spotless sanctity which he reviles. Well does his critic remark that 'a man may shoot his arrow with exact perpendicularity over his own head. It smites the impassive air and does no harm to *that*; but the missile, descending, according to the law of gravity, with the exact force wherewith it was projected, may smite full sore the unhappy archer himself.' Mr. Rogers has given a detailed refutation of Mr. Newman's blasphemies. But it was a supererogatory task. There are some weapons which only wound their owner; some blows which strengthen what they are meant to crush. No happier antidote could have been furnished to Mr. Newman's assault on Scripture than his suicidal chapter on the moral imperfection of Christ. Yet the concluding remarks of Mr. Rogers are so beautiful that we cannot forbear to quote them:—

'And now what, after all, does the carping criticism of this chapter amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes; it is felt that the Christ thus portrayed *cannot* be the right interpretation of the history; in the face of all those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which there is here an entire

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\* *Phases*, chap. vii.



oblivion. But humanity will not forget them ; men still wonder at the “gracious words which proceeded out of Christ’s mouth,” and persist in saying “never man spake like this man.” The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the “upper room” where He instituted the feast which should for ever consecrate His memory, and bequeathed to His disciples the legacy of His love ; the scenes in the garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulchre ; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which He bore wrong, the gentleness with which he rebuked it, and the love with which He forgave it ; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which He well earned for Himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the “friend of publicans and sinners ;” these, and a hundred things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisping infancy loves to hear on its mother’s knees, and over them age, with its grey locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No ; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the Gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful ! Ah ! what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me ! But if the last be impossible, at least the Gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears ; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be “remembered by Him when He came into His kingdom ;” they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs sat listening at His feet, and “in their right mind ;” they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus—not surely for him whom He was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity—for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to him, and say, “Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died !” they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of His mission, and guarantees of the truth of His doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of His character and are types of the spiritual cures His Gospel can yet perform ; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him “who brought life and immortality to light ;” they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately,



passionately, and found Him unbidden at her side, type of ten thousand times ten thousand, who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consolation in Him "whom, though unseen, they loved;" they must blot out the discourses in which He took leave of His disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which He declares Himself "the resurrection and the life"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with child-like trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, that they would see Him who is invested with the "keys of the invisible world," "who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens," letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies; they must blot out, they must destroy these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent Him having the pre-eminence who loved, because He loved *us*, to call Himself the "Son of Man," though angels called him the "Son of God."

'It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an illusion, *every variety of experiment* proves it to be *inveterate*, and it will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans! *Probatum est*. At His feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there "the peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find, repose there, and have invested Him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than His.'—*Defence*, pp. 141-144.

On the points hitherto mentioned, Mr. Rogers overwhelms his antagonist with a vigour and cogency of argument admitting of no reply. But there is one important topic of the 'Phases' which is less successfully met in the 'Eclipse.' Mr. Newman dwells much upon the historical, geological, and exegetical mistakes which he supposes to be found in Scripture, and describes the process by which he was himself led to unbelief through his discovery that, in such points, the Bible was not infallible. He relates how at this period he was stopped in his descent for a time by a conversation with Dr. Arnold, who, while allowing Scripture to be fallible in human science, maintained its infallibility in moral and spiritual truth. Subsequently, however, Mr. Newman found a difficulty in drawing any line which should accurately separate the domain of science from that of religion, and he was thus led to reject the Bible altogether. In the present day this is a very common road to unbelief. The difficulty may be encountered in two ways: either by denying the existence of any mistakes in Scripture; or by maintaining, with Neander, Tholuck, and Arnold, that the occurrence of such mistakes

mistakes does not detract from the religious inspiration of the writers. The former is the view taken by Mr. Rogers. He contends, in entire agreement with Mr. Newman, that a distinction between the Divine and human contents of Scripture is impossible,—that historical inaccuracy cannot coexist with religious infallibility. ‘Men will think it strange,’ he says, ‘that Divine aid should not have gone a little farther, and, since the destined revelation was to be embedded in history, illustrated by imagination, enforced by argument, and expressed in human language, its authors should have been left liable to destroy the substance by perpetual blunders as to the form.’ Hence he concludes that, textual and transcriptional errors excepted, the whole of Scripture is infallibly accurate, and that all its writers were miraculously preserved from the possibility of error, whether physiological, geological, astronomical, historical, or exegetical.

The argument relied on, it must be observed, is here entirely *à priori*. ‘Men would *expect* that a revelation should be infallible in all respects’; it would be *desirable* that it should be so; it would involve us in great perplexities if it were not so.’ Yet surely in a matter of this kind it is our duty to investigate the facts before we lay down so peremptory a conclusion. Having the most cogent reasons for believing the Bible to be a revelation from God, we should carefully examine what its construction and character actually is, and not permit ourselves to decide dogmatically what it ought to have been. If we find that there are historical discrepancies and scientific inaccuracies in the canonical books, it is vain to say that their occurrence is perplexing, and it is worse than vain to explain them away, as some commentators have done, by subterfuge and evasion. We will not venture dogmatically to assert, in contradiction to the opinion of Mr. Rogers, that the apparent mistakes in Scripture are absolutely incapable of such an explanation as would vindicate them from the charge of error; but it is certain that those who have devoted the most patient investigation to exegetical study are the most thoroughly convinced that there are some cases which do not admit of such a possibility. This is now so generally admitted, that it is acknowledged even in the standard educational works of orthodox divinity. For example, in the edition of the Greek Testament published for collegiate use by Mr. Alford, whom no one will accuse of want of reverence for the Bible, or the articles of our most holy faith, there occurs the following sentence: ‘In the last apology of Stephen, which he spoke being full of the Holy Ghost, and with Divine influence beaming from his countenance, we have, at least, two demon-  
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*strable historical mistakes*; and the occurrence of similar ones in the Gospels does not in any way affect the inspiration or the veracity of the Evangelists.' (*Alford's Testament*, vol. i., *Prolegomena*.) Nor have Mr. Alford's most orthodox reviewers excepted against this statement. Such being the case, it is surely very dangerous to maintain that *historical* infallibility is essential to the inspiration of the Scriptural writers. This belief, if unfounded, exposes the faith of its votaries to tremble at every German commentary, every scientific treatise, and every fresh discovery of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and it is but too likely to bring them to the conclusion which Mr. Newman draws from the same premises.

Moreover the Apostles themselves do not lead us to suppose them infallible in matters of *human* knowledge. They speak of themselves as 'earthen vessels,' though employed to contain a heavenly treasure. They call themselves 'ambassadors' charged with a message from God; and in the case of ambassadors from an earthly sovereign, the credentials would not be invalidated, nor the substantial accuracy of the communication rendered doubtful, by mistakes on details irrelevant to the substance of their commission. Even looking at the question *à priori*, we see no reason why men should have expected a revelation of moral and spiritual truth to supersede the researches of history, or to anticipate the discoveries of science. Nay, as a fact, the heathen philosopher who most earnestly desired such a revelation expressly guards against such expectations. He tells his disciples to expect no revelation from heaven concerning matters open to human investigation, while at the same time he encourages them to hope for Divine communications on subjects beyond the scope of man's discovery.\*

But it is impracticable,† it may be said, to distinguish in  
Scripture

\* The expressions of Socrates on this subject are very remarkable:—*Δαιμονῶν ἔφη τοὺς μαντευομένους ἢ τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἔδωκαν οἱ θεοὶ μαθεῖν διακρίνειν· οἷον \* \* \* \* ἂν ἔξιστ' ἄριθμήσαντας ἢ στήσαντας εἰδέναι τοὺς τὰ τοιαῦτα παρὰ τῶν θεῶν πυνθανομένους ἀθέμιστα ποιεῖν ἡγίτο· ἔφη δὲ δεῖν, ἂν μὲν μαθόντας ποιεῖν ἔδωκαν οἱ θεοὶ μανθάνειν· ἂν δὲ μὴ δῆλα τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἴσσι, πιρᾶσθαι παρὰ τῶν θεῶν πυνθάνεσθαι.*—*Memorabilia Socratis*, i. 1.

† As a proof of this impracticability, Mr. Newman supposes physiological researches to have thrown a doubt on the descent of all men from Adam. And 'if all are not descended from Adam, what becomes of St. Paul's parallel between the first and second Adam, and the doctrine of headship and atonement founded on it?' To which it may be replied, that, even if all mankind had not descended from a single pair, the truths laid down by St. Paul in the passage referred to would be untouched; for when he speaks of all men as *dead in Adam*, he is speaking of Adam as the representative of human nature in its natural and fallen state. Human corruption is a fact, and involves the necessity of an Atonement. It would be well, however, to warn Mr. Newman's readers not to take his scientific assertions



Scripture between spiritual and scientific, between moral and historical truth. It is easy for hostile minds to conjure up hypothetical difficulties, but religion was given for the practical use of man, and no doctrine necessary to salvation, no precept conducive to holiness, will ever be jeopardised by this palpable distinction. Admitting, nevertheless, that wherever we draw the line of demarcation, there will be some doubt as to a few comparatively unimportant positions on the border territories, is not this, we may ask, the necessary condition of all our moral and religious knowledge? Is there not abundant difference of opinion on religious truth, even among those who agree in the universal infallibility of Scripture? The same restless discontent at any shadow of uncertainty which leads men to demand scientific and historical infallibility leads them also to require an infallible interpreter of Scripture. Hence they have set up the Pope as the living voice of God. But even this is insufficient; for a Papal bull is not authoritative without the fulfilment of many complicated conditions, so that no private Romanist can be sure whether any particular bull is valid or not. Thus nothing could satisfy this craving for religious certainty but a perpetual oracle, whose answers should be daily issued and visibly printed in the sky. Such is not the method by which the will of God is made known to man. 'We walk by faith, not by sight;' 'Having not seen, we love:' these are the mottoes of Christian experience. Doubt transmuted into trust is an essential element in the perfection of the soul.

In this, as in other points, to demand absolute certainty must conduct us to absolute scepticism. A Pyrrhonian suspension of belief is the only position tenable by the understanding which demands a creed without a difficulty. Though on the single point of historical infallibility Mr. Rogers has, we venture to think, lost sight of this cardinal truth, yet no one has ever stated it more forcibly or applied it more ably than he. Witness the following passage:—

'At last, after much discussion in this and preceding ages, the world, I think and hope, is beginning to comprehend that it is not sufficient to discredit Christianity, or indeed any other system, to propound plausible or even *insoluble* objections; since it is a sort of weapon by which Atheism, Pantheism, and the half-score systems of Deism may be alike easily foiled. And if there is any theory of religion which is not in the same predicament as Christianity, nay, which is not exposed to yet *greater*

assertions for granted. They are at the least as fallible as he supposes those of the apostles to be. For example, in the present case it is not true that scientific research has led philosophers to disbelieve the descent of mankind from a single stock; it has, on the contrary, established the extreme probability of such a descent. objections,

objections, I shall be glad to be informed of it ; I can only say, it is a perfect novelty to me. Certainly it is not any of the theories of Deism, the varieties of which have sprung out of the very eagerness with which the advocates of each have sought to evade the difficulties which press the abettors of every other.

‘ Encompassed on all sides by impassable barriers, in whatever direction we speculate—and in none by loftier or more solid walls of rock than in metaphysical or moral philosophy—we are *not* called upon to answer every objection which may be made to our tenets, for that is impossible, whatever the hypothesis that may be adopted : the only *real* question is, on which side the greatest weight of positive evidence is found, and the least weight of opposing objections.

To any such objections—the *substantial points of the evidence remaining*—the Christian feels himself entitled to say, “ Stand by ; I cannot stop for you.” In relation to many of them he may boldly say, when called to solve them, “ I cannot ; time may solve them, as I see it *has* solved many ; and these, like those, may then be transferred to the other side of the account ; but even now they do not materially affect the columns which give the total.” And, in my judgment, it is in many cases not only wise to say this, but the only honest course. Much mischief has often been done by pretending to give a solution, which neither he who gives, nor he who demands it, feels to be sufficient.’—*Defence*, p. 178.

We may add that to all such objections the Christian possesses an *anti-syllogism*, in the indisputable proposition that Christianity does turn bad men into good, and is the only approximate cure hitherto discovered for the moral pestilence which desolates humanity. If tempted to leave his Master, because of any such stumbling-blocks in his path, the disciple has still the same reason as of old to exclaim ‘ Lord, to whom shall we go ?’ No other refuge is open to the doubting soul. No other teaching calms the wounded conscience. No other ray of light falls from the clouded heavens to pierce the veil which hides us from the Father of our spirits.

In conclusion we will venture to express our hope that, in another edition, the ‘ *Defence* ’ of the ‘ *Eclipse of Faith* ’ may be made in some respects more worthy of its predecessor. Its author informs us that it was written in great haste, and it bears the marks of this throughout. Not that it lacks either vigorous argument or keen sarcasm. On the contrary, it is in these respects perhaps even more powerful than the former work ; but it bears traces of having been struck off at a single heat, with a conversational carelessness of style, and a colloquial use of derisive epithets, which occasionally overleaps the bounds of good taste. It has too much the air of *chuckling* over a prostrate foe. We earnestly trust that these blemishes will be removed in a future edition, for at present they are likely to create a prejudice  
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against the substance of a most valuable book by the offence that may be taken at the form.\* In all the higher departments of the argument Mr. Newman writhes in the grasp of his antagonist as helplessly as a pigmy in the gripe of a giant; and for that very reason everything like contortion and grimace should be left by the victorious to the vanquished combatant.

Finally, let us thank Mr. Rogers for the addition he has made to the philosophical literature of England, and to the defensive armoury of Christendom; and still more for his promise to deal with Pantheism as he has already dealt with Deism. We trust that he may be spared to redeem this pledge in the amplest manner, and also to recast his present work by omitting those ephemeral topics which might hinder its permanent appreciation. If he lives to accomplish our expectations; we feel little doubt that his name will share with those of Butler and of Pascal in the gratitude and veneration of posterity.

ART. VII.—*Papers relative to the Obstruction of Public Business.*

By Arthur Symonds, Esq. Printed for Private Circulation. London, 1853.

IN our number of last March (vol. xciv. p. 461) we expressed the regret which, in common with all friends to the judicial system of this country and to the constitution of parliament, we felt at the impediments thrown in the way of the measures sanctioned by the House of Lords during the session before the last for the digesting of the criminal law. It is truly painful to find that the last session has shown how their Lordships have been met by new difficulties and from other quarters. The Report of their Select Committee, recommending that for the present only the digesting of the statute law should be persevered in, indicates pretty plainly what we have reason to know, that the members mainly yielded to the apprehensions of endless discussions being raised by the Commons, rendering hopeless the passing a Bill of many hundreds of clauses, however fully considered by those most capable of satisfactorily dealing with

\* As a specimen of our meaning, we may mention the frequent occurrence of such epithets (used derisively) as 'pleasant,' 'worthy,' 'queer,' &c. Also such expressions as 'gobble up,' 'artful dodge,' 'I see a thing or two,' 'the missionaries (*worthy souls*);' and more especially the application of such terms as 'chucked,' 'bakes, boils, and fries,' and 'crunches like a lion,' to describe the acts of the Deity. These blemishes might all be removed by drawing the pen through a dozen lines. We would suggest also that it would be desirable to incorporate the 'Defence' and the 'Eclipse' into a single volume.



the subject. This leads us to say a few words on the capacity which the lower House has lately shown of performing its legislative functions. In a word, we are led to cast our eye back upon its labours during the last session in the great department, wholly unconnected with party or with politics, of improvement of the law. Our well-known opinions touching the changes effected twenty-two years ago in the representative system may be supposed to bias our opinion upon the question; but we can venture to assert that we only speak the sentiments of the stoutest friends of the Reform Bill when we assert that those things which have fulfilled our predictions have also brought no little disappointment to their hopes, although we do not suppose that they will admit them to be the unavoidable consequences of their favourite measure.

We must begin by stating that they are extremely ill informed who complain of nothing having been done during the session to carry forward the great work of law amendment. Mr. Ad-derly's Act, introducing a most salutary principle into the administration of our Criminal Law, the reformatory course, long and powerfully supported also by the learned Recorder of Birmingham, Mr. Commissioner Hill, was fortunately passed, but with a provision requiring previous imprisonment, much condemned in the Lords, and which we will venture to affirm no one more lamented than the able and excellent author of the Bill. But still more important is the Common Law Procedure Act, a great, an invaluable improvement. Beside making most important changes in the law of evidence, of arbitration, of jury procedure, it arms the courts of common law with large equitable jurisdiction, to the incalculable abridgment of litigation and relief of the suitors, and it remedies some of the evils most complained of in the whole administration of justice in those courts. But this Act was as nearly as possible being prevented from passing, and postponed to another session with two or three great measures universally called for and fully prepared by the House of Lords; and it passed, so to speak, almost by a miracle and almost alone:\* it suffered too very unfortunate mutilations, and nearly as unhappy additions, wholly in consequence of the manner in which the business of the Commons was conducted throughout the session. On the particulars of this it is necessary that we should dwell in some detail.

The Bill prepared by the Commissioners, corrected by the Lords, fully discussed in their Select Committee by all the Law

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\* It is not, perhaps, strictly accurate to represent this as a single Act, for it had incorporated Lord Brougham's Arbitration Bill, and his Bills on Evidence and Procedure, so far as the Commissioners agreed with them.

Lords, and reported with material additions, comprising indeed other Bills referred to the same Committee, passed through all its stages without a dissentient voice, except upon three of its provisions, and was sent to the Commons two months before the end of the session; but hardly any progress was made in passing it through that House until on the very eve of the prorogation. At that period every one knows how absolute the power is of any half-dozen members who may band themselves together for the purpose of defeating a measure. Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Denman had both experienced this ten years ago, when certain representatives being resolved to throw out a Bill which affected some local, perhaps we might say personal, interests, remained night after night dividing and counting out, and, that they might get rid of the obnoxious measure, all the business which stood behind it was obstructed, in consequence of which the Lord Chancellor's Bill for establishing county courts, and the Lord Chief Justice's for effecting the greatest improvement of modern times in the law of evidence, that of taking away the objection of interest, were both lost for the session, and these most salutary changes postponed for a year. Fortunately, the opposition, to the credit of the Conservative party, did not last session use their power of throwing out the Procedure Act in this manner, although they objected to one or two of its provisions. But others, of no mark in the House and of no weight in the party, pertinaciously opposed some parts of the measure, and it escaped unexpectedly.

But it was maimed in a most essential provision, that of Jury Trial, although the great majority of the Commons were favourable to that enactment, and although they had passed it a few weeks before for Scotland, and with considerably greater change of the existing law. Availing themselves of the approach of prorogation, a few members succeeded in throwing out the provision by which the Lords and their Select Committee had proposed that, if ten of a jury agree, and only two of the twelve jurors hold out, the verdict of the ten should be taken, instead of the whole proceeding being frustrated, and another trial becoming necessary. The Scotch Bill which had already gone through the House without opposition enabled the court to take the verdict, not of ten, but of nine jurors. Nay, that bill, receiving the assent of the Lords, is now the law of Scotland, while in England the old and most barbarous law remains, at least in theory, by which the jurors may be carted to the borders of the county if they cannot agree, and by which it continually

happens in practice that a jury is discharged and a second trial inflicted on the litigants, if a single juror holds out against the other eleven.

This was the result of the pernicious power possessed by a knot of dissentients at the end of the session. The Government would not, or could not, keep its supporters together, else it might have defied the handful of objectors by announcing that Parliament must sit until the business was disposed of. But not only did the approaching prorogation enable a few members to mutilate the bill,—it enabled others to add a provision of the most objectionable description, and which we will do the Ministers the justice to say we are quite sure would never have been permitted except to avoid the endless discussion of clauses in the House. The power is actually given to the Crown, by order in council, to apply all and every part of the provisions of the Act to all courts of record, or to any one or more such courts, and from time to time to alter or annul such orders. Now, to take an example: one of the provisions extends the new laws of evidence to all civil courts, including the authority given to the judge to dispense with an oath. But this general power enables the Crown to give all or any criminal court of record the same dispensing authority. Nay, the Crown may interpose between a party's commitment and his trial and alter the law of evidence,—for example, that which requires all witnesses to be sworn, or that requiring attesting witnesses in all cases to be called—and afterwards alter it back between his conviction and his sentence, should that have been deferred for a month, so that the notice might be given in the Gazette. Nor is there the ordinary guard, when legislative powers are sometimes conferred upon the courts (that is, upon the whole judges), of requiring the rules they may make to be laid before Parliament, and such rules only to be binding in case neither House shall object within a given time. We will venture very confidently to affirm, that such an unheard-of power never could have been sanctioned had not everything been involved in confusion in consequence of the approaching termination of the session. It is a fact that by one amendment of the Commons the new law of evidence was extended to Ireland; and this, with all the other changes in the bill, only reached the House of Lords so late that the order to print them was made 9th August, and they were agreed to on the 10th, with an exception, which the Commons allowed on the 11th, and the prorogation took place on the 12th!

Men have dwelt upon the many important bills, well considered



sidered in the Lords, and postponed in the Commons, chiefly for the same reason that prevented the supporters of the Procedure Bill from carrying it as the Lords had recommended. But as on some at least of these measures a difference of opinion existed, we shall only refer to one in which there really was no opposition, save that which proceeded from the refractory few who took advantage of the period of the session,—we mean the Bills of Exchange Act, which all the Law Lords had warmly supported, to which not the least objection had ever been made in any stage, until, after six or seven weeks' delay in the Commons, it was cavilled at, but carried by a very great majority. Petitions were presented, earnestly urging the Commons to adopt it, signed by two hundred and fifty of the great City firms—in fact by the whole of that mercantile community, on whose application the measure had been introduced by Lord Brougham. Its object was to give the same remedy to the holders of bills or notes in England which for a century and a half they have had in Scotland, and which they have in every country in the world, England excepted, by providing that whoever has under his own hand admitted himself to be indebted for value received, shall be obliged to pay his debt without dragging his creditor into a court of law. Though the Ministers strongly supported the bill, and all the opposition lawyers and leaders joined heartily in its support, it was found impossible to withstand the threats of a clique, of no weight either in or out of doors, of dividing and adjourning, and the bill was postponed.

We will give another example of a different kind. A bill was brought forward to dispense, in certain cases, with grand juries in the jurisdiction of the Central Criminal Court. There can be little doubt that the measure was highly beneficial, and it was introduced by the learned Recorder of London. But no one can maintain that it was a proposition which ought to pass as a matter of course, and without any discussion or even explanation. It went, however, through all its stages without a word being said either for or against it, and was of course postponed in the Lords when it was found that there were serious objections to some of its details, though none to the principle. But how had it then passed through the Commons? Just as the bill for abolishing in Scotland the requisite of unanimity in juries, and for enabling three-fourths to find a verdict, had passed with hardly any observation; it was because six months had been consumed in endless debating and wrangling upon subjects, the greater number of which were of little moment, and the bulk of the more important required not a twentieth part of the talk lavished upon them.

them. The House, at the close of the long series of discussions, is invariably emptied in part of its members, and those who remain are far too impatient and exhausted to deal with subjects of real importance.

It would be most unbecoming, and it would be also premature, to conclude that the House of Commons as at present constituted is incapable of transacting the business of the country. But it may be permitted to doubt if, without some change in the course of its procedure, it can so discharge its high duties as to retain for constitutional government that respect and affection which we devoutly hope ever to see it command. Much is said of the superabundance of lawyers, much of the conduct of Irish members; but a good deal must be set down to the general account of the greatly increased proportion of members whose numerous constituents expect them to debate, or who at least expect by debating to secure the favour of their constituents. Whether it may be possible to reconcile this state of things to the power of transacting business, and that regulations may be devised so as not to interrupt the relations between the representative body and the constituent, time only can show. Every effort should be made to bring about so desirable a consummation; and to disappoint the expectations of those in other countries who are fond of pointing at the failures of our system, as showing the impossibility of Parliamentary government. Nor are we at all disposed to admit that a good deal of the evils complained of may not be traced to the conduct of the Government. Our object, however, at present is merely to call the attention of those to the evil who are best fitted to deal with it. Dull as the subject will seem to most persons, and destitute as it is of everything which can excite party passion, there is yet none more important. Upon the manner in which the business part of the legislative functions of Parliament is transacted depends an enormous proportion of the good done, and the evil prevented. Debating is at best a means to an end; but when the end is neglected, and an immensity of benefit lost to the country for no other purpose than that members may talk, it would be well for the House and constituents to consider whether it would not be worth while to exchange bad speeches for better measures.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Les Excentriques et les Humoristes Anglais au Dixhuitième Siècle.* Par M. Philarète Chasles. Paris. 1848.  
 2. *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century.* By W. M. Thackeray. London. 1853.  
 3. *Satire and Satirists.* By James Hannay. London. 1854.

FEW things are in their nature so fleeting as a joker's reputation. Within a generation it lives and dies. The jest may survive, but the jester is forgotten, and it is wit that flies unclaimed of any man; or, more frequently, jest and jester both have passed away, and darkness has swallowed up the fireworks altogether. And this perhaps is better than to outlive liking, even in so trumpery a matter as a broad-grin. Horace Walpole has told us how much Lord Leicester suffered who had such a run in George the First's reign, when, having retired for a few years, he returned to town with a new generation, recommenced his old routine, and was taken for a driveller; and one would not choose to have been that universally popular wit of the reign of Charles the First, who, according to Sir William Temple, was found to be an intolerable bore at the court of Charles the Second.

But it is not simply that this kind of reputation has small value or duration in itself, but that it lowers any higher claim in its possessor. Laughter runs a losing race against the decencies and decorums; and even Swift, when he would have taken his proper place on the topmost round of the ladder, was tripped up by the *Tale of a Tub*. So much the weaker his chances, whose laughter has dealt with what partakes itself of the transitory; who has turned it against the accidents and follies of life; who has connected it with the obtrusive peculiarities of character, as much as with its substance and realities; and who must therefore look to be himself not always fairly associated with the trivialities he has singled out for scorn. In life, and in books, it is the same. It is wonderful how seldom men of great social repute have been permitted to enjoy any other; and there is written wisdom of old date to this day unappreciated, because of the laughing and light exterior it presents to us. In an age of little wit and perpetual joking, this is a fault which has not much chance of remedy.

Of the three books whose title-pages are transcribed at the head of this article, the reader may candidly be told that it is not our intention to say anything. What we are going to write is suggested by what we have *not* found in them. In the first, an ingenious Frenchman, and noted Anglo-maniac, reveals the discoveries he has made of eccentric Englishmen, from  
 Swift



Swift to Charles Lamb. In the second, a contemporary English humourist, himself of no small distinction, eloquently discourses of his illustrious predecessors from Addison to Goldsmith, and passes upon them some hasty and many subtle sentences. In the third, a young and deserving writer, whose cleverness would be not less relished if a little less familiar and self-satisfied in tone, takes in hand the whole subject of Satire and Satirists, dismisses Q. Horatius Flaccus with the same easy decision as Mr. Punch, and is as much at home with Juvenal and George Buchanan as with Thomas Moore and Theodore Hook. Yet in these three successive volumes-full of English heroes, of eccentricity, humour, and satire, there is One name altogether omitted which might have stood as the type of all; being that of an Englishman as eccentric, humorous, and satirical as any this nation has bred. To the absent figure in the procession, therefore, we are about to turn aside to offer tribute. We propose to speak of that forgotten name; and to show its claims to have been remembered, even though it now be little more than a name.

It was once both a terrible and a delightful reality. It expressed a bitterness of sarcasm and ridicule unexampled in England; and a vivacity, intelligence, and gaiety, a ready and unfailing humour, to which a parallel could scarcely be found among the choicest wits of France. It was the name of a man so popular and diffused, that it would be difficult to say to what class of his countrymen he gave the greatest amount of amusement; it was the name of a man also more dreaded, than any since his who laid the princes of Europe under terror-stricken contribution, and to whom the Great Turk himself offered hush-money. 'Mr. Foote was a man of wonderful abilities,' says Garrick, 'and the most entertaining companion I have ever known.' 'There is hardly a public man in England,' says Davies, 'who has not entered Mr. Foote's theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of seeing himself laughed at.' 'Sure if ever one person,' says Tate Wilkinson, 'possessed the talents of pleasing more than another, Mr. Foote was the man.' 'Upon my word,' writes Horace Walpole, 'if Mr. Foote be not check'd, we shall have the army itself, on its return from Boston, besieged in the Haymarket.' Such and so various were the emotions once inspired by him who has now lost command alike over our fears and our enjoyments; and whose name is not thought even worthy of mention, by lecturers aiming to be popular, among the Humourists and Satirists of the eighteenth century.

We have hinted at one reason for such forgetfulness, but that is

is not all. He who merely shoots a folly as it flies, may have no right to outlive the folly he lays low; but Foote's aim was not so limited. He proposed to instruct, as well as to amuse, his countrymen; he wrote what he believed to be comedies, as well as what he knew to be farces; he laughed freely at what he thought ridiculous in others, but he aspired also to produce what should be admirable and enduring of his own. 'My scenes,' he said on one occasion, 'have been collected from general nature, and are applicable to none but those who, through consciousness, are compelled to a self-application. To that mark, if Comedy directs not her aim, her arrows are shot in the air; for by what touches no man, no man will be amended.' This plea has not been admitted, however. Whenever he is now named, it is as a satirist of peculiarities, not as an observer of character; it is as a writer whose reputation has perished, with the personalities that alone gave it zest; it is as a comedian who so exclusively addressed himself to the audience of his theatre, that posterity has been obliged to decline having any business or concern with him.

Smarting from some ridicule poured out at his dinner-table, Boswell complained to Johnson that the host had made fools of his guests, and was met by a sarcasm bitter as Foote's own. 'Why, Sir, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint: you go to see a man who will be entertained at your house, and then bring you on a public stage; who will entertain you at his house, for the very purpose of bringing you on a public stage. Sir, he does not make fools of his company: they whom he exposes are fools already; he only brings them into action.' The same opinion he expressed more gravely in another conversation, when, admitting Foote's humour, and his singular talent for exhibiting character, he qualified it not as a talent but a vice, such as other men abstain from;\* and described it to be not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, but farce, which exhibits individuals. Be this hasty or deliberate, false or true, the imputation conveyed by it follows Foote still, and gathers bulk as it rolls. When Sir Walter Scott speaks of him, it is as an unprincipled satirist, who, while he affected to be the terror of vice and folly, was only anxious to extort forbearance-money from the timid, or to fill his theatre at the indiscriminate expense of friends and enemies, virtuous or vicious, who pre-

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\* Yet even Johnson could admit that there were cases where he would have relaxed his own rule, and rejoiced to see administered, even upon individuals, the lash which Foote wielded with such effect. 'Sir, I wish he had him,' he said to Boswell, who had named a miserly acquaintance of theirs as a capital subject for Foote. 'I, who have eaten his bread, will not give him to him, but I should be glad he came honestly by him.'

sented foibles capable of being turned into ridicule. When Mr. Macaulay speaks of him, it is as a man whose mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but all caricature ; and who could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northumbrian burr or an Irish brogue, a stoop or a shuffle. If we had absolute faith in any of these judgments, this article would not have been begun.

A careful examination of Foote's writings has satisfied us that they are not unworthy of a very high place in literature, though not perhaps in all respects the place he would have claimed ; and it is worth remark that in defending them he has himself anticipated Mr. Macaulay's illustration. He declines to introduce upon the scene a lady from the north, with the true Newcastle burr in her throat ; he recognises no subject for ridicule in the accidental unhappiness of a national brogue, for which a man is no more to be held accountable than for the colour of his hair : but he sees the true object and occasion for satire where all true satirists have found it, namely, in all kinds of affectation or pretence ; in whatever assumes to be what it is not, or strives to be what it cannot. That he did not uniformly remember this, is with regret to be admitted, seeing the effect it has had upon his reputation ; but it is not in his writings that his most marked deviations from it are discoverable. For it is not because real characters are there occasionally introduced, that the verdict is at once to pass against him. Vanbrugh's Miss Jenny, was a certain Derbyshire Miss Lowe ; Cibber's Lady Grace, was Lady Betty Cecil ; Farquhar's Justice Balance, was a well-known Mr. Beverley ; and Molière, who struck the fashions and humours of his age into forms that are immortal, has perpetuated with them the vices and foibles of many a living contemporary. In all these cases, the question still remains whether the individual folly or vice, obtruding itself on the public, may not so far represent a general defect, as to justify public satire for the sake of the warning it more widely conveys. It will not do to confine ridicule exclusively to folly and vice, and to refrain, in case of need, from laying the lash on the knave and the fool. But such reasonable opportunities are extremely rare ; and it even more rarely happens that what is thus strictly personal in satire, does not also involve individual injustice and wrong. It is, beyond doubt, no small ground for distrust of its virtues, that the public should be always so eager to welcome it. No one has expressed this more happily than Foote himself, when, levelling his blow at Churchill, he makes his publisher Mr. Puff object to a poem full of praise :

‘ Why, who the devil will give money to be told that Mr. Such-a-one



one is a wiser or better man than himself? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire, now, well-powdered with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party, that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level—*there, there*, we are pleased; there we chuckle and grin, and toss the half-crown on the counter.'

Unhappily this was his own case not less; for he, too, had to provide pleasure for those who went to chuckle, and grin, and toss their half-crowns at the pay-place of the Haymarket. And it was in serving-up the dish for this purpose, rather than in first preparing it; it was in the powdering and peppering for the table, rather than in the composition and cooking; in a word, it was less by the deliberate intention of the writer than by the ready mimicry and humorous impromptu of the actor, that Foote gave mortal offence to so many of his countrymen, did irreparable wrong very often to the least offending, began himself to pay the penalty in suffering before he died, and is paying the penalty still in character and fame.

It is this which explains any difference to be noted between the claims put forth by himself, and the verdict recorded by his contemporaries. The writings we shall shortly introduce to the reader would little avail, in themselves, to account for the mixed emotions they inspired. That which gave them terror, has of course long departed from them; but by reviving so much of it as description may tamely exhibit, and by connecting with Foote's personal career some idea of the overflowing abundance and extravagance of his humour, it is possible that their laughter and wit may win back some part of the appreciation they have lost, and a fair explanation be supplied not only of the genius of this remarkable man, and of the peculiar influence he exerted while he lived, but of the causes which have intercepted his due possession and ungrudged enjoyment of the

'Estate that wits inherit after death.'

The strength and predominance of Foote's humour lay in its readiness. Whatever the call that might be made upon it, there it was. Other men were humorous as the occasion arose to them, but to him the occasion was never wanting. Others might be foiled or disabled by the lucky stroke of an adversary, but he took only the quicker rebound from what would have laid them prostrate. To put him out was not possible. He was talking away one evening, at the dinner-table of a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the party interrupted him suddenly with an air of most considerate apology, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket.' 'Thank you, Sir,' said Foote, replacing

placing it; 'you know the company better than I do:' and finished his joke. At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Ancients, the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin when a buz of laughter from where Foote stood ran through the room, and Macklin, thinking to throw the laughter off his guard, and effectually for that night disarm his ridicule, turned to him with this question, in his most severe and pompous manner. 'Well, Sir, you seem to be very merry there, but do you know what I am going to say, now?' 'No, Sir,' at once replied Foote; '*pray, do you?*' One night at his friend Delaval's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. 'Why, what would you have?' exclaimed Foote, good-humouredly putting it aside; 'of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take *myself* off.' 'Gadso!' cried the malcontent, 'that I should like to see:' upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.

No one could so promptly overthrow an assailant; so quietly rebuke an avarice or meanness; so effectually 'abate and dissolve' any ignorant affectation or pretension. 'Why do you attack my weakest part?' he asked, of one who had raised a laugh against what Johnson calls his *depeditation*: 'did I ever say anything about your head?' Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and enormous age. 'It is very little of its age,' said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass. A stately and silly country squire was regaling a large party with the number of fashionable folk he had visited that morning. 'And among the rest,' he said, 'I called upon my good friend the Earl of Chol-mon-dely, but he was not at home.' 'That is exceedingly surprising,' said Foote; 'what! nor none of his pe-o-ple?' Being in company where Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, 'Don't be too prodigal of it,' Foote quietly interposed, 'or you may leave none for yourself.' The then Duke of Cumberland (the *foolish* Duke, as he was called) came one night into the green-room at the Haymarket Theatre. 'Well, Foote,' said he, 'here I am, ready, as usual, to swallow all your good things.' 'Really,' replied Foote, 'your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again.' 'Why are you for ever humming that air?' he asked a man without a sense of tune in him. 'Because it haunts me.'

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‘No wonder,’ said Foote: ‘you are for ever murdering it.’ One of Mrs. Montagu’s blue-stockings fastened upon him at one of the routs in Portman-square with her views of *Locke on the Understanding*, which she protested she admired above all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) ‘*ide-a*’; but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation.’ ‘You are perfectly right, Madam,’ said Foote; ‘it comes from the word *ideaowski*.’ ‘And pray, Sir, what does that mean?’ ‘The feminine of idiot, Madam.’ Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire he really did not well know what to do: ‘Take my advice, Doctor,’ says Foote, ‘and put your poems where your irons are.’ Not less distressed on another occasion by a mercantile man of his acquaintance, who had also not only written a poem but exacted a promise that he would listen to it, and who mercilessly stopped to tax him with inattention even before advancing beyond the first pompous line, ‘*Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!* pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote.’ ‘I am,’ said Foote; ‘nine and one are ten; go on!’

The only men of his day, putting aside Johnson’s later fame, who had the least pretension to compare with him in social repute, were Quin for wit, and Garrick for powers of conversation. But Quin was restricted to particular walks of humour; and his jokes, though among the most masterly in the language, had undoubtedly a certain strong, morose, surly vein, like the characters he was so great in. Foote’s range, on the other hand, was as universal as society and scholarship could make it; and Davies, who was no great friend of his, says it would have been much more unfashionable not to have laughed at Foote’s jokes, than even at Quin’s. Garrick again, though nothing could be more delightful than the gaiety of his talk, had yet to struggle always with a certain restless misgiving, which made him the sport of men who were much his inferiors. Johnson puts the matter kindly.

‘Garrick, Sir, has some delicacy of feeling; it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of him: but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew; when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape.’

Could familiar language describe Falstaff better than this, which hits off the character of Foote’s humour exactly? It was incompressible. No matter what the truth of any subject might be,



be, or however strong the position of any adversary, he managed to get the laugh on his own side. It was not merely a quickness of fancy, a brilliance of witty resource, a ready and expert audacity of invention; but that there was a fulness and invincibility of *courage* in the man, call it moral or immoral, which unfailingly warded off humiliation. In another form the same remark was made on another occasion by Johnson, when some one in his company insisted that Foote was a mere buffoon and merry-andrew, and the conscientious Samuel interposed of his less conscientious namesake :

‘But he has wit too, and is not deficient in ideas, or in fertility and variety of imagery, and not empty of reading; he has knowledge enough to fill up his part. One species of wit he has in an eminent degree, that of escape. You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he’s gone, Sir, when you think you have got him—like an animal that jumps over your head. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse.’

A position of greater temptation is hardly conceivable than that of a man gifted with such powers, and free from such restraints; and the outline we now propose to give of his career will best show to what extent he was able to resist the temptation, to what extent he fell. Johnson admits, while certainly he underrates, his scholarship; and detects, though he exaggerates, his chief moral defect; but he also asserts, what the contradictory testimony of too many witnesses forbids us to believe, that he was not a good mimic. He seems on the contrary to have carried mimicry much higher than its ordinary strain, by combining with it a comic genius and invention peculiar to himself. It is seldom a mere mimic is so extraordinarily endowed. This gave him the range of character as well as of manners, in the perception and appropriation of what was ludicrous; and put a surprising vitality into his satire.

It was at the same time that dangerous facility and force of imitation, which, in connexion with the exuberance of his humour, most limited his power of resisting its indulgence. None better than himself knew the disadvantage at which it often placed him, compared with duller men, and there is affecting significance in his remark to young O’Keefe, ‘Take care of your wit,’ he said; ‘bottle up your wit.’ In the sketch we are about to attempt, not a few indications will appear that Foote, often as he subjected himself to the charge of cruelty and inhumanity, had certainly not a malignant disposition. But in his case we shall do well to remember what Halifax said of Bishop Burnet, that our nature scarcely allows us to be well supplied with anything, without  
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our having too much of it; and that it is hard for a vessel that is brimful, when in motion not to run over. The habit of jesting and contempt, and of looking always at the ludicrous and sarcastic side, got the mastery over Foote; it became a tyranny from which there was no escape; and its practice was far more frequent, and its application more wide, than even such potency of humour as his could justify, or render other than hurtful and degrading to his own nature.

Perhaps the most startling introduction upon record to a club of wits, is that for which Foote, when a youth of one-and-twenty, had to thank the Mr. Cooke who translated Hesiod. 'This,' said Mr. Cooke, presenting his protégé, 'is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother.' Startling as the statement was, however, it was quite true; and it is probable that Mr. Cooke, who had an ingenious turn for living in idleness by his wits, and was reported to have subsisted for twenty years on a translation of Plautus for which he was always taking subscriptions, thought of nothing in making it but his young friend's luck and advantage, in having come to a considerable fortune by such windfalls as a murder and an execution. Such was actually the case; and the eccentric translator was now helping him to spend his fortune, by making him known at his favourite club.

Samuel Foote, born at Truro in 1720, came of what in courtesy must be called a good family, notwithstanding the alarming fact just mentioned. His father had some time sat in parliament as member for Tiverton; and in 1720 was an active Cornish magistrate and influential country gentleman, receiver of fines for the duchy, and a joint commissioner of the Prize Office. His mother\* was the daughter of a baronet, Sir Edward Goodere, who represented the county of Hereford for many years; and who, by marriage with the granddaughter of the Earl of Rutland, had connected with his own family the not less ancient stock of the Dineleys, of Charlton in Worcestershire. This connection

\* She survived till she was 84. She lived to see the triumphs of her son, and was spared the knowledge of his suffering. She died shortly before the affair of the Duchess of Kingston, when Foote defended her memory with affection and spirit. 'Her fortune was large,' he said in his famous letter, 'and her morals irreproachable, till your Grace condescended to stain them. She was upwards of fourscore years old when she died; and what will surprise your Grace, was never married but once in her life.' When she was 79 years old, Cooke dined with her in company with her granddaughter, at a barrister's in Gray's Inn, and, though she had sixty steps to ascend to the drawing-room, she did it without the help of a cane, and with the activity of a woman of forty. Her talk, too, surprised every one. It was witty, humorous, and convivial, and made her the heroine of the party. She had the figure and face of her son, with the same continual mirth and humour in the eye.

placed young Sam in the collegiate school at Worcester, from which, as founder's kin, he was in his seventeenth year elected scholar of Worcester College in Oxford. Being a quick, clever lad, he was a favourite with the master, Dr. Miles; but what already drew most attention to him was his mimicry of grown-up people, his talent for making fun of his elders and superiors. Arthur Murphy, on whom Johnson so repeatedly urged the duty of writing some account of him that he began to collect materials for it, found upon inquiry a tradition remaining in the school that the boys often suffered on a Monday for preferring Sam's laughter to their lessons, for, whenever he had dined on the Sunday with any of his relatives, his jokes and imitations next day at the expense of the family entertaining him had all the fascination of a stage play. Murphy adds his belief that he acted Punch in disguise during his student career at Oxford.

He certainly acted, without disguise, many kinds of extravagance there, of which the principal drift was to turn the laugh, when he could, against the provost of his college, with of course the unavoidable result of penalties and impositions, which became themselves however but the occasion for a new and broader laugh. Provost Gower was a pedant of the most uncompromising school, and Foote would present himself to receive his reprimand with great apparent gravity and submission, but with a large dictionary under his arm; when, on the Doctor beginning in his usual pompous manner with a surprisingly long word, he would immediately interrupt him, and, after begging pardon with great formality, would produce his dictionary, and pretending to find the meaning of the word would say 'Very well, sir; now please to go on.' It is clear, however, that under no extent of laxity of discipline could this be expected to go on; and accordingly we find him, in the third year of his under-graduateship, after an interval of gaiety at Bath, flaming suddenly through Oxford in society not very worshipful, attended by two footmen, and with a ridiculous quantity of lace about his clothes; taken to task more gravely than usual for so marked an indecorum; and quitting college in consequence, in 1740, 'but without any public censure.'

That he quitted it, in spite of all these follies, with a very respectable amount of scholarship, there can be no question; and this he now carried up to London, entering himself of the Temple. It had been settled that the law was to be the making of his fortune, ever since a scene of mimicry at his father's dinner-table some four years before this date, long remembered and related by his mother, when he had taken measure of the judicial wit of no less than three justices of quorum in an imaginary affiliation case.



case. Nevertheless it did not prefigure the woolsack, all that ensued to him from a nearer acquaintance with the law being greater facilities for laughing at it. But it is difficult to say what effect the tragedy of his uncles may have had on the outset of his studies. Hardly had he begun residence in the Temple, when this frightful catastrophe became the talk of the town.

A family quarrel of long standing existed between these two brothers of Mrs. Foote (Sir John Dineley Goodere, and Capt. Samuel Goodere, R.N.), and had very recently assumed a character of such bitterness, that the baronet, who was unmarried and somewhat eccentric in his ways, had cut off the entail of the family estate in favour of his sister's issue, to the exclusion of the captain, who nevertheless had seized the occasion of an unexpected visit of his brother to Bristol, in the winter of 1741, somewhat ostentatiously to seek a reconciliation with him; having previously arranged that on the very night of their friendly meeting a pressgang, partly selected from his own ship, the *Ruby* man-of-war, and partly from the *Vernon* privateer, both lying at the time in the King's-road, should seize and hurry Sir John into a boat on the river, and thence secrete him in the purser's cabin of the *Ruby*. The whole thing was wonderfully devised to assume the character of one of the outrages far from uncommon in seaports in those days; but as usual the artifice was overdone. The Captain's publicly-acted reconciliation directed suspicion against him; even among the savage instruments of his dreadful deed, some sparks of feeling and conscience were struck out; and one man who saw through a crevice in the woodwork of the cabin two of the worst ruffians in the ship strangle the poor struggling victim, swore also, in confirmation of the evidence of others who had witnessed their commander's watch outside the door at the supposed time of the murder and his subsequent sudden disappearance inside, that in about a minute after the deed was done he saw an arm stretched out, and a *white hand* on the throat of the deceased.

Captain Goodere would have defended himself by the plea that he had no part in the murder, and that his share in the seizure of his brother was only to withdraw him from improper influences until a settlement of the question whether his eccentricities should not render him incapable of disposing of his property; the friends of the murderer on the other hand would have defended *him* on the plea, that the act, if he had indeed committed it, was not that of a person in his senses. But as occasional eccentricities are no definition of perfect madness, so neither can any murderer be considered so perfectly sane as to be entitled to escape responsibility on proof that

that he may sometimes have lost self-command ; \* and Capt. Goodere, therefore, was duly and deservedly hanged ; and a portion of the family inheritance came to young Sam Foote ; and Mr. Hesiod Cooke took him to his club, as already we have faithfully recorded.

Those were great days for clubs and taverns. The Grecian, in Devereux-court, still retained some portion of that fame for Temple wit which made Steele propose to date from it his learned papers in the *Tatler*, and here was Foote's morning lounge ; while in the evening he sought the Bedford in Covent-garden, which had succeeded lately to the theatrical glories of Tom's and Will's, and where, to be one of the knot of well-dressed people that met there and modestly called themselves the world, was of course a natural object of youthful aspiration. For the vicinity of the theatre was still the head-quarters of wit ; and still the ingenious apophthegm of Steele's passed current, that what the bank was to the credit of the nation the playhouse was to its politeness and good manners. Here accordingly breaks upon us the first clear glimpse of our hero. A well-known physician and theatrical critic of the day, Dr. Barrowby, sketches him for us. One evening, he says, he saw a young man extravagantly dressed out in a frock suit of green and silver lace, bag wig, sword, bouquet, and point-ruffles, enter the room, and immediately join the critical circle at the upper end. Nobody recognised him ; but such was the ease of his bearing, and the point and humour of remark with which he at once took part in the conversation, that his presence seemed to disconcert no one ; and a sort of pleased buz of '*Who is he ?*' was still going round the room unanswered, when a handsome carriage stopped at the door, he rose and quitted the room, and the servants announced that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, a student of the Inner Temple, and that the carriage had called for him on its way to the assembly of a lady of fashion.

Any more definite notion of his pursuits within the next two years we fail to get, but he underwent some startling vicissitudes. For some months of the time he appears to have rented Charlton-house, once the family seat in Worcestershire ; and here there is a pleasant story told of his having his former schoolmaster Doctor Miles to dine with him amidst his magnificence, when

\* This detestable doctrine, which will always have its advocates, nor ever want the sapient sanction of British jurymen, was most offensive to the manly and robust sense of Doctor Johnson. 'He was,' says Sir John Hawkins, 'a great enemy to the present fashionable way of supposing worthless and infamous persons mad.'

the unworldly old pedagogue, amazed at the splendour, innocently asked his quondam pupil how much it might cost, and got for answer that he did not then know how much it might cost, but certainly soon *should* know how much it would bring. And doubtless this anticipation came very suddenly true ; for an old schoolfellow told Murphy that he remembered dining with him in the Fleet within the same year, in company with a man named Waite, confined there for a fraudulent debt to the bank ; when, Waite having supplied the turbot, venison, and claret for the feast, and young Foote the wit, humour, and jollity, never did he pass so cheerful a day. Murphy adds the surprising fact that his first essay as an author was written at about this time, and that it was 'a pamphlet giving an account of one of his uncles who was executed for murdering his other uncle.'

We have made unavailing search for this pamphlet, any account of which at second hand it is manifestly dangerous to take. But by those who profess to have seen it, it is represented to have been a quasi-defence of the justly-hanged captain ; a sort of 'putting the best face' on the family discredit ; though in what way this too-partial nephew could possibly prove that the one uncle did not deserve strangling publicly, without at the same time making it clear that the other uncle *did* deserve strangling privately, we are quite at a loss to comprehend. That he wrote some such pamphlet, however, seems certain, urged to it by hunger and the ten pounds of an Old Bailey bookseller ; the subject continuing to occupy all the gossips and horror-mongers about town, the nephew being supposed to know more of 'the rights of it' than anybody else, and the condition of the publication being the suppression of his name as its writer. Such certainly was the extremity of his need at the moment, that on the day he took his manuscript to its very proper destination, at the Old Bailey, 'he was,' says Cooke, 'actually obliged to wear his boots without stockings, and on his receiving his ten pounds he stopped at a hosier's in Fleet-street to remedy that defect ;' but hardly had he issued from the shop when two old Oxford associates, arrived in London on a frolic, recognised him and bore him off to dinner at the Bedford ; where, as the glass began to circulate, the state of his wardrobe came within view, and he was asked what the deuce had become of his stockings ? 'Why,' said Foote, unembarrassed, 'I never wear any at this time of the year, till I am going to dress for the evening ; and you see,' pulling his purchase out of his pocket, and silencing the laugh and the suspicion of his friends, 'I am always provided with a pair for the occasion.'

This anecdote rests on the authority of Mr. William Cooke,



commonly called Conversation Cooke, who put together half a century since, for Sir Richard Phillips's book-mart, a memoir of Foote not without many points of merit, though discrimination is not one of them; and who, with Murphy, fixes the date of the pamphlet at the period when its author, 'immersed in all the expensive follies of the times, had just outrun his first fortune.' His second fortune is supposed to have fallen to him on his father's death; but the dates and circumstances are not at all clear, and Mr. Cooke further confuses them by the statement that the worthy old magistrate, shortly before he died, had sanctioned his son's marriage with a young Worcestershire lady, and received them in Cornwall for the honeymoon; when, on their arrival one dreary January night, a serenade was heard which no one next morning could account for, and, the moment being carefully noted by Foote, it turned out afterwards to be exactly that of the consummation of the frightful tragedy at Bristol. 'Foote always asserted the fact of this occurrence,' says Cooke, 'with a most striking gravity of belief, though he could by no means account for it.' It may have been so, but the alleged marriage is equally difficult to account for, and would seem indeed to rest on no sufficient authority. No traces of any such settled connection are discoverable in Foote's career. The two sons that were born to him, were not born in wedlock; and when the maturer part of his life arrived, and the titled and wealthy crowded to his table, his home had never any recognised mistress. Indeed he used wittily to give as his laughing excuse for bachelorhood, that you must count a lady's age as you do a hand at picquet, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, *sixty*; and he had no ambition to awake one morning, and find himself matched so unequally for the whole length of a life.

But confused as are some of the dates and details at the outset of his career, the main particulars may be given with reasonable confidence; and the second fortune which undoubtedly he inherited, he had as certainly spent before he was twenty-four years old. The thing was then easily to be done by a hand or two at hazard. In 1742 and '43 he topped the part of a fine gentleman upon town; dressing it to such perfection, in morning and evening equipment, and giving such a grace to his bag-wig and solitaire, his sword, muff, and rings, that he received the frequent compliment of being taken for a foreigner. At the opening of 1744, however, the scene had again changed with him, and he was once more to be found among the wits and critics at the Bedford, with as much sore necessity to 'live by his wits as they. In this second clearly discernible appearance of him, Doctor Barrowby reappears also; and Foote for once has the laugh somewhat

somewhat against him. A remnant of his newly-wasted fortune is clinging to him still in the shape of a gold repeater, in those times something of a rarity, which he ostentatiously parades with the surprised remark, 'Why, my watch does not go!' 'It soon *will* go,' quietly says Doctor Barrowby.

Since we last looked in at the Bedford, the theatres have taken new importance, and the critics found fresh employment, in a stage-success without parallel within living recollection. When Foote went first to that coffee-house, one of its habitués was a lively little man who supplied it with 'red port;' with whom he formed an acquaintance; whom he then described living in Durham-yard with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant; and whom he afterwards knew living in the same locality, when Durham-yard had become the Adelphi, and the little wine merchant one of the first men in England for princely wealth and popularity. The close of 1741 saw Garrick's triumph at Goodman's-fields; and the two short years since, which had squandered Foote's fortunes, had firmly established Garrick's as the chief English actor and ornament of Drury-lane. But what the public so freely admitted, there were still critics and actors to dispute. There is no end, as Voltaire says, to the secret capacity for factions; and apart altogether from professional jealousy, when the town has nothing better to quarrel about, a success on the stage will set everybody by the ears. Very loud and violent just now, therefore, were the factions at the Bedford; and prominent was the part taken in them by Foote, and by an Irish actor whom some strength of intellect as well as many eccentricities distinguished from his fellows, already by his half-century of years (he was born before the battle of the Boyne) entitled to be called a veteran, and destined to live for more than half a century longer, but never at any time so generally successful as his particular successes might have seemed to warrant, and now not unnaturally impatient of such complete and universal favour as little Garrick had suddenly leaped into. For the truth was, that Garrick's re-introduction of the natural school had already been attempted by this Irish actor, Charles Macklin; who, undaunted by Mr. Rich's dismissal of him from the Lincoln's Inn Theatre twenty years back as far too familiar, and wanting the grand *hoity-toity* vein, had nevertheless since steadily persisted, and at last, eight months before Garrick appeared, got the town with him in Shylock; but there, unhappily, had been stopped by his hard voice and his harsh face, the tones in the one like the strokes of a hammer, the lines in the other like cordage. But for the time at least, heartily as he afterwards laughed at him, Foote's sympathy went without stint to the dis-

appointed veteran ; and together they formed a strong third party among the critics, standing between the foes and friends of Garrick ; maintaining that his familiarity was right, but was not familiar *enough*, and that he wanted the due amount of spirit and courage to take tragedy completely off the stilts. Of this view Foote became a startling and powerful exponent, and his criticism, which took more of the wide range of the world than of the limited one of books, showed one thing undoubtedly, that, reckless as this young spendthrift's career had been, his quick natural talents had protected him against its most degrading influences ; his practice of vice had not obscured his discernment of it, nor his experience of folly made his sense of it less keen ; and thus early he was a man of influence in the society of the day, before he had written his first farce, or even set foot upon the stage.

Meanwhile graver matters became importunate with him, from which the only immediate relief seemed to lie in the direction at present most familiar to him. He had to replace the means his extravagance had wasted, and the tendency of his habits and tastes pointed to the stage. From telling shrewdly what should be done, to showing as naturally how to do it, the transition seems easy when the necessity is great ; and Foote resolved to make the trial. He consulted with his friends, prominent among whom at this time were the celebrated Delavals—Francis, afterwards the baronet, and his brother, Lord Delaval—they were great lovers of the stage, and the help and co-operation of both confirmed his resolution. The time also peculiarly favoured it : for now occurred the dispute between the leading Drury-lane actors and Fleetwood, which ended in the violent rupture of Garrick and Macklin ; when, on the former unexpectedly returning to his allegiance, the latter drew off with the best company he could get together at the moment, went to the little ‘ wooden theatre ’ in the Haymarket, and threw defiance at the patentees. The licensing-act prevented his taking money at the doors, but the public were ‘ admitted by tickets delivered by Mr. Macklin ;’ and by advertising and beginning with a concert, he evaded its other provisions. Foote joined the secession, and selected *Othello* for his opening part.

It was the part that Farquhar tried, and failed in ; it was his friend Arthur Murphy's part, when *he* failed ; it was his friend Delaval's, on the occasion of a grand private play at Lord Mexborough's, his brother-in-law ; it was his imitator Tate Wilkinson's part, it was Barry's, it was Mossop's ; and whether a man was to fail or succeed, to plant himself on the heights of tragedy, to occupy the lesser ground of comedy, or to fall through altogether, *Othello* seemed still the first object of approach ; though less  
perhaps



perhaps as a main outwork of the citadel, than as offering, in the coloured face, a means of personal disguise often welcome to a debutant;—yet with all this it appears surprising that Foote, with his keen common sense and strong feeling for the ridiculous, should have chosen it. But some degree of gravity and enthusiasm is inseparable from youth, and as the part, moreover, was one that Garrick was held to have failed in, it was a bow remaining still to bend. ‘Here is Pompey,’ cried a wit from among the audience, when the little face-blackened man entered, in a regimental suit of King George the Second’s body-guard, with a flowing Ramlies wig, ‘but where is the tea-tray?’ Foote shares with old Quin in the fame of this celebrated joke, which was probably not without its effect in checking Garrick’s reappearance in a part, the mere colour and costume of which must have made such an object of him. And indeed this last was a point whereon Macklin and Foote had taken special counsel. Ever since Mr. Pope had nodded approval of his Shylock’s red hat, and said ‘it was very laudable,’ Macklin had been a great stickler for costume; and the Haymarket bill, announcing for the 6th February 1744 ‘a concert, after which *Othello*, *Othello* by a gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage,’ was not less careful to announce that ‘the character of *Othello* will be new dressed after the custom of his country.’

But the flowing eastern robe could not hide the actor’s defects. Foote failed in *Othello*, there can be no doubt. ‘Not but one could discover the scholar about the young fellow,’ said Macklin, ‘and that he perfectly knew what the author meant; but’——. Nevertheless, on a reference to the bills, we find that he repeated it three times; on the 13th, 20th, and 23rd of the same month; and that on the 10th of the following month he again acted it for a benefit at Drury Lane, being there announced as ‘the gentleman who lately performed it in the Haymarket.’ He took the same course exactly with the next part he played, that of Lord Foppington; in which he is said to have been more successful, having had hints from Cibber himself on which he whimsically improved. Nor can it be doubted that in comedy he so far at once made his ground safe, that the public had always a certain welcome for him in parts, which, though leading ones, he seems to have chosen as not absolutely possessed by more successful competitors; and to which therefore, with occasional sallies into such extraneous matter as Shylock, he will be found upon the whole shrewdly to restrict himself. In the winter of 1744-45 he went over to Dublin, and played with some success at the Smock-alley theatre, then just opened by Thomas Sheridan,

Sheridan, the son of Swift's friend; and in the winter of 1745-46 he was installed as one of the regular company at Drury-lane. His venture so far had succeeded, and the course of his future life was marked out.

No account has been kept of his performances in Dublin; for though he is said to have drawn crowded houses, his wit was more remembered than his acting, and one of the jokes he made may therefore here be recorded instead of the parts he played. Being asked what impression was conveyed to him by the condition of the Irish peasantry, he declared that it had settled a question which before had been a constant plague to him, and he now knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes. The comedies he appeared in at Drury-lane, the winter after his return, are in some degree evidence not only of the character of his acceptance with the public, but of what he felt, himself, in regard to his powers. He played, four times, Sir Harry Wildair in Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, with Peg Woffington, herself the once famous Sir Harry, for his Lady Lurewell. He repeated Lord Foppington, in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, several times; with Mrs. Woffington as Berinthia, and Mrs. Clive as Miss Hoyden. He revived Addison's comedy of the *Drummer*, which had not been presented for some years; that he might perform Tinsel. He played Sir Novelty Fashion in Cibber's *Love's Last Shift*. He played Sir Courtly Nice in Crowne's comedy of that name. He played the Younger Loveless in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, on the occasion of Mrs. Woffington selecting it for her benefit. He repeated, five or six times, the part of Dick in Vanbrugh's *Confederacy*. And finally, he appeared in the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, and gave, to the general surprise and delight of many audiences, and the particular consternation of some individuals among them, his version of the celebrated Bayes.

In this selected list one cannot but recognise something of the personal wit and humorous peculiarity of the man. As the town would not have him in characters that would have carried him out of himself, he darted at once into the other extreme of playing characters closely resembling himself, and took his audiences into confidence with his personal weaknesses and failings. What he now played, he was or had been. He was the graceless son, the adventurer with the handsome leg; he was the flimsy fop and dandy, who had made a god of his tailor and scorned essential for non-essential things; he was the very embodiment of the heedless, light-hearted coxcomb, the type of youthful spirits and recklessness let loose upon the world. But what a man is, he does not always look; and in such plays as these,

these, it was Foote's disadvantage that his appearance told against him. In person he was short, with a tendency to stoutness; his face even in youth was round, fleshy, and flat, and his nose had breadth, without strength or delicacy; though he had a pleasing expression of mouth, more refined than in a man of his temperament might perhaps have been looked for; and he had an eye in whose sparkling depths lay a spring of humour unfailing and perpetual, which would have raised from insignificance or repulsiveness features fifty times as coarse or inelegant. In that dramatic gallery of the Garrick Club which may hereafter, to Horace Walpole's traveller from New York, or Mr. Macaulay's from New Zealand, be as the Nineveh of a delightful art even now lost and past away, there hangs a copy of the portrait by Reynolds in possession of the Duke of Newcastle, in which all this is visible yet; for though years of indulgence have done their work, and you look on the hardened clumsy features, the settled look, the painful stoop and infirmity of his later life, you see through them still what as a young man Foote must have been—a shrewd, keen, observant, mirthful, thoroughly intellectual man, but not exactly Sir Harry Wildair, Dick Amlet, or my Lord Foppington. And so the matter seems to have struck himself, notwithstanding the amount of favour he received in such parts; for the expression is attributed to him, 'If they won't have me in tragedy, and I am not fit for comedy, what the deuce *am* I fit for?' A question which it was possible to answer more satisfactorily when he had once played the character of Bayes. It is not unlikely that this performance shaped entirely his subsequent career.

Garrick introduced imitations into Bayes. The tradition of the part had connected it with Dryden, even to the great old poet's full suit of black velvet; but Garrick took off the black velvet, put on a shabby old-fashioned black coat, and presented a mere quizzable, conceited, solemn ass of a poet, going about reciting his own verses. Cibber condemned the innovation; and Lord Chesterfield said that Bayes had lost dignity by it, and, no longer the burlesque of a great poet, was become no better than a garretter; but besides that the character is really no higher than this, the hearty enjoyment of his audiences justified Garrick; and when, in the delivery of the verses, he gave a succession of comical pictures of the actors most familiar to them, they laughed and cheered him to the echo. Garrick's idea Foote now seized, and worked out after his own fashion. What was mirthful exaggeration in Garrick, in him became bitter sarcasm; the licence Garrick had confined to the theatre, Foote carried with keener aim beyond it; the bad actors on the



the mimic stage he kept in countenance by worse actors on the real one; he laughed alike at the grave public transactions, and the flying absurdities, of the day; at the debates in parliament, the failures of the rebels, the follies of the quidnuncs; at politicians, play-writers, players; and as, flash upon flash, the merriment arose, Foote must at last have felt where in all respects his real strength lay, and that there was a vacant place in theatres he might of right take possession of, a ground to be occupied without rival or competitor. Davies says, no doubt truly, that what he improvised and added to Bayes was as good as the original, indeed not distinguishable from it but by greater novelty of allusion. Why not strike out, then, another Bayes more strictly suited to himself, equip himself with character and wit provided solely from his own brain, and, with the high claim and double strength of author as well as actor, carry the town by storm?

The last night of his performance at Drury-lane was at the close of April, 1746; the interval he employed in drawing out his scheme, and getting together a small band of actors devoted to him who would help in its accomplishment; and in the *General Advertiser* of the 22nd of April, 1747, appeared the following advertisement:

‘At the Theatre in the Haymarket this day will be performed a Concert of Music, with which will be given *gratis* a new entertainment called the *Diversions of the Morning*, to which will be added a farce taken from the *Old Batchelor* called the Credulous Husband, Fondlewife by Mr. Foote; with an Epilogue to be spoken by the B—d—d Coffee House. To begin at 7.’

The little theatre was crowded; but the *Diversions*, as then given, was never printed, and its character can only be inferred from such casual recollections as have survived, and from the general effect produced. It was such an entertainment as till then had not been attempted. Perhaps the closest resemblance to it was Sir William Davenant’s, of nearly a century earlier; when he evaded the general closure of the theatres, and baffled the stern watch of the puritans, by his entertainment at Rutland-house ‘after the manner of the ancients.’ After the manner of the ancients, too, were Foote’s diversions; yet such as no Englishman had attempted before him. In introducing *himself* upon the scene, it is true, he did only what Ben Jonson had done; in laughing at brother authors and rivals, he had the example of both Decker and old Ben; in satirizing politicians and statesmen, he but followed Fielding and Gay; in ‘taking off’ the peculiarities of actors, Estcourt and Garrick were before him,—but no man, since the old Athenian, had dared to put  
living

living people upon the stage, not simply in their impersonal foibles or vices, but with the very trick of voice that identified them, and with the dress in which they walked the streets. In the epilogue of the Bedford coffee-house, the wits and critics of that celebrated place of resort were shown in ludicrous dispute; a notorious physician, less remarkable for professional eminence than for the oddity of his appearance and the meddlesome singularity of his projects, was good-humouredly laughed at; a quack oculist, of wide repute and indisputably bad character, was more bitterly ridiculed; and the first performance had not ceased when Foote received the name which always afterwards clung to him, however in some respects strangely misapplied, of the English Aristophanes.

That a second performance should if possible be prevented, would also seem to have been determined before the first was over. The actors at once took up arms against their merciless assailant, and applied the licensing-act against him.\* Even if there could be a doubt as to his own spoken dialogue, the portion of Congreve's *Old Batchelor* he had acted (and where, by the way, Davies, who never admits him any actor's merit out of his own pieces, says that in *Fondlewife* he merited and gained much applause from the vividness of his reproduction of the acting of Colley Cibber) brought him clearly within its provisions. On the second night, accordingly, some time before the hour of admission, a strong posse of constables from Bow-street were seen stationed at the doors, who duly drove away the audience as they approached, and 'left the laughing Aristophanes,' as Mr. Cooke observes, 'to consider of new ways and means for his support.'

The consideration did not occupy him long. The first night was the 22nd April; on the 23rd the constables put the law in force; and the *General Advertiser* of Friday the 24th April, 1747, contained an advertisement to this effect:

'On Saturday noon, exactly at 12 o'clock, at the new Theatre in the Haymarket, Mr. Foote begs the favour of his friends to come and

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\* The virulence of the feeling aroused may be estimated by some lines which the Drury-lane prompter, Chetwood, thinks worth preserving in that curious little volume about the stage which he published so early as 1749.

Thou mimic of Cibber—of Garrick thou ape!  
 Thou Fop in Othello! thou Cypher in shape! &c.  
 Thou mummer in action! thou coffee-house jester!  
 Thou mimic *sans* sense! mock hero in gesture!  
 Can the squeak of a puppet present us a Quin?  
 Or a pigmy, or dwarf, shew a giant's design? &c.  
 Can a *Foot* represent us the length of a yard?  
 Where, then, shall such insolence meet its reward?  
 &c. &c. &c.

drink

drink a dish of Chocolate with him ; and 'tis hoped there will be a great deal of Comedy and some joyous spirits ; he will endeavour to make the Morning as Diverting as possible. Tickets for this entertainment to be had at George's Coffee-House, Temple-Bar, without which no person will be admitted. N.B. *Sir Dilbury Diddle will be there, and Lady Betty Frisk has absolutely promised.*

Against a spirit that thus laughed defiance at its adversaries, turned injuries to commodities, and rose more mirthful and buoyant from what to any other had been hopeless depression and defeat, the clauses of Acts of Parliament and the staffs of constables were uplifted in vain. The magistrates of London never issued another warrant against Foote.

But would he really give chocolate, as he promised ? A great many seem to have gone to the theatre expecting it ; and Sir Dilbury Diddle and Lady Betty Frisk (or in other words, according to a paper of the day, 'many among the nobility and lovers of the drama in high life, who dreaded and were attracted by the personality of his satire') were particularly early in their attendance. All was intense expectation in the small densely-crowded theatre, when Foote came forward, and with a respectful bow acquainted them 'that as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, with their permission, whilst chocolate was getting ready, proceed with his instructions before them.' That was all his secret. The constables had not dispersed even his little company of actors ; there they were still, crouching concealed under the service of chocolate ; gathered from obscure corners of theatres or streets, wherever his quick sure eye could detect them ; the ragged regiment Churchill afterwards laughed at, as

' — the legion which our summer Bayes  
From alleys here and there contrived to raise ;'

but in perfect drill and fitness for his purpose ; and among them an actor of small parts, Castallo, whom he thought comparable to Nokes for a quiet humour and strict propriety ; and a youth, afterwards known as Ned Shuter, whom he picked up marking at a billiard-table, and made one of the first low comedians of the day. With these his Diversions began, and were repeated no less than forty times. Now, as his pupils, he taught them how to act ; now, as old actors, he rehearsed the finest scenes of the stage with them ; now, as critics, wits, authors, or politicians, he improvised with them dialogues of passing allusion to the time ; not an object passed at the moment on which his eye could rest, that he did not turn, like Biron, to a mirth-moving jest, nor were his hearers less ravished at the 'voluble discourse' than those of the noble of Navarre. The  
actors



actors sounded a retreat; and further opposition was not offered to even the more direct competition with the theatres implied in Foote's change of his entertainment from morning to evening. It was accordingly announced, in June, that

'At the request of several persons who are desirous of spending an hour with Mr. Foote, but find the time inconvenient, instead of Chocolate in the morning Mr. Foote's friends are desired to drink a dish of Tea with him at half an hour past 6 in the evening.'

And from this time *Mr. Foote's Tea* became an admitted theatrical attraction.

It brought him an offer from Covent-garden in the winter of this year, where he not only gave it several times, but repeated *Bayes* and *Fondlewife*; put new strength into it, in the following January, by a new prologue; for his benefit, in February, ushered it in by his performance of Cibber's favourite *Sir Novelty Fashion*; and, in the following month, opened with it again at the Haymarket, where he soon after varied it with what he called an *Auction of Pictures*, the advertisements announcing that 'This evening At his Auction Room, late the little theatre in the Haymarket, Mr. Foote will exhibit a choice Collection of Pictures, &c,' which proved, indeed, a collection so choice, that, before the summer season closed, it was repeated nearly fifty times, and in the winter was again resumed. Ready wit and shrewd observation were as usual manifest in this seizure of the great weakness of the day as a new vehicle of entertainment and satire. Auctions were at this time, and much later, the favourite morning occupation of the fashionable and idle, and agencies for all kinds of deception; they encouraged the cheat and impostor, degraded public taste, and, with a knock-down of the hammer, brought the worst and the best things to the same level. For, to your truly great auctioneer, everything was alike, as he was himself, with that inimitably fine manner of his, alike in everything. He had as much to say upon a Ribbon as upon a *Raffaello*.

Nor was it only this legitimate game for satire that Foote ran down in his *Auction*, but, in the lots exposed for sale, his wit again took the range of town, and made its quarry of whatever invited attack most prominently, whether in law or in medicine, in parliament or on the stage. He who would now derive any adequate notion of this from his writings, will nevertheless search them in vain. Neither the *Diversions* nor the *Auction* was printed; and though portions of both reappeared in the little comedy called *Taste*, it is manifest that in this, as in every similar piece of direct satire (the *Orators* for example), what we now read as Foote's is but the faint reflection of what he actually uttered.

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The allusions in the correspondence of the time, the singular personal hostility he had already provoked, the mixed deference, fear, and popularity which thus early attended him, are not to be explained simply by the accident of a coarse personality here and there in his imitations, but by the fact that he undisguisedly appeared before the public as a Satirist, that the entire groundwork of his entertainment was Satire, and that his confessed aim from the first was the ridicule of what was ridiculous, in whatever walk of society he might find it. No doubt a distinction existed between his regular published pieces, and these earlier ones which he never sent to the press; for though living characters were hit off in both, the context which has preserved the one was such as to render the other perishable. When you can only read through the help of allusions which have all passed away, the attempt to read would be useless labour. In this *Auction of Pictures*, he laughed at the Westminster justice, Sir Thomas de Veil, who had made himself the too ready instrument of the actors in opposing his first entertainment; he ridiculed Mr. Cock the fashionable auctioneer, and he satirized the extravagances of Orator Henley; but all this was as temporary in itself as the witty and versatile comment that set it forth, and both have descended to oblivion. When, however, in his more regular productions, he took higher aim; when he ridiculed the cant of methodism, denounced the mischiefs of quackery, or exposed the impostures of law; when, himself the companion of men of rank and large possessions, he attacked the vulgarity of rank-and-money-worship, and did not spare the knavery or false pretensions of either birth or wealth,—his satire, even when applied to persons, had the claim to become impersonal through time; and to remain as a warning to vice and folly, long after the vicious and the fool should be forgotten.

Yet in this we would not assume any decision of a question beset with delicate and difficult considerations. In the most apparently justifiable instances of individual satire, there is at best a violation involved which perhaps no individual amendment, or even general benefit, may compensate; and the question must always remain whether he who assumes, is entitled to exert, a censorship over morals and manners. But in Foote's case, as in every other, it is right to state the matter fairly; and however mistaken the belief may have been in him (as he had afterwards bitter reason to feel), he seems clearly to have believed himself within the just limits of Comedy, even in 'taking off' mere folly and absurdities without vice, as long as his imitations of them should be faithful, as long as the singularities themselves should be sufficiently prominent and known,

known, and, where caused by natural infirmities, should have been thrust forward with an indecent obtrusiveness which the very sense of infirmity ought to have restrained. To this, we shall perhaps do no injustice to him if we add, what once fell from the lips of even so great a genius as Molière. 'I am manager of a theatre as well as author. I must make some money, as well as correct and instruct; and I am necessarily sometimes induced to consult the profit and interest of my company, at the expense of my own fame as an author.'

As an author, however, Foote's first published piece now awaits us. It was played, with the title of *The Knights*, when the run of the *Auction* had somewhat abated; and lives still among his writings, as it deserves to do. It is the first sprightly running of a wit, which to the last retained its sparkle and clearness. Its flow of dialogue is exquisitely neat, natural, and easy; in expression terse and characteristic always, and in tone exactly suited to its purpose. With neither the flippancy and pertness of mere farce, nor yet the elaboration and refinement of comedy, it hits with happy effect the medium between the two. It is just the writing that develops character, and is there content to stop. There is a story, but extremely slight, and only cared for till the characters are completely shown. For these exclusively, you perceive at once, the piece has been written; and nothing is added that can possibly be spared. One knight, a country quidnunc, has the most insatiable thirst for news, and not the remotest comprehension of politics; and the other, a wealthy miser, has a taste as insatiable for stale stories, and no other entertainment for his friends. And though confined within the compass of two acts, of which the scene is laid in a little inn in Herefordshire, with such elaborate skill in the dialogue is the full-length of each presented, and with an effect so thoroughly real, that it is as easy to believe both characters to have had living prototypes in Foote's day, as it would be difficult to believe that either has quite ceased to have his living representative in our own. The peculiarities are so true to the respective foibles and vices exhibited, the colouring so rich, the humorous extravagance of detail so racy and effective. He tells us, himself, that he had copied them from life, having met with them in a summer's expedition; and in that sense he challenges for them the merit, as one by no means common in his day, of being neither vamped from antiquated plays nor pilfered from French farces. The part of the miser, we should add, was played by Foote himself, who dressed it after a certain gentleman in the West of England, whose manners, Mr. Cooke tells us, he took off with uncommon humour and perspicuity.

But



But while thus engaged, a somewhat startling announcement in the *General Advertiser* greeted him. It came from the comedian Woodward, now one of the company at Drury-lane under Garrick's new lesseeship; and its purport was, that on a certain evening, by particular desire, Mr. Woodward would present his very good friend the Auctioneer with *Tit for Tat*, or one dish of his own Chocolate. He was to imitate him in Bayes and Othello, laugh at him as a tragic actor, and dress at him in a character of Otway's. Now Foote was no exception to the rule which makes the mimic intensely sensitive to mimicry, and he wrote at once to warn the Drury-lane manager that as it seems they are to be in a state of nature, he may as well mention that he has a plan for a short farce which will be wormwood to some, entertaining to many, and very beneficial to Samuel Foote. 'If your boxkeeper,' he added, 'for the future returns my name, he will cheat you of a sum not very contemptible to you, namely, five shillings.' Garrick had a pen, however, only less neat than his antagonist's; and though he retorted about the five shillings almost as poorly as Foote had introduced it, there was wit and point in what he added as to Woodward. 'Should he dress at you in the play, how can you be alarmed at it, or take it ill? The character, exclusive of some little immoralities which can never be applied to you, is that of a very smart, pleasant, conceited fellow, and a good mimic.' It was the character of Malagene in Otway's *Friendship in Fashion*; but as the play, and Woodward too, excellent comedian as he was, were hissed off the stage together for the mixed dullness and indecency of the entertainment they presented, nothing more on the subject need here be said. Its only interest for us is, that it shows us something thus early of that fitful intercourse of Garrick and Foote, which, while they lived, interfered not a little with the comfort of both, and cannot be omitted from any view of the character of either.

From the first they were marked out for rivalry. Distinguished by their superior intellectual qualities from all competitors in the profession to which they belonged, they had only each other to carry on a competition with; and if, as Pope says, war is necessary to the life of a wit upon earth, what are we to expect when the wit has another in the same line to make war upon, who is not only jester and player like himself, but rival manager too? The virtue must be more than human that refrains; and the 'state of nature' at which Foote hints in his letter, was accordingly very often renewed. No doubt also, Foote was almost always the aggressor. His wit was ever at its best with a victim wincing under it, and Garrick's too obvious weaknesses

weaknesses were a temptation difficult to be resisted. Gravely to dispute the genius of such a man would have been in Foote himself a weakness less pardonable, but in Garrick's own restless distrust of it, in his perpetual fidget of *self*-doubt and suspicion, in his abundance of small social defects, the occasion for laughter was incessant. Foote came into the Bedford one night and kept him on the rack for an hour with the account of a most wonderful actor whom he had that instant seen. He had been so moved by spoken words, he declared, as he could not till then have thought possible. Nothing like it had occurred in his experience. It was an effect to make itself felt far and wide. The manifest suffering of his listener at last became so pitiful that Foote good-naturedly brought it to a close by asking him what he thought of the histrionic talents of Mr. Pitt? when Garrick's glad surprise broke out into unaffected enthusiasm, and he declared, as he seems truly to have felt, that if Pitt had chosen the stage he might have been immeasurably the first actor upon it.

There was also in Garrick another kind of weakness or suffering which Foote's jokes never spared, and of which we have heard many whimsical examples from the poet and wit who is happily still the living link between that age and our own. 'Garrick lately invited Hurd,' said Foote to a friend of Mr. Rogers's, 'to dine with him in the Adelphi; and after dinner, the evening being very warm, they walked up and down in front of the house. As they passed and repassed the dining-room windows, Garrick was in a perfect agony; for he saw that there was a thief in one of the candles which were burning on the table, and yet Hurd was a person of such consequence that he could not turn away from him to prevent the waste of his tallow.' Another, Mr. Rogers was fond of relating, and told with infinite humour. At the Chapter coffee-house, Foote and his friends were making a contribution for the relief of a poor fellow, a decayed player, who was nick-named the Captain of the Four Winds because his hat was worn into four spouts. Each person of the company dropped his mite into the hat, as it was held out to him. 'If Garrick hears of this,' exclaimed Foote, 'he will certainly send us *his* hat.'

That Garrick was not absolutely a mean or illiberal man, there is nevertheless abundant proof; but he began the world, as Johnson expresses it, with a great hunger for money, and what at the outset of life was a commendable feeling in him, became in later life a habit of which he could not always divest himself, and which exposed very often to undeserved derision a really kind and open nature. In the main, however,  
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the impression derived from the great run of Foote's jokes on this subject is rather friendly and even cordial than otherwise. 'There is a witty satirical story of Foote,' says Johnson. 'He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. "You may be surprised," said he, "that I allow him to be so near my gold;—but you will observe he has no hands?"' The joke is a good one, but a man would hardly so place an object displeasing to him that his eye would have to rest upon it daily and hourly, for the sake of making fifty jokes infinitely better; and the sarcasm is less worth remembering than the friendly good-will lurking under it. Another story is told of a somewhat pompous announcement, at one of Foote's dinner-parties when the Drury-lane manager was among the guests, of the arrival of '*Mr. Garrick's servants*;' 'Oh, let them wait,' cried the wit, adding, in an affected under-tone to his own servant, but sufficiently loud to be generally heard; 'but, James, be sure you lock up the pantry.' A third, which continues to exhibit them in cordial intercourse, is of their leaving the Bedford together one night when Foote had been the entertainer, and on his pulling out his purse to pay the bill, a guinea dropped. Impatient at not immediately finding it, 'Where on earth can it be gone to?' he said. 'Gone to the devil, I think,' rejoined Garrick, 'who had sought for it everywhere.' 'Well said, David,' cried Foote, 'let you alone for making a guinea go farther than anybody else.'

The friendly feeling may often be imperilled by a laugh, but the laugh is never without a friendly feeling. It is the same when he insinuates a skilful compliment to Garrick into his comedy of the *Devil on Two Sticks*, and is careful to qualify it with the hint that the Devil himself could not match him at a bargain; or when, in the great scene of the Society of Antiquaries in the *Nabob*, he couples his veneration for Shakespeare with a 'Queen Anne's farthing.' The bane and the antidote are still found together. Nor could Garrick himself help laughing at his friend's dry mention of his Hampton temple to Shakespeare, when, replying to one of the attacks upon his theatre in which all the authorities of the Fathers had been quoted to show the Heathen tendency of such entertainments, Foote took occasion to say: 'I never heard that Mr. Garrick sacrificed to Pan, or Mr. Rich danced a jig in honour of Cybele. The former gentleman has, indeed, it is said, dedicated a temple to a certain divinity called Σχαιεσπεαρε, before whose shrine frequent libations are made, and on whose altar the fat of venison (a viand grateful to the deity) is seen often to smoke; but these profanations never entered the theatre, nor do I believe that any of the  
players



players ever assisted at the sacrifices ; so this must be considered as a mere piece of personal superstition, for which the man, and not the profession, is accountable.' Garrick could no more have resented gravely this comical hit at his imperfect hospitalities, than Shakespeare the pleasant allusion to his deer-stealing propensities. In a word, we think it clear that Garrick came within the limitation of a celebrated principle first laid down by Foote, that you ought not to run the chance of losing your friend for your joke unless your joke happens to be better than your friend. It was never worth while in this case quite to put the friendship in peril.

The always ready scholarship of Foote, let us add, appears to have given him an advantage over Garrick even where otherwise Garrick might have held himself supreme, namely, in ordinary conversation. Cooke says that it yielded him an astonishing command of topics ; that while Garrick's manner was more pleasing, he had nothing of the give and take of the other, or his exhaustless variety of resource ; and that in reality it was out of the abundance of his knowledge Foote dared to give his wit the reckless privilege it took, and to display always so little fear of the consequences. Nor was it only in scholarship, or the widest ordinary range of a man of wit, that he made so ready and great a figure. Charles James Fox told Mr. Rogers that Lord William Bentinck once invited Foote to meet him and some others at dinner in St. James's-street, and that they were rather angry at Lord William for having done so, expecting that Foote would prove only a bore, and a check on their conversation. ' But,' said Fox, ' we soon found that we were mistaken. Whatever we talked about,—whether fox-hunting, the turf, or any other subject,—Foote instantly took the lead, and delighted us all.'

The scholarship, as we have seen, is frankly admitted by Johnson himself, no partial witness, who also gives Foote the superiority over every one he had heard in what he calls humorous narrative. Such was the happiness of his manner in that kind of relation, he says, that he never saw the stupidity it could not rouse or the arrogance it could not subdue. Pointing out on another occasion the superior gaiety, delicacy, and elegance of Garrick's conversation, he added that Foote nevertheless provoked much more laughter ; and though he might have the air of a buffoon paid for entertaining the company, it was that of one who well deserved his hire. Thus encouraged, Boswell ventured one day to remark how superior a tragic actor must always be to those who only make us laugh. ' If Betterton and Foote were to walk into this room, you would respect Betterton

much more than Foote.' 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'if Betterton were to walk into this room with Foote, Foote would soon drive him out of it. Foote, Sir, *quatenus* Foote, has powers superior to them all.'

We shall perhaps amuse the reader by putting this remark to proof. Garrick and Foote were among the company one day at the dinner-table of Lord Mansfield. Many grave people were there, and the manager of Drury-lane was on his best good-company behaviour. Every one listened deferentially to him as he enlarged on the necessity of prudence in all the relations of life, and drew his illustration from Churchill's death, which was then the talk of the town. No one would have supposed it possible to dislodge him from such vantage-ground as this, surrounded by all the decorums of life, and with a Lord Chief Justice at the head of the table. But Foote suddenly struck in. He said that every question had two sides, and he had long made up his mind on the advantages implied in the fact of *not* paying one's debts. In the first place it presupposed some time or other the possession of fortune to be able to *get* credit. Then, living on credit was the art of living without the most troublesome thing in the whole world, which was money. It saved the expense and annoyance of keeping accounts, and made over all the responsibility to other people. It was the panacea for the cares and embarrassments of wealth. It checked and discountenanced avarice; while, people being always more liberal of others' goods than their own, it extended every sort of encouragement to generosity. And would any one venture to say that paying one's debts could possibly draw to us such anxious attention from our own part of the world while we live, or such sincere regrets when we die, as *not* paying them? All which, Foote put with such whimsical gravity, and supported with such a surprising abundance of sarcastic illustration, that in the general laughter against Garrick no laugh was heartier than Lord Mansfield's.

That Foote was able to pay his own debts at the time, and so far was independent of his argument, may perhaps be inferred from his resort to it in this dignified company; and as we have anticipated thus far, his introduction to Johnson, which dated many years before the Chief Justice's dinner, and indeed followed soon after Garrick's production of *Irene* at Drury-lane, may here most fitly be added. It took place at the house of Fitzherbert, one of Johnson's earliest London friends, and whose steady friendship for Foote (which descended to his family, for his eldest son, the brother of Lord St. Helens, was Foote's executor) is no mean evidence to character. 'Having no good opinion of the fellow,' he said, describing the incident  
long

long afterwards to Boswell, 'I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, Sir, he was irresistible.' After this we find more frequent traces of intercourse between them than might be inferred from that tone of Johnson's later life; but he never completely forgave even the threat to bring him on the stage in connection with the Cock-lane ghost, though this was only a retort for a contemptuous allusion of his own, and was at once abandoned if ever seriously entertained, as Murphy expressly tells us with 'no ill-will on either side.'\* At unexpected times and in unlooked-for places we meet them together. It was at Foote's dinner-table Johnson made the memorable disclosure of having written, in a garret in Exeter-street, one of the most admired of the speeches of Mr. Pitt; it is Foote who tells the story of Johnson's Jacobite sympathies breaking out so strangely, on their visiting Bedlam together, when he again and again returned to the cell of the poor furious madman, who, while beating his straw, supposed he was beating the Duke of Cumberland; it is from Foote he quotes the rebuke to Lord Loughborough for his ill-judged ambition to associate with the wits, 'What can he mean by coming among us? He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dullness in others;' and they were still on familiar terms when Johnson visited Paris more than twenty years later, and even Boswell could not but indulge a laugh at the wit's description of the travelling philosopher. But our subject calls us back to the time at which the retrospect of Foote's career may be resumed, nor could anything restore us to it more appropriately than one of Johnson's most amusing reminiscences.

After running through one of his fortunes Foote was in difficult straits for money, and was induced to listen to the overtures of a small-beer brewer, who, in consideration of his large social acquaintance, and unbounded popularity, offered him a sleeping-partner's share in the profits of the concern if he would but recommend the beer among his friends. Fitzherbert was one of the friends who took it in consequence; but it became so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it, though they found themselves at some loss in what way to notify their resolution. Knowing Foote's connection with the beer, they were afraid of offending

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\* Something of the earlier feeling seems to have returned when he heard of Foote's death. 'Did you think he would so soon be gone?' he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, his thoughts instinctively turning to Falstaff. 'Life, says Falstaff, is a shuttle. He was a fine fellow in his way, and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. I would have his life written with diligence.'



their master, by whom they also knew Foote to be much cherished as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small beer no longer. As fortune would have it, however, on that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at table; when he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down stairs he told them, 'This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small beer.'

The fortune he had just spent, we grieve to say, was the third. It fell to him from the death of a relation of his mother's, immediately after the success of the *Knights*: and on the strength of it, if Mr. Cooke is to be believed, he set up a dashing carriage with *iterum, iterum, iterumque* painted on the panel; contributed largely for some time, in companionship with his friends the Delavals, to the splendours and extravagance of 'London dissipation; and then 'moved off' to the Continent to add one more dupe to the intrigues and fripperies of the French nation.' It is certain that he was absent from London between 1749 and 1752, in which latter year he presented to Garrick the little comedy of *Taste*, for which the manager of Drury-lane, again on the best possible terms with him, both wrote and spoke the prologue. This piece was little more than a selection from the characters in his *Auction* and *Diversions*, with a thread of story sufficient to connect them for dramatic purposes; but it shows of what genuine stuff those early entertainments must have been composed, and it fairly justifies the claim he makes in its dedication to his friend Delaval, that the critics are not to call him presumptuous for dignifying so short a performance with the name of a comedy until they can prove that its scenes and persons are burlesqued or untrue to nature. He also reminds his friend how often their conversations had turned to the distinctions between comedy and farce, 'for in whatever dissipation the world may suppose our days to have been consumed, many, many hours have been consecrated to other subjects than generally employ the giddy and gay.' Nor is this the only intimation which now went out to the public that Foote was returning to their service from far different associations and employments. The little comedy was not acted for his own emolument, but was a gift to an ingenious and humorous man, James Worsdale (the Jemmy Worsdale who carried Pope's letters to Curll), an English painter whose misfortunes had driven him to the stage, whose treatment by Sir Godfrey Kneller induced

induced Walpole and others to befriend him, and whose personal history made the offering to him not inappropriate of a little comedy whose design was to satirize the ignorant affectation with which the fashion of the day gave eager welcome to anything with the appearance of age upon it, and turned away scornfully from modern art however meritorious. The stage cannot boast of more exquisite satire than Mr. Puff and Mr. Carmine, nor of any more legitimate comedy.

As an actor Foote himself did not re-enter it until the close of the following year, when, compelled to it doubtless by demands he could not longer supply in any other way, he played at Drury-lane the character of Sir Charles Buck in his *Englishman in Paris*, a little comedy written for Macklin and his daughter six months before, and in which they had singular success at Covent-garden. But before this re-appearance he had occupied more than usual of town-talk and gossip, of which Garrick makes jesting mention in a prologue on his return to Drury-lane. This prologue, it would seem, was encored every night; and the comedy itself had a success which, notwithstanding many clever and telling scenes, appears somewhat disproportioned to its merit, and to the more moderate success achieved by the better comedy of *Taste*. But he did not confine himself to his own pieces on this resumption of his place as an actor. Though the *Englishman in Paris* was played a surprising number of times, his *Tea* had often to be repeated, and the *Knights* was successfully revived with a new prologue by himself,—he also appeared many times in Fondlewife and Sir Courtly Nice, and added to his list of parts Ben in Congreve's *Love for Love*, and Captain Brazen in Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, both which he gave repeatedly. In the following year he went to the Hay-market, and in a summer entertainment laughed at Macklin's lecturing extravagances, and at some amusing quarrels of the ladies of the theatre, green-room squabbles of Mrs. Bellamy and Mrs. Woffington wherein certain public men were involved, that had been much the talk of the town. Then, early in the succeeding year (1756) he took an engagement at Covent-garden, where he produced, with a success far exceeding even the *Englishman in Paris*, a sequel to it with the title of the *Englishman Returned from Paris*, the object of which, as that of its predecessor had been to exhibit a sturdy young Briton in his first contact with effeminate French fripperies and fashion, was to show him now completely subdued by the same, and an object of scorn and pity to English beholders. Referring to the bills of the theatre we find that this Covent-garden engagement occupied him from February to May, and that in the course of it he repeated many times

times Fondlewife, Captain Brazen, and Sir Penurious Trifle ; that he added to his new parts the Lady Pentweazel of his own little comedy, and the Sir Paul Plyant of Congreve's *Double Dealer* (a character in which Wilkes, who liked his acting, thought him particularly admirable); and that he advertised himself for Polonius in *Hamlet*, but before the night of performance came lost courage and withdrew. It is manifest, however, that the grand attraction of the year was his performance of Sir Charles Buck in the two pieces satirizing French morals and manners.

Meanwhile he had not been neglecting British fashions and foibles, pretenders, politicians, or players. He has taken his former place at the Bedford, and in his critical and satirical corner is again supreme. All who know him come early in the hope of being admitted of his party at supper, the less fortunate engage boxes near him, and wherever the sound of his voice is heard the table is in a roar. Since last we saw the place some new faces are there, but some familiar ones are gone. Old Macklin, weary of his doubtful successes on the stage, has actually set up a tavern of his own near the Bedford, on the present site of the Tavistock, where, by the alternation of a three-shilling ordinary with a shilling lecture, at both of which he is presiding deity, he supplies at once the bodily wants and what he conceives to be the mental deficiencies of the day. He is to make everybody orators, by teaching them *how* to speak ; by way of teaching them also *what* to speak, he presents himself every other night with a discourse on some subject wherein he thinks the popular mind insufficiently informed ; and whatever his subject, the harvest of ridicule for Foote is unfailing. The result was that people went to hear *him* rather than the lecturer, for, it being part of the plan to invite the audience to offer hints on the subject-matter and so exhibit their progress in oratory, the witty sallies and questionings of Foote became at last the leading attraction.

His topic one evening was the employment of memory in connection with the oratorical art, in the course of which, as he enlarged on the importance of exercising memory as a habit, he took occasion to say that to such perfection he had brought his own he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it. Foote waited till the conclusion of the lecture, and then, handing up the subjoined sentences, desired that Mr. Macklin would be good enough to read and afterwards repeat them from memory. More amazing nonsense never was written. 'So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie ; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. "What! no soap?" So he died,



died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.' It is needless to say that the laugh turned against old Macklin, as it has turned against many younger and livelier people since who have read these droll sentences in *Harry and Lucy*, and who, like Miss Edgeworth's little hero and heroine, after mastering the great she-bear and the no-soap, for want of knowing *who* died have never arrived at the marriage with the barber, or perhaps, even after proceeding so far, have been tripped up by the Grand Panjandrum with the little round button at top.

Such at last became the vogue of Foote's fun at these lectures that it ended, as we have said, in his establishing a summer lecture of his own for a few weeks at the Haymarket; where, through many a summer evening, Macklin's absurdities supplied him theme for laughter. 'The Haymarket was crowded nightly; the Piazza coffee-house was shut up; poor Macklin, as 'vintner, coffeeman, and chapman,' made his next appearance in the London Gazette; and there is a letter of Murphy's to his brother dated April 1755, in which he says that Foote had made 500*l.* in five nights by his counter-oratory to Macklin.

Arthur Murphy was among those new faces at the Bedford who had sought and obtained Foote's notice, and their acquaintance was now of some standing. No figure appears in Murphy's early letters to his friends with such sprightly and enlivening effect as that of the famous wit Mr. Foote. For example, Arthur is at Bristol in the lowest possible spirits, when there drives up to the hotel a splendid equipage, out of it springs Foote very handsomely dressed, and 'while I am writing this, he is grinning at me from a corner of the room, we have had Mr. Punch already, and his company has lifted my spirits, and that is what makes me go on at this rate.' Or they are holiday-making together in a country-house, and Murphy is sadly preparing himself for London to get ready a number of the *Gray's Inn Journal* for press, when Foote says he need not go on that account, and, producing a French magazine, tells him he will find in it one of the prettiest oriental tales imaginable which he has but to translate and send to the printer, and Murphy takes his advice, and so gets promoted to the notice and friendship of Johnson, whose tale it turns out to be that the French magazine had itself translated from a number of the *Rambler*. Or it may be, that, tired of Macklin's talk about oratory, they have betaken themselves to enjoyment of the real thing, and are together in the gallery

gallery of the House of Commons when Pitt is putting forth all his powers in an attack upon Murray. 'Shall we go home now?' says Murphy, as he afterwards told the story to Mr. Rogers. 'No,' replies Foote; 'let us wait till he has made the little man' (Murray) 'vanish entirely.'

Thus cordially an acquaintance began which seems to have continued with but slight intermissions; one of which, however, dates at the production of the *Englishman Returned from Paris*, when Murphy unreasonably complained of Foote's having founded it upon a suggestion of his, as though the original suggestion of the *Englishman in Paris* did not entitle its author to the unquestioned right of himself working out and completing any hint proceeding from it. Nevertheless, Murphy persisted in putting forward a Sir Charles Buck of his own; and, when the public would have nothing to say to him, revenged himself by enlivening his future comedies, whenever he could, by pilfering as many as possible of those witticisms of which the public thus showed their preference. Indeed he put Foote himself, and not a few of his good 'things, bodily into a play not many months after he died, and even then had not forgotten his contemptible supposed grievance. 'He has wit to ridicule you,' says Bygrove to Dashwould in *Know Your Own Mind*, 'invention to frame a story of you, humour to help it about; and when he has set the town a laughing, he puts on a familiar air, and shakes you by the hand.' After his own death, too, his executor found among his papers this outline of an imaginary scene in which he proposed to have introduced the failings of his old friend. 'Foote gives a dinner—large company—characters come one by one:—sketches them as they come:—each enters—he glad to see each. At dinner, his wit, affectation, pride; his expense, his plate, his jokes, his stories;—all laugh;—all go, one by one—all abused, one by one;—his toadeaters stay;—he praises himself—in a passion against all the world.' We have here perhaps the very worst, to set against the best, that was to be said against Foote by those who most intimately knew him.

It may remind us that what has been held to be one of his most grave offences dates at this time. He began an engagement with Garrick at Drury-lane in September 1756, and, after playing several of his own characters and of Congreve's, produced on the 5th February 1757 his little comedy of the *Author*. It was admirably written, contained the outline of a story which would have tasked only a little more patience than Foote's to give a masterly completeness to (the father's return in disguise to test the honour of his son was a hint for Sheridan), and was rich  
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in character. Very creditable also was the spirit in which it dealt with the claims of Authorship to higher esteem, and a better kind of patronage, than it was the fashion of those days to award to it; and perhaps many an author whom its title attracted to Drury-lane crept back to his garret not ungrateful to the laughing comedian.

And here, before describing the offence just hinted at, we may interpose the remark that this feeling in Foote was an honest one, and that in his writings there is never any disguise of the man, where such disclosure may properly be made. Indeed of all their characteristics there is none so marked as the absence of any sort of pretence either in language or sentiment. When serious you perceive that he means to be so, just as when he laughs he leaves you in no doubt as to that. There is no mere face-making in either case. He is an avowed satirist, and this must always detract from the pleasure he might otherwise give; more especially as the subjects of his satire for the most part necessitate the treatment implied in the remark of the French wit, that to give a Muscovite a sensation you must flay him alive. But we repeat our conviction that in the main it is honest satire, and that its force with his contemporaries lay precisely in that truth and reality of it. In this direction he is always strong. His scenes and subjects are often trivial in the extreme, but are yet held together by the vividness and bustle of something actual going on in them. No one who now carefully reads them can have any surprise at their success, or any feeling but regret that they dealt so much with what is transitory. As mere examples of comic dialogue they are perfect. Within a more limited range they have not much less than the wit and they have more than the character of Congreve. His people are not to be mistaken when you have once made their acquaintance; for they retain always so perfectly the trick of talk by which you knew them first, that perhaps no dramatic writings might be read aloud so easily without repetition of the speakers' names. Their great fault is the haste and impatience which has left them often a mere succession of witty scenes, when with a little more labour and no more invention a developed plot would have given more consistency and completeness even to the characters. But when he had once had his laugh, he was too easily satisfied; and, partly because of the restriction of his theatre to a summer fare lighter than that of the winter houses, partly because of his own careless temperament, he was too ready to throw away upon a farcical sketch what would have supplied, to his friend Murphy for example, matter for elaborate comedies. The comparison of him with Aristophanes is absurd, because he had nothing of the  
imagination



imagination or wealth of poetry of the Greek ; but he was like him in wit, whim, ready humour, practical jokes, keen sarcasm, vivid personation, and above all in the unflinching audacity with which he employed all these in scorn and ridicule of living vices and hypocrisies. As it was said of the Greek satirist that he exercised a censorship more formidable than the archon's, hardly less is to be said of the English wit who took a range of jurisdiction wider than Sir John Fielding's or Sir Thomas de Veil's ; and for all the vast difference that remains, it is little less or more perhaps than between Athens in the age of Pericles and London in the time of Bubb Dodington. To find ourselves again in the thick of a not very dignified age, we have but to read Foote's comedies and farces ; and though it was a grander thing no doubt to have such subjects for satire as a cowardly Bacchus or a gormandizing Hercules, veritable Gods to pull to pieces, yet among the sham divinities who received the Londoner's worship, or had the disposition of his fortunes, there was food enough for laughter and exposure. ' Virgil had his Pollio,' says Foote's poor author, ' Horace his Mæcenas, Martial his Pliny ; but my protector is Mr. Vamp.'

But notwithstanding his work for old Vamp, Foote's author is a gentleman. He refuses to defend a colonial government which had proved highly profitable to its governor in everything but good name, and yet to his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him, says an honest fellow in the play. Consider to what temptations he is exposed. Lack-a-day, learning, learning, Sir, is no commodity for this market ; nothing makes money here, Sir, *but* money, or some certain fashionable qualities that a good man would not wish to possess. Patron ! The word has lost its use ; a guinea subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, is all that may now and then be picked up. Protectors ! why, one dares believe there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike-road in a month, than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years. Where now are the Oxfords and Halifaxes ?

And then Foote introduced Mr. Cadwallader, the part which he played himself. Here was something in default of an Oxford or Halifax. Next to a peer Mr. Cadwallader honours a poet, though Mr. Cape was the first he ever had in his house except the bellman for a Christmas-box. His ruling passion is to know any notable body, but otherwise he is made up of contradictions. Pride and meanness contend for him one minute, folly and archness the next. In one breath he tells you that he'd have made an immense figure in the learned world but for his cursed fool of a guardian's neglect of his education, and in the next that the  
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only use of a school is, hey ! egad ! for children to make acquaintances that may hereafter be useful to them, ' for between you and me what they learn there does not signify twopence.' When, on the first night of the comedy, Foote entered in this character, a great shout of surprise broke forth at the completeness with which he had dropped his own identity. He had dressed himself out very large, and he came on with a broad unmeaning stare and an awkward step, looking less encumbered with even corpulence than conceit, talking boisterously yet indistinctly, his voice loud but incoherent, his head always in a restless fidget to his left shoulder, his mouth constantly open as if to recall some shrewdness or some folly he had not meant to say, and with a trick every now and then of sucking his wrist with a sort of *supping* noise. But the laughing cry of doubt whether it could be Foote took a more extravagant turn as the audience became unexpectedly conscious of a figure looking on from the boxes at what seemed a double of itself, and shaking with hearty fun at Mr. Cadwallader's introduction of his wife. The living original of the character, Mr. Ap-Rice, a Welshman of large fortune with whom Foote had been on terms of intimacy, had actually and in sober truth gone to see himself produced upon the stage by his quondam guest ; and, says Davies, ' while loud bursts of laughter from the boxes repeatedly acknowledged the writer's and the actor's skill, the best of it was that the gentleman himself made one of the audience, enjoyed the jest very heartily, and applauded Mr. Foote for drawing his portrait so admirably well.'

This Socratic state of mind, however, did not to the last remain Mr. Ap-Rice's friend. The *Author* ran through the rest of Garrick's season, and became greatly popular. Kitty Clive's *Becky* was a companion picture to Foote's *Cadwallader* which in its kind, Horace Walpole says, the stage had never equalled ; and both took the piece for their benefit at the end of the season, Foote reviving on the same night Dryden's *Spanish Fryar* and playing the part of Gomez. Thus far Mr. Ap-Rice's philosophy had not worn out. But when he found that the closing of the theatre did not close the laugh against him, but that, while Foote had carried his other self to Dublin, he could never show his proper self in any public place, park, assembly, or coffee-house, without loud whispers of '*Cadwallader*' and secret laughter and pointing, he laid aside the philosopher, took counsel with his friends, and, on the wit's return and resumption of the part at Drury-lane, after consulting Garrick whether or not he should fight him,\* finally resolved to move the powers of the Lord Chamberlain

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\* Garrick's advice gives us at once a laughable idea of Mr. Ap-Rice's size and eccentricity.

Chamberlain against him. He was a man whose influence corresponded to his wealth, and he succeeded. It is curious enough that the prohibition of any future performance of the comedy, by the Duke of Devonshire, reached Drury-lane on the morning of the night appointed for Foote's benefit, when he and Kitty Clive were to have appeared in *Cadwallader and Becky*, after acting *Shylock* and *Portia*; and though, in accounting for the enforced change, he addressed the audience with great spirit against the edict of the Chamberlain, of course it prevailed, and the *Author* was suppressed.

The suppression was made the most of by Foote's enemies, but that even those who enforced the law took no very grave view of the offence appeared in the same Lord Chamberlain's concession to him soon after of a licence for the Haymarket, and in the marked acknowledgment he made for that service in the dedication of his comedy of the *Minor*. Here he describes the many gloomy apprehensions inspired by the Stage-licensing Act; hints at the wrongs the poor players expected from it; says that when 'its direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whose ancestors had so successfully struggled for national liberty, they ceased to fear for their own;' and then thanks the Duke of Devonshire for having thrown open, on the borders of Parnassus, a cottage for those who had no ambition to enter its palaces. The first use he made of this cottage was to furnish it with the *Minor*, the original draft of which had already been played in Dublin with a reception so doubtful, that all his friends warned him against persisting in a satire that trenched on such delicate ground. But he was not the man to run away in fright at a hiss which on that occasion told him nothing more than that his blow was hitting hard and its aim was true; and making use of the failure, therefore, but as a means to greater success, he strengthened the plot, introduced new characters, and, on his return to London to open his newly-licensed Haymarket, produced fearlessly this masterpiece of wit.

But before describing it, some account of that visit to Dublin should have mention, because Tate Wilkinson first publicly appeared there with Foote. The son of a preacher who had made himself very popular at the chapel of the Savoy, and who, presuming on the supposed privilege of the place, granted licences in defiance of the Marriage-act, was transported for the offence, and had to leave his wife and son to what charity they

eccentricity, and of Foote's quickness. Lord Holland told Mr. Moore that when the propriety of challenging Foote was submitted to Garrick, all he said was, 'My dear Sir, don't think of doing any such thing; why, he would shoot you through the guts before you had supped two oysters off your wrist.'

could



could find,—the lad had long been oscillating between the play-house and the meeting-house, before Shuter picked him up one day at Whitfield's tabernacle, and took him to Garrick. At the interview he imitated Foote so cleverly that the result was an engagement of thirty shillings a week for small business at Drury-lane; but, by the same introduction, on a day not long after, he imitated Garrick to Foote with so much greater effect, that it produced an offer to accompany the latter to Dublin and take part in his own engagement. And when, long years afterward, the old man wrote his memoirs, he remembered with what eager joy, when the time to go to Dublin came, he waited on Mr. Foote at the Bedford; and how, in one hour after, they set off in a post-chaise, with Mr. Foote's servant on horseback; and how they only travelled that night to his little cottage at Elstree in Hertfordshire, though they afterwards travelled together post to Holyhead; and how, when Mr. Foote met upon the road great people that he knew, and who would have had him join them, he always declined, and managed instead to be half a day before or behind ('for,' says he, 'with all their politeness, they expect the best accommodation, or, if they offer you preference, you cannot in policy or good manners accept it'); and how, finally, when they had embarked at Holyhead, there was a great storm, and the cabin was crowded, and poor young Tate was very ill, yet 'Mr. Foote was well, and walking most of the night from place to place.'

Truth to say, indeed, that little glimpse back into the Dublin journey is one of the few passages in Tate Wilkinson's *Memoirs* or *Wandering Patentee*, full as they are of allusion to the great wit and mimic, where we find anything characteristic or real. In the rest of the nine volumes little more is discoverable than the egregious self-flattery of a vain old actor, who, even while his every page bears unconscious admission that but for Foote his name could not have been heard of, is yet so bewildered with conceit and uncontrolled managerial ways, that in the man who had thus made him wholly what he was, and on whose brains he lived all his life, he would but querulously show you the mimic who could not endure himself to be mimicked, and the author who never felt grateful enough to the actor who helped him by his personations. It would be almost incredible that these books should exhibit so few entertaining traces of long years of intimate connection with such a humourist as Foote, but that it is with men of intellect as with the world itself—they contain what you can find in them, neither less nor more; and a man who carries nothing of the gentleman or wit in himself, will quite vainly attempt to hit off a wit's or a gentleman's likeness.

Wilkinson

Wilkinson never saw anything in Foote but the sharp high voice, the quick look and laugh, the comical strut and scrape, the whimsical twitch of the chin, which he found it so advantageous to imitate; and Churchill, impatient always of his brother satirist, struck at him behind his shadow.

‘ Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,  
That even shadows have their shadows too !  
With not a single comic power endued,  
This man a mere mere mimic’s mimic stood.’

But to see a mimic mimicked proved a great attraction in Dublin; for though Foote played Bayes, Sir Penurious, Fondlewife, Buck, and Cadwallader, he was in nothing more successful than in his *Tea* with Wilkinson for his pupil; and when the latter unexpectedly threw in his imitation of the imitator, the audience insisted on its repetition, and more than once, notwithstanding Foote’s well-understood dislike, compelled *Tea* to be substituted for the entertainment offered in the bills. The same popularity attended it at Drury-lane in the brief season which closed with the prohibition of Mr. Cadwallader; and when, after a successful trip to Edinburgh, Foote returned with Wilkinson to the Irish capital in the winter of 1759-60, he played the round of all his parts with the addition of Shylock and Don Lewis (in *Love makes a Man*), and still found the *Tea* and the *Diversions* most followed. But by this time his pupil’s head had been a little turned, and Mr. Wilkinson no longer conceals his surprise that Mr. Foote should pass his time so exclusively with great people while he is himself in a garret. The reception Foote enjoyed both at the Castle and at the first private tables is enlarged upon by Cooke also; but besides his wit he had other claims, for the Duke of Bedford was now Lord-Lieutenant, and the Duke’s jovial Mr. Rigby was Foote’s old friend, and to him were rehearsed the chief scenes of the *Minor* before the attempt at its representation was made. It failed, as we have said, and Foote came over to London in some ill-humour; and at the Bedford soon after, Murphy saw him, ‘dashing away at everybody and everything,’ and so describes him to Garrick in a letter which hits off perhaps even something of the manner of his conversational ridicule. ‘Have you had good success in Dublin, Mr. Foote?’ ‘Pooh! There was not a shilling in the country, except what the Duke of Bedford, and I, and Mr. Rigby, have brought away. Woodward is caterwauling there, and Barry like a wounded snake, and Mossop sprawling about his broken arms with the rising of the lights, &c.’

But his spirits returned with the triumphant reception given at the Haymarket to his re-written comedy. Terrible and unsparing

sparing was the satire embodied in Mrs. Cole, and not content with giving the character all the force it could derive from his own acting, though with it he doubled Mr. Smirk, he also spoke an Epilogue in the character of Whitfield, whom he dressed at and imitated to the life. The instant success was unexampled. After the first night, further opposition was quelled, and it ran that season continuously through more than forty performances. 'I went two or three nights,' says Tate Wilkinson, 'but with great difficulty got admittance, the crowds to see it were so numerous.' The season having closed, it was carried to Drury-lane, though not without a determined effort there to intercept it by authority. 'Did I tell you,' writes Walpole to Montague, 'that the Archbishop' (Thomas Secker was then the primate) 'tried to hinder the *Minor* from being played at Drury-lane? For once the Duke of Devonshire was firm, and would only let him correct some passages, and even of those the Duke has restored some. Foote says he will take out a licence to preach 'Tam Cant against Tom Cant.' An existing letter of the Lord Chamberlain's confirms this, but shows that the Archbishop declined to correct or alter any specific passages. 'His Grace,' writes the Duke from Chatsworth to Garrick, 'would have authorized me to use his name to stop the *Minor*, but I got off from it.' Then, after stating that he had sent to Foote, through Mr. Pelham, a recommendation to alter some passages liable to objection, he adds, 'His Grace would not point them out, so I think very little alteration may do. This to yourself: let me hear what has passed.' The real truth was, not only that the satire was generally felt to be of a kind that under decorous protest might be expected to do far more good than harm, but that the most dignified and decorous of the protesters were afraid of meddling with the satirist. When the good-natured Secker was afterwards asked why he had not taken the Lord Chamberlain's suggestion of altering any passages he disapproved, he quietly replied that he had no wish to see an edition of the *Minor* announced by the author as 'corrected and prepared for the press by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

Certain it is that such friends of Whitfield's as had the courage to risk encounter with Foote came off worsted from the conflict. His *Letter to the Reverend Author of Remarks Critical and Christian on the Minor* is a masterpiece of controversial writing, which, if all his other works had perished, would conclusively have established his wit, scholarship, and sense, as of the rarest order. Every line tells. Actors will find nowhere in the language a happier defence of the stage, and all scholars may admire the learning and modesty with which, rejecting for himself



himself any comparison with Aristophanes, he rebukes the insolent ignorance which can find only malice and barbarity in such a writer and such an age. 'That was the time when the Attic genius triumphed; when its liberty was pure and virtuous; when a citizen would have gone from a conference with Socrates to an oration by Demosthenes, and have closed his evening with the *Electra* of Sophocles, the *Phædra* of Euripides, the moral scenes of Menander, or the sprightly comic muse of Aristophanes.' And whatever our modes of life or measure of learning, we should read still, with an interest practically appealing to us all, the argument of this admirable pamphlet in favour of public amusements and against the zeal that would abolish them on the ground of occasional excess. 'What institution, human or divine,' asks Foote, 'has not been perverted by bad men to bad purposes? I wish we had not a notorious instance before us. Men have been drunk with wine: must then every vine be destroyed? Religion has been made a cloak for debauchery and fraud: must we then extirpate all religion? While there are such cities in the world as London, amusements must be found out, as occupations for the idle, and relaxation for the active. All that sound policy can do is, to take care that such only shall be established, as are, if not useful in their tendency, at least harmless in their consequence.' He then retorts upon his assailant for calling the *Minor* a farce, and vindicates it from the contemptuous designation. 'Comedy he defines to be an exact representation of the peculiar manners of that people among whom it happens to be performed; and he declares its province to be to punish folly as the state punishes crime, by making its faithful ridicule of particular offenders an example to the entire community. This, he continues, he had aimed at in the *Minor*; and believing its characters to be not strained above the modesty of nature, nor the treatment of them unsuitable or inconsistent, 'it is not,' he adds, 'the extent, but the objects of a piece, that must establish its title: a poem of one act may prove an excellent comedy, and a play of five a most execrable farce.'

Foote was thoroughly justified in thus manfully speaking of his work. Its three acts are worth almost any five we know. Overflowing with wit and good writing, there is also a serious and pathetic interest in them, as Holcroft found when they supplied him with his plot for the *Deserted Daughter*; and there is character in such wonderful variety, that Sheridan was able to carry quietly off from it (a liberty he often took with Foote) what was never missed in its abundance. For who, notwithstanding differences of appearance and race, can fail to see hints of Little Moses and his friend Premium in little Transfer the broker, whom

whom you may know in a minute by his shamble, his withered face, his bit of purple nose, his cautionary stammer, and sleek, silver head? He will dine and sup to any extent with you, and after all not lend you a stiver. But he has a friend that can lend, 'a hard man, Master Loader,' an unconscionable dog, wanting so much for interest, and so much for premium, and so much for insuring your life, and so much for risk; and when all's done you must take part of the money in money's worth. And besides little Transfer, there is the brisk Mr. Smirk, successor to that truly great man Mr. Prig, introduced into *Taste* ('I remember they took him off at the playhouse some time ago; *pleasant but wrong*.\* Public characters should not be sported with—they are sacred'), whom the Duchess of Dupe and all the great people so condescendingly encouraged on his praiseworthy attempt to fill the place of his jewel of a predecessor. 'Her Grace indeed gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to Lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herself to me.' Excellently worthy of mention, too, is Sam Shift the mimic, who was indebted for his rise in life to a greater mimic, a whimsical man who took him into his service, and with whom he remained till, thinking himself nearly equal to his master, he made him one of his own bows and set up for himself. Foote designed this for a laugh at Tate Wilkinson, who just before had set up for himself at Covent-garden on an engagement expressly to imitate him; and in Shift's querulous complaining of the insufficiency of his rewards, Foote's keen knowledge of character exactly anticipated by some half-century or so the old man's revelations of himself. 'And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! And what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an exciseman, I suppose, and so, with an ink-horn at my button-hole, and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do.' Alas that precisely what never would have done for Mr. Shift, had to do, something less than thirty years later, for the greatest poet of that century!

To depict the present life of the time, to catch the living manners as they rose, was the uniform aim in all these various characters, for in what thus might be called local or temporary we have seen that Foote held the entertainment and uses of Comedy to consist; and though he did not always

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\* Foote, as we have said, played Smirk as well as Mrs. Cole, and Lord Holland used to say that, according to the report of those who heard it, nothing could equal the whimsical humour with which he gave these words. It was as if he were pointing the comment on his own life.

see quite clearly enough the distinction between a portrait of which you must know the features before you are interested in the likeness, and one of which the features at once reveal their affinity to what constitutes our interest in the whole family of man, it is yet surprising with what skill he can sketch general characteristics in particular forms, and show you the passing society and manners of a period in seeming simply to fix upon his canvas one or two of its isolated figures. Nothing in this respect can be more admirable or true than the family of the Wealthys in this little comedy. You look at them as you would at a picture by Hogarth.

It was natural that after the *Minor* Foote should take higher rank as a writer, as well as a position of greater influence with the public, and by this Murphy did his best to profit in the following year by inducing him to become joint-manager with himself for a summer season at Drury-lane, where the principal incidents were his production of the *Liar*, and, by way of a civil service to some of his fashionable friends, his consenting to play for a fine and very fastidious gentleman, son of the great Bentley, a comedy called the *Wishes*, only noticeable now for the vast fuss that was made about it. There was a sort of private rehearsal of it at Bubb Dodington's grand villa on the Thames, which Foote superintended, and where the Parnassus was composed of Bubb himself, the two Chief Justices, the author, his nephew Richard Cumberland, and Lord Bute; on which occasion, apparently not a little to Foote's amazement, the author produced a most prodigious prologue, wherein the flattery of the young king and his favourite so egregiously transcended all safe bounds, that not even the favourite's presence prevented Foote's quiet remark, This is too strong. Horace Walpole, a great friend of Bentley's, describes the scene. 'The prologue concludes with Young Augustus, and how much he excels the ancient one by the choice of his friend. Foote refused to act this prologue, and said it was too strong. *Indeed*, said Augustus's friend, *I think it is.*'

Another description of what passed we have from Richard Cumberland, who, after a laughable detail of Bubb's lace, fatness, grandeur, and absurdity, says he saw Foote's wicked wit indulging itself at the expense of his entertainers all the evening, as he afterwards indulged the public in the *Patron*. In this excellent comedy he had indeed turned to admirable use the experience thus acquired of what he called the ignorance of pretenders to learning and the parade and vanity of their affected protectors. He thought it the best he had written up to the time of its production, and undoubtedly it belongs, with the *Minor*,



*Minor*, to the higher order of his pieces. Its leading notion, that to patronize bad poets is to the full as pernicious as to neglect good ones, is happily expressed in its hero, Sir Thomas Lofty, who, also the hero of fifty dedications, is yet a tedious, insipid, insufferable coxcomb, and, without genius, judgment, or generosity, has been set up for his wealth alone, by underling bards that he feeds and broken booksellers that he bribes, as a sharp-judging Adriel, the muse's friend, himself a muse. The plot chiefly turns on Sir Thomas's having secretly written a play, the entire credit of the authorship whereof, with all its chances of success or damnation, he presents to an enthusiastic young friend. As the young gentleman's the play is accordingly produced, and damned; whereupon Sir Thomas, with more than the unruffled temper and equability of a Sir Fretful, encourages his friend under the disaster which he affects to consider wholly his. The public are blockheads; a tasteless, stupid, ignorant tribe; a man of genius deserves to be damned who writes anything for them; but courage, dear Dick, the principals will give you what the people refuse; the closet, the critics, the real judges, will do you that justice the stage has denied. Print your play—'My play! Zounds, Sir, 'tis your own!' 'Speak lower, dear Dick; be moderate, my good, dear lad!'

All the details of this comedy are equally rich and effective. In the entire acting drama we do not know a succession of more telling points for a true actor than the three scenes that deal with the failure of the play: the first, in which Sir Thomas receives, act by act, the account of its cold reception and gradual damnation, from his footman, his coachman, and his tailor, whom he had stationed in the theatre to witness it; the second, in which a chorus of egregious flatterers who had most fulsomely praised his trashy epigrams, as extravagantly to his face abuse his luckless comedy in the same hope of currying favour with him; and the third, in which his agony of fear under the threat of exposure compels him at last to purchase silence from Dick by the bribe of his niece's hand. Compared with these, even Sheridan's Sir Fretful is weak; and Foote himself not only acted the part every night, but also a characteristic little sketch of an irascible West Indian, Sir Peter Pepperpot, which he had brought in for the mere sake of an individual portraiture it enabled him to give.

We cannot stop to do justice to the bitter sarcasm with which the underling bards and broken booksellers spawned from such patronage as Lofty's are also handled, but the extraordinary frequency with which Foote introduces matter of this kind into his comedies leaves us at least not doubtful of the view he

took in regard to the relations of literature and publishing in his day; and, we may add, the distinction he is careful to mark between the hack and the gentleman in authorship, he more rarely recognises in the bookselling branch of the trade. Only a couple of summers before the *Patron* was acted he had introduced into his *Orators*, from which the threat of an oak-stick was alone thought to have saved Johnson, a publisher and printer of much consideration and dignity; an alderman in Ireland, and though with but one leg a pompous person everywhere; who had corresponded with Swift, who still corresponded with Chesterfield, who was understood to have advised privately sundry Lords Lieutenant, and who had a *Journal* of his own through which he continued to give advice publicly to Lords and Commoners in both kingdoms; whose numerous foibles had mightily amused Foote in all his visits to Dublin, and who on a recent visit to London had shown them off in such flourishing exuberance, that the temptation to put him in a farce was no longer resistible. Yet opinions differ still as to George Faulkner, and one cannot quite make out whether or not his self-satisfied and sleek exterior covered anything that fairly provoked and justified satire. Cooke says that his peculiarities were but trifling, and his manners unoffending; on the other hand, Cumberland says that so extravagant were they, and such his solemn intrepidity of egotism and daring contempt of absurdity, that they fairly outfaced even Foote's imitation, and set caricature at defiance. This also is borne out by what Isaac Reed remarks of his ludicrous affectation of wit and fine society, and his perpetual boastings, in the teeth of every disadvantage of age, person, address, and his deficient leg, of lavish favours from the fair sex; nor can there be a doubt, we think, especially since Lord Mahon's publication of suppressed passages in the letters, that what in Lord Chesterfield had been taken for an honest admiration of his sense, was after all but a humorous liking for his absurdity. He makes him his pleasant butt, and is always laughing in his face, for the enjoyment of his grave reception of it.

But granting so much, the mere corporal infirmity should have restrained the mimicry of Foote, who now bodily transferred to the Haymarket, wooden leg and all, Alderman George Faulkner by the title of Mr. Peter Paragraph. That he had thus selected for derision a man with such a defect, the satirist too soon had cause to lament; but for the rest we fear we must even say with Mr. Smirk that it is pleasant if wrong, and certainly we cannot wonder that Foote's Peter, a caricature of a caricature, should largely have attracted crowds to laugh at him. Hardly had the *Orators* exhibited Mr. Paragraph, however, when  
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Lord Chesterfield hastened to tell George Faulkner that Mr. Foote, who he believed had been one of George's symposion in London, was 'taking him off' in his new farce, and hadn't he better bring an action against him? for, says his Lordship, with the humour he always passed off upon Faulkner for gravity, though *scribere est agere* was looked upon as too hard in the case of Algernon Sydney, yet my Lord Coke in his incomparable Notes upon Littleton, my Lord Chief Justice Hales in his Pleas of the Crown, my Lord Vaughan, Salkeld, and in short all the greatest men of the law, do, with their usual perspicuity and precision, lay it down for law that *agere est agere*; and this being exactly Mr. Foote's case, he shall hold himself in readiness to receive any orders in the affair, for retaining counsel, filing a bill of Faulkner *versus* Foote, or bringing a common action upon the case. Nothing can be greater fun than the letter, all through; and the mischievous old wit must have been amazed indeed when his advice was taken seriously, when the case of Faulkner *v.* Foote did actually appear in the Dublin law-courts, and Faulkner absolutely triumphed in a verdict, though he obtained but nominal damages. However, he got himself compared to the Greek philosopher whom the Greek wit ridiculed, which was a feather in his cap; and he made a great deal of money, first to last, by printing and selling large numbers not only of the original libel, but of the counsels' speeches at the trial; and he received congratulations from Lord Chesterfield for a victory which the divine Socrates had not influence enough to obtain at Athens over Aristophanes, nor the Great Pompey at Rome over the actor who had the insolence to abuse him: though, to be sure, the post of the very next day took a letter, only recently published, from the old peer to the Bishop of Waterford, rejoicing at George having made his enemy his footstool, but professing amazement that their philosophical friend should not have practised a noble contempt, instead of being so irascible as to go to law!

'Fear of Foote' had suppressed this passage when the letters to the Bishop were published, and it was a feeling, prevalent through society, not even temporarily abated by Faulkner's unexpected legal success. Opportunity and leisure for reflection, doubtless for unavoidable reproach, were soon perforce to visit him; but his position was never so strong, his influence never so much dreaded, as after the verdict of the Dublin jury against him. A couple of months later he put jury, counsel, judge, and all into a comic scene, and played it at the Haymarket; and in the same summer he gibbeted the Duke of Newcastle, ex-premier of England, by the side of Justice Lamb, fish-salesman and ex-militia-major of Acton, in Matthew Mug and Major Sturgeon of the glorious



glorious *Mayor of Garrett*. Who has not enjoyed this farce more than half the comedies he has seen ?

Its writer now stood at the highest point of his worldly fortune. It seemed impossible that in the career he had chosen there could open to him anything beyond it. Never had such splendid seasons rewarded him at the Haymarket as those in which the *Patron* and the *Mayor of Garrett* were produced, and never did his personal position appear more enviable. In Paris the preceding year he had been not the least prominent figure in the group of celebrated Englishmen who thronged there at the declaration of peace ; on his return his popularity with various classes of his countrymen could hardly be exceeded ; and in the company of men of high rank and superior fortune, says the elder Colman, he preserved always an easy and noble independence. He had now enlarged both his town and his country house, he drove as good horses as any in the Mall, his dinners and wines were famous, and he had lately spent fifteen hundred pounds on a service of plate, which he justified by remarking truly enough that the money was more likely to continue with him in that form than in one he could more conveniently melt down. Perhaps no man's celebrity took so familiar as well as wide a range. The very boys at Eton had him down to show him about the college, and their Captain asked him by way of reward to repeat to them the best of his sayings.\* It is to his credit to add that he always remembered literature as his calling, and that its place should be first in his regard. One night of the run of the *Minor*, when peers had been sent away from the overcrowded theatre, he put himself to grave inconvenience that he might get Gray and Mason into a side-box ; when a flippant fine lady of his theatre complained of the humdrum man Doctor Goldsmith was in the green-room compared with the figure he made in his poetry, he explained to her with delicate wit that the reason of it was that the Muses were better companions than the Players ; yet at the same time, at his dinners, Cooke tells us, where his guests of rank and fashion were sure always to find themselves among writers and actors, he never busied himself less for the comfort of a poor player than for the entertainment of a royal highness. Gilly Williams describes at this very time

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\* Mr. Selwyn mentioned that Foote, having received much attention from the Eton boys, in showing him about the College, collected them round him in the quadrangle, and said, 'Now, young gentlemen, what can I do for you to show you how much I am obliged to you?' 'Tell us, Mr. Foote,' said the leader, 'the best thing you ever said.' 'Why,' says Foote, 'I once saw a little black-guard imp of a chimney-sweeper mounted on a noble steed, prancing and curvetting in all the pride and magnificence of nature,—There, said I, goes Warburton on Shakespeare.'—*Diary of a Lover of Literature*, by Thomas Green.

the return of the King's brother from the continent. 'The Duke of York on his arrival went first to his mother, then to his Majesty, and directly from them to Mr. Foote.'

Better for Mr. Foote that he had not gone to him, for together they afterwards went on a visit to Lord Mexborough's, and here, in hunting, he rode a too spirited horse, was thrown, and received so severe a hurt that his left leg had to be amputated. The story went that he had his jest nevertheless, even under the knife of the surgeon; but his letters to Garrick tell a different tale. He feels in all its bitterness the calamity that has fallen upon him, the blow which has struck him in that height of his prosperity. It is several weeks after the accident, yet he is still at Cannon-park, and, notwithstanding some flattery of appearances, looking upon his hold in life to depend on a very slender tenure. Yet he can rejoice to hear of his friend's success in the *Clandestine Marriage*, which Lady Stanhope had told him of the night before, and one can see that his heart is touched with a gratitude to Garrick which he finds it difficult to give adequate expression to. He falls to praising his wife, and says from what he has seen, and all he has heard, Garrick will have more to regret when either of them dies than any man in the kingdom. And then, poor fellow, he fears he has explained himself imperfectly. 'I do not know whether the expression be clear in the last period but one, but I mean your separation, whichever occasions it—but in truth,' he adds, 'I am very weak, in pain, and can procure no sleep but by the aid of opiates. Oh! it is incredible all that I have suffered.' Yet he hopes he may still be spared to express in person some part of his thankfulness to dear Mr. Garrick for all his attention and goodness.

While these letters thus display the real kindness of heart that existed between these celebrated men, old Lord Chesterfield was telling Faulkner with eager satisfaction that Heaven had avenged his cause by punishing his adversary in the part offending. The same thought had of course occurred to the satirist himself. 'Now I shall take off old Faulkner indeed to the life!' was the first remark he made when what he had to suffer was announced to him.

Such compensation for the suffering as the Duke of York's influence with his brother could obtain awaited him when he left his sick-room. The King had granted exclusively to him for life, at the Duke's instance, a royal patent for performances at the Haymarket from the 14th of May to the 14th of September in every year. It enabled him to do what he had long desired. He almost entirely rebuilt the theatre, erected a handsome new front to it, and opened it, a year and a half after his accident,

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in May 1767, with a *Prelude* of infinite humour and wit, and with cheerfulness to all seeming undiminished. He played during the season, too, several of his favourite parts, as well as that capital tragedy for warm weather which reached him anonymously from Dodsley's shop with the title of *The Tailors*. Yet it took no very piercing glance to discover the change the man had undergone. With all his high comic humour, says an actor who watched him nightly, one could not help pitying him as he stood upon his one leg, leaning against the wall, while his servant was putting on his stage false leg, with shoe and stocking, and fastening it to the stump:—*he looked very sorrowful*:—but, instantly resuming all his fun and mirth, he hobbled forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected, their plenty of laugh and delight.

And without intermission he supplied this, replenished yearly from his own stores of invention, until 1776. There are few such examples on record. Nine original dramas, of which eight were three-act comedies, formed the produce of his literary labour in the same number of years, interrupted as these were by visits to Dublin and Edinburgh, and occupied as they always were with the anxieties of management, with the toil of acting almost every other night, and with many intervals of sickness and pain, of which they bear no trace. In character they are to the full as admirable as any we have described, in wit as lively, as hasty in the management of plot, but as prompt and pointed in their keen and rapid satire, and with all the perfection of unsuperfluous dialogue, the natural minutiae of expression, the quick clear talk of real life, in which we hold Foote's writings to be incomparable. Among them were the *Devil on Two Sticks*, the *Lame Lover*, the *Maid of Bath*, the *Nabob*, the *Bankrupt*, the *Cozeners*, and the *Capuchin*.

Not the least successful was that with which he resumed his pen, the *Devil on Two Sticks*, in which, too, the satire was unusually genial. It was fair game to laugh as he did, and as Molière had already done, at the disputes and malpractices of doctors; to make fun of even the good Doctor Brocklesby's eagerness for high-seasoned political news; and to hit at Mrs. Macaulay through her disciple Mrs. Margaret Maxwell, who threatens to niche her brother into the great republican history of the day, wherein she promises him, though perhaps too late for the historical text, that he shall be soundly swung in the marginal notes. His last comedy before his illness was the *Commissary*, also partly borrowed from Molière, but in which he had indulged a bitterness of personal ridicule against Doctor Arne which makes the contrast of this more striking. One  
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hears with no surprise that every one took it good-humouredly ; that Mrs. Macaulay sat side by side with Horace Walpole when, after unsuccessful attempts to get places for himself, he was fain to be content with admittance to his niece Cholmondely's box ; and that from another full-length figure in the piece, Sir William Browne of the College of Physicians, Foote received pleasant intimation that his portrait was inexact in only one particular, and as he had omitted the President's muff he begged to forward his own. Zoffany, who had already painted a fine Major Sturgeon, produced one of his masterpieces in a scene of this play. Foote bequeathed it to Mr. Fitzherbert, and it is now in the collection of Lord Carlisle.

The *Lame Lover* followed, and was not inferior in wit, in success, or in the propriety of its satire. In *Sir Luke Limp* he laughed at Prince Boothby, so called for his love of rank, whose mother, believed to have been Fielding's Sophia Western, was one of his own greatest admirers ; and it was here he put what cheerful face he could on his misfortune, represented his own stump as he had represented Faulkner's, and played off a grand battery against the law.\* Less allowable was the satire of the *Maid of Bath* in ridicule of the miser Long (Miss Tylney's Mr. Long), and his alleged conduct to Miss Linley. For though Mr. Moore's account of the affair is upon the face of it ridiculous, and it is understood that the reparation made was greatly induced by Foote's exposure, which Garrick would surely not have countenanced by a prologue if he had not known it in no small degree provoked,† the subject was of too private a nature for this kind of public handling, and the piece illustrates nothing now so forcibly as the grave mistake its writer too often made in giving such direction to his wit.

Next came the *Nabob*, and who needs to describe him after

\* Foote's jokes against attorneys would fill a volume, but space may be spared for the grave communication he made to a simple country farmer who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, and who was complaining to him of the very great expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hathands, scarves, &c. 'Why, do you bury your attorneys here?' asked Foote. 'Yes, to be sure we do: how else?'—'Oh! we never do that in London.' 'No!' said the other, much surprised; 'how do you manage?'—'Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off.'—'Indeed!' said the other, in amazement, 'what becomes of him?' 'Why, that we cannot exactly tell; all we know is, there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning.'

† Richard Cumberland and Garrick visited him together on the eve of the production of this comedy, walked with him in his garden, heard him read some of its roughly-sketched scenes, enjoyed a good dinner with him, to which he had pressed them to stay, and had superlative wine. Foote lived at this time at Parson's Green, where Theodore Hook afterwards lived; but the country-house he was most partial to, and occupied the greater part of his life, was at North End.

Mr. Macaulay's sketch, dissolute, ungenerous, tyrannical, ashamed of the humble friends of his youth, hating the aristocracy yet childishly eager to be numbered amongst them, squandering his wealth on panders and flatterers, tricking out his chairmen with the most costly hot-house flowers, and astounding the ignorant with jargon about rupees, lacs, and jaghires? Most deservedly did this comedy attract crowds to the Haymarket, and among them Nabobs themselves not a few. Indeed a pleasant story is told of two East Indians of high rank and influence calling in Suffolk-street to chastise the author of the satire and staying there to dine and make merry with him. 'Each cries that's not levell'd at me!' It is certain that two persons were supposed to be chiefly aimed at, Sir Matthew White and General Smith, the latter being, like Foote's Sir Matthew Mite, the son of a cheesemonger; and the Suffolk-street story appears to be confirmed by a curious passage in a letter of George Garrick's to his brother written after the comedy was played, in which he mentions it as an extraordinary fact that Foote was going to dine with General Smith at Sir Matthew White's, and likewise lie all night there, and this by strong invitation. 'Foote is afraid,' he adds, 'that they will put him in the coalhole.'

The assault upon sentimental comedy in his celebrated *Puppet-show* succeeded the *Nabob*; but the piece written for the puppets, *Piety in Pattens*, of which you were to learn by the moral how maidens of low degree might become rich from the mere effects of morality and virtue, and by the literature how thoughts the most common-place might be concealed under cover of words the most highflown, was never printed. All that remains of it is a lively exordium spoken by Foote himself, lavish of learning and pleasantry, and in which, among other things, there is a laugh at Garrick for his Stratford Jubilee. For this affair unhappily had brought a coolness again between the friends. Garrick's stewards, and wands, and mulberry medallions, and white-topped gloves, and fireworks that would not go off, and rain and dirt-draggled masquerading, and above all William Whitehead's silly lines to him—

‘A nation's taste depends on you,  
Perhaps a nation's virtue too’—

so utterly overthrew the wit's patience that he proposed to have a pasteboard imitation,\* and to cap the couplet with ‘Cock-

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\* ‘Pray, Sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?’ asked a lady of fashion. ‘Oh dear, Madam, no,’ replied Foote; ‘not much above the size of Garrick.’ Horace Walpole describes to one of his correspondents the interference of Lord Stafford mentioned in the text. ‘Garrick,’ he says, ‘by the negotiation of a Secretary of State, has made peace with Foote, and by the secret article of the treaty is to be left out of the puppet-show.’

a-doodle-do !' But the Marquis of Stafford interposed, and unexpectedly at his door the two managers met. It was the genial dinner-hour, and as they alighted from their chariots significant looks were exchanged. Garrick broke the silence. 'What is it, war or peace?' 'Oh, peace by all means!' said Foote, with frank good will. And he kept his word.

The laugh in the Puppet-show exordium was good-natured, the interchange of hospitalities between Hampton and North-End was resumed, and each became again the other's affectionate servant. A dinner is proposed by Foote, at which the guests are to be common friends, and to the invitation Garrick pleasantly responds that, whether himself inclined to North-End or not, a small attention to his honour would have to take him, as Mrs. Garrick was resolved, in case of any prudery on his part, to go alone. Nor does Foote's gallantry fail him in return. We have before us an unpublished letter\* in which he describes a compliment he had ventured to pay Mrs. Garrick in a new piece, and, as the compliment is not now to be found in his published writings, the reader may not object to see it here. The superiority of female government is asserted from the flourishing state of Spain, France, and England, governed at the same period by the Princess des Ursins, Madame de Maintenon, and the Duchess of Marlborough, when, an objection being made from the success of Drury-lane theatre under the acknowledged direction of a man, to weaken the plea he too is said to have the good fortune to be assisted in his councils by a Madame de Maintenon. Whereupon Garrick's delight reveals itself by a message of cordial congratulation on the success of the *Bankrupt*, which he has heard, from a gentleman who loves and understands alike the stage and the law, is Foote's best performance. Among the best it certainly is, for its high and legitimate aim. There was no mere personal bitterness in it. Indeed he struck out of it many allusions that might have given pain to Sir George Fordyce, whose failure from unwise speculation in that year, though it spread wonder and dismay over London, left his character unimpeached; and he levelled it exclusively at knavish manufacturers of bankruptcies on 'Change, and not less wicked inventors of calumnies in the low and prurient press.

\* Another of this date, which has not yet seen the light, is sufficiently brief and characteristic to be appended here:—'You and I are a couple of buckets; whilst you are raising the reputation of Shakespeare, I am endeavouring to sink it, and for this purpose I shall give next Monday the tragedy of *Hamlet*, the Prince by &c, but even in this situation we shall want your assistance to pull our poet above ground—the Ghost's armour, which if you will give your housekeeper orders to deliver, you will be extremely kind to your affectionate servant, S. FOOTE.'



It was after the production of this comedy Foote went to Ireland for the last time. In the preceding year he had bid Scotland farewell. Such journeys involved fatigue and endurance in those days, and, though he is now little more than fifty years old, we may see that age is stealing on him. In that journey to Edinburgh,\* he wrote to Tate Wilkinson, he had encountered more perils than in a voyage to the Indies; for, not to mention mountains, precipices, savage cataracts, and more savage men, he had been locked up for near a week in a village, dirty, dismal, and desolate, by a fall of snow. But he turned with pleasanter thoughts to Ireland. Friends were there who had always welcome for him; the place was associated with his earliest success; and never had warmer greeting been given him than on his visit soon after his accident, the first after Faulkner's verdict. Lord Townshend was then Lord-lieutenant, and the Bedford and Rigby hospitalities were redoubled. His plays were commanded more than once, and the result of the engagement was to reimburse a great loss he had undergone at play in passing through Bath to Holyhead, and to restore him to the Haymarket a richer man than he left it. Lord Harcourt was now Lord-lieutenant, and he knew the same kindness awaited him.

Yet there was a touch of sadness in the occasional prologue he had written for his opening night, when he appeared in the *Nabob*. He reminds the Irish that they first had acknowledged his humour as an actor ('you gave, at least discovered first, the vein'), and, contrasting his youthful outset five-and-twenty years back with what he was then to present to them, can find but this subject for self-congratulation in it, that—

‘ If age contracts my muscles, shrills my tone,  
No man will claim *those* foibles as his own.’

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\* It was said of him on the occasion of this visit that he gave entertainments unusually extravagant as a rebuke to Scotch parsimony, and used to send his cook to market in a sedan-chair. An anecdote of the visit, which we have from Boswell, ought not to be omitted. Foote was at a large dinner-party, where Boswell also was present, and the conversation turned upon Johnson. The wit instantly made merry at Johnson's expense. And it was very coarse jocularities, says Boswell, and made the company laugh so much that he felt it was not civil to himself. So, as a Roland for Foote's Oliver, he tells them that he at least had lately heard a capital thing from Johnson, whatever other people's experience of him had been. ‘ Ah! my old friend Sam,’ says Foote, ‘ no man says better things; do let us have it.’ ‘ Why, he said,’ rejoins Boswell, ‘ when I asked him if you were not an infidel, that if you were, you were an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, you had never thought upon the subject.’ There was a loud laugh at this coarseness, which of course Foote did not relish; and Boswell declares, with much self-admiration for the disagreeable thing he had been delivered of, he never saw Foote so disconcerted, grave, and angry. ‘ What, Sir!’ said he, ‘ talk thus of a man of liberal education—a man who for years was at the University of Oxford—a man who has added sixteen new characters to the drama of his country!’ And he proceeded earnestly to resent the gross imputation.

But

But with his brother actors, before and behind the scene, all was with him as of old. O'Keefe was a hanger about the Dublin theatre in those days, and more than half a century afterwards recalled with a kindly and vivid impression the celebrated wit, with his humorous twinkle of the eye, his smile so irresistible with one corner of his mouth, and his voice rather harsh except when imitating others. People wondered at him in Dublin, according to O'Keefe, for the dinners and wine he gave, and for what seemed something of a parade of affluence; but this made part of the man. He never saw him, he adds, that he was not surrounded by laughers, for none that came near him could help it; and nothing struck him so much as the effect produced upon him one night, when, sitting in the green-room as usual amid a crowded circle of the performers, all in full laugh at and with him, he was suddenly disconcerted by observing one young actor, who had fixed himself right before the centre of attraction, maintain steadily a calm, grave, quiet face, unmoved by the roar around. It was an actor whom O'Keefe had that very morning seen drilled by Foote in one of his comedies, when he mispronounced a word. 'Ha, ha!' cried Foote: 'What's that, sarcophagus? the word is sarcophagus; it's derived from the Greek, you know; I wonder that did not strike you!' But the youth had some wit, it would seem, if he had little Greek, and he punished Foote in the manner just related.

It was not, however, simply as a jester he had such vogue with his brother performers. They are a kindly, genial race, and Foote was always generous to them. In this respect, certainly, he took the lead of the Drury-lane manager. He seems to have had less of the common vice of the profession than almost any actor on record, for it was assuredly not jealousy of Garrick that made him laugh at the attempt to set Powell above him, and, this case excepted, he was remarkable for his encouragement of debutants. Shuter, Weston, Tate Wilkinson, Castallo, Baddely, Edwin, all these men he brought forward himself, made known, assisted in every way; and it was not alone actors of merit, but the *hoi polloi* of the scene, who experienced his goodwill. Old actors were now with him at the Haymarket, who had been with him since he first went there, whom he had kept till they had long outlived their work, and whose presence on the salary-list he still justified to his economical friend Jewel, by the remark that 'he kept them on purpose to show the superior gentlemanly manners of the old school.' During this very winter in Dublin he was taken so ill one day at rehearsal that he was obliged to announce upon the stage his inability to play. 'Ah, Sir,' said a poor actor who overheard him, 'if  
you

you will not play, we shall have no Christmas dinner.' 'Ha!' said he at once, 'if my playing gives you a Christmas dinner, play I will!' and, O'Keefe adds, ill as he was he kept his word.

Not many days later his life was endangered by an accident which has not till now been publicly described. He relates it himself in a letter to Garrick, dated on the last day of December 1773, which has not before been printed, and which leaves as vivid and characteristic an impression of Foote as perhaps any single letter has ever been able to convey of any writer. It requires little explanation. Jewel is his treasurer and secretary, and always faithful friend. The allusion to Macklin is to his recent authorship of plays. Little Jephson, whom he here so happily mimics on the page, is the same who afterwards wrote plays that Horace Walpole protested were superior to Beaumont and Fletcher, and would live for all ages. Faulkner needs no description from us, but the reader will compare what he is made to say so sleekly with what we have formerly said of him. Little Dot is the elder Colman. Nor is the allusion to the Literary Club the least curious point of this various and interesting letter. The Club had been in existence ten years, yet Foote, a man to whom the best society of his time was accessible, has only now heard of it!

'MY DEAR SIR,—Had it not been for the coolness and resolution of my old friend, and your great admirer, Jewel, your humble servant would last night have been reduced to ashes by reading in bed, that cursed custom! The candles set fire to the curtains, and the bed was instantly set in a blaze. He rushed in, hauled me out of the room, tore down and trampled the paper and curtains, and so extinguished the flames. The bed was burnt, and poor Jewel's hands most miserably scorched. So you see, my dear Sir, no man can foresee the great ends for which he was born. Macklin, though a blockhead in his manhood and youth, turns out a wit and a writer on the brink of the grave; and Foote, never very remarkable for his personal graces, in the decline of his life was very near becoming a toast.

'I never saw the *Monitor* you allude to. It is a paper stigmatized here for its virulence. However, it has had no apparent effect upon the public, as it would have been impossible for them to have paid more attention to the nights I have played.

'Little Jephson, who owes his establishment on this side the water to me, is (by being smuggled into Parliament) become in his own idea a man of importance. He has been delivered, in a senate frequent and full, of a false conception or two; and is unanimously declared by his colleagues incapable of either facundity or fecundity.

'The first time I met with my gentleman was about a month after my landing, at the Parliament-house. He had fixed himself on the lowest bench next the floor, his arms folded and legs across, the right eye covered by his hat, and the left occasionally thrown on me with an unmarking



unmarking transitory glance. However, the very polite attention paid to me by the Speaker, the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Conolly, and, indeed, all the men of consequence there, roused the Captain's recollection. He approached me with a cold compliment, and dropped a scarce audible apology for not having called at my door; but public-a-a-affairs had-a-so entirely engrossed him, that he had really no leisure to-a-a-a. I own I was ready to laugh in his face; but recollecting a gravity equal to his own, I applauded his zeal for the commonwealth. Begged that no consideration of me should for the future divert his thoughts one moment from the cause of his country. Was afraid I had already taken up too much of his time. Made him a most profound bow. And the Copper Captain in politics with great gravity retired to his seat. I find he has been left by Lord Townshend as a kind of incumbrance upon his successors; but I have some reason to believe that they would be glad to get rid of the mortgage. He has since the interview been very frequent and free with my knocker, but the servants had received proper instructions.

'I have often met here a Mr. Vesey, who tells me that he belongs to a Club with you and some other gentlemen of eminent talents. I could not conceive upon what motive *he* had procured admittance; but I find he is the Accomptant-General here, so I suppose you have him to cast up the reckoning.

'I have not seen Alderman Fawkenor. I thought myself obliged to take some little notice of him in an occasional prologue. The following is an original letter of his:

'To — Tickle, Esq.

'My most dear and esteemed Friend,—Your concurring in opinion with me the last day we spent so agreeably together, that it would be prudent in me forthwith to call in my *debts*, hath induced me to advertize you that I have commissioned our common friend, Mr. Thomas Croaker, attorney-at-law, to sue you to an outlawry for one hundred pounds, as per bond, with all possible speed. The steady and firm friendship we have ever maintained, and the great esteem and respect I entertain for the valuable memory of your very worthy deceased and ingenious father, Mr. Secretary Tickle, compels me to send you this notice, being, my dearest friend,

'Your most faithful, affectionate, and obedient

'Humble servant till death,

'GEORGE FAWKENOR.

'I sincerely rejoice in your success, and feel no compassion for Macklin, Kenrick, Covent-garden, nor that little *Dot*, its dirty director. At this season the winds are so variable, that I may possibly see you before you can acquaint me with this reaching your hands. You may assure Mrs. Garrick that flattering is not one of my failings, and that she has the merit of making me constant and uniform in perhaps the only part of my life—my esteem and veneration for her. Adieu, my dear Sir. A good night, and God bless you. Take care of the candle.

'SAMUEL FOOTE.'

He soon followed his letter, and not long after his re-appearance in London produced his *Cozeners*. Here again was legitimate satire. It exposed traffickers in vice, laughed at a money-borrowing

borrowing adventure of Charles Fox's, and held up to reprobation macaroni preachers, and traders in simony. Here Mrs. Rudd rehearsed what she soon after acted with the Perreaus, and a gibbet was set up for Doctor Dodd three years before Lord Chesterfield hanged him. A clown was also introduced to be perpetually reminded of the Graces, in ridicule of the Chesterfield Letters then just given to the world. Foote had so strong an aversion to these Letters, indeed, that he contemplated also a more elaborate burlesque of them. Lord Eliot told the Boswell party that he intended to bring on the stage a father who had so tutored his son, and to show the son an honest man to every one else, but practising upon his father his father's maxims, and always cheating him. Johnson was greatly pleased with the design, but wished the son to be an out-and-out rogue, providing only that, for poetical justice, the father should be the sole sufferer. Perhaps Johnson's view was the more true, and Foote's the more dramatic.

But an illness intercepted this purpose, which was not renewed, and it was at this time Boswell heard of Foote's having said that he was not afraid to die. Of course it was repeated to Johnson, and was met by the remark that it was not true. Yet the good old man more truly felt, in another conversation, that it might have been true; that the act of dying is not really of importance, that it matters far less how a man dies than how he lives, and that it will at any rate do him no good to whine. But though Foote was not of the whining sort, he could now hardly fail to mix up, with wearying and depressing thoughts of sickness and approaching age, some sense of life misspent, of opportunities lost, of resources not husbanded, of powers imperfectly used if not misapplied; and accordingly, when he had mastered this illness, at the close of 1774 he wrote to Garrick in contemplation of passing some time on the Continent, and ridding himself of managerial cares. He would go there, he says, not for pleasure but prudence, for he is tired with racking his brain, tired of toiling like a horse, and crossing seas and mountains in the dreariest seasons, merely to pay servants' wages and tradesmen's bills. He has therefore resolved to let his theatre if he can meet with a proper tenant, and he asks Garrick to help him to one, and kisses Mrs. Garrick's hands.

Such thoughts and purposes, however, were still in abeyance when the idea of a new comedy occurred to him, and brought on suddenly the last and most terrible trial of his life. He was now to have a bitter test unexpectedly applied to the principle on which throughout all his life he had based his habit of personal caricature, and to find it wofully fail him. There was at this time  
prominent

prominent before the world a woman of such notorious vice and such conspicuous station, that it might have been thought, if ever its application should be warrantable, it would be here; yet when he struck at her, she struck again, and her blow proved heavier than his. He had hereafter to reflect that whatever might be the supposed advantages of personal satire it had this enormous disadvantage, that it is the very vice which most invites its exercise that is most able to bear up against and defy its consequences. The sensitive will sink under injustice which the coarse need only laugh at.

The Duchess of Kingston obtained information that he had satirized her in a piece, the *Trip to Calais*, then in the licenser's hands. Through the Chamberlain's office the secret had oozed. She instantly brought all her influence to bear on Lord Hertford. Foote heard of her intention, and wrote a masterly letter to him. An interview with the Duchess herself in the presence of witnesses followed, but equally against offers of money and threatenings of law, Foote stood firm.\* It is clear that he believed himself right, felt his case to be so strong that he *must* triumph, and perceived that if conquered in this instance his vocation as a satirist was gone.

He told Lord Hertford, therefore, that if he saw good to enforce the law against him, it would decide his fate for the future. After such a defeat, it would be impossible for him to muster up courage enough to face folly again. Yet even with this grave forecast of a life made profitless, he would not shrink from claiming the addition of a *Plaudite* to the *Valeat res ludicra*! During his continuance in the service of the public, he had never sought to profit by flattering their passions or falling in with their humours. On all occasions he had exerted his little powers, as indeed he thought it his duty, in exposing

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\* He took it lightly enough at this time. 'The Duchess offered to buy it off,' says Walpole, 'but Foote would not take her money, and swears he will act her in Lady Brumpton' (a character in Steele's *Funeral*), 'which to be sure is very applicable.' He would not even hold the Duchess as of any account in the business. 'Why has Lord Hertford refused to license my piece?' he repeated, to one who asked that question of him. 'Oh, that's intelligible enough. He asked me to make his youngest son a boxkeeper, and because I would not he stopped my play.' To those who heard it this had a double meaning. Garrick also thus wrote to Colman (June 25, 1775):—'We wanted you much at the election to-day. Foote was in great spirits, but bitter against the Lord Chamberlain. He will bully them into a licence. The Duchess has had him in her closet and offered to bribe him; but Cato himself, though he had one more leg than our friend, was not more stoically virtuous than he has been. You shall know all when I see you.' A letter of Horace Walpole's is worth adding:—'The dame,' he writes to Mason (August 5, 1775), 'as if he had been a member of parliament, offered to buy him off. Aristophanes's Grecian virtue was not to be corrupted; but he offered to read the piece, and blot out whatever passages she would mark that she thought applicable to her case. She was too cunning to bite at this; and they parted.'



foibles however much the favourites of the day, and condemning prejudices however protected or popular. Sometimes he believed he had done this with success. At any rate, he had never lost his credit with the public, because they knew, whatever errors of judgment he might have committed, he proceeded on principle. They knew that he had disdained being either the echo or the instrument of any man however exalted his station, and that he had never consented to receive reward or protection from any other hands than their own.

Lord Hertford felt the difficulty, and seems to have done his best to act fairly in the circumstances. He saw Foote and suggested a compromise. Foote at once conceded that he would remove any particular passages pointed out as overstepping the fair limits of public satire, but to this the Duchess flatly refused consent. Nothing would satisfy her but entire suppression. For this she would even remunerate him, but no other condition would she tolerate. In a second interview at Kingston-house, in the presence of Lord Mountstuart, he rejected 'splendid offers' to this effect then made to him. He still held himself safe. He could not believe, as he wrote to Lord Hertford, that because a capricious woman conceived that he had pinned her ruffle away, he should be punished by a poniard struck deep in his heart.

But he did not know the antagonist with whom he had to deal, or that the wound was indeed to be mortal. She had now called to her aid a man as devoid of principle as herself, and with even more abundant means of giving effect to his reckless audacity of wickedness. This fellow, one Jackson, an Irish parson who afterwards became involved in treasonable practices before the outbreak of the Irish rebellion, and poisoned himself in prison on the eve of the day appointed for his execution, at once opened all the batteries of most unscrupulous libel against Foote. The effect may be imagined of the use of money without stint, in the execution without remorse of such a scheme. It is appalling even yet to turn to the newspapers and pamphlets of that day, and see the cold and cruel persistence in the attacks against the great humourist, into whose vortex even journals calling themselves respectable were drawn.

Foote at last showed a certain sign of quailing under it. A cry of pain was wrung from him. He offered to suppress the scenes which had given offence, if the Duchess would give directions that the newspaper attacks should not continue. This, it is true, was after the visit of one of her friends, a member of the Privy Council, who had eagerly interceded for her: but in whatever way elicited, it presented itself as a triumph, and so she

she treated it. She rejected his offer with contempt, and called him not only a base coward and a slanderous buffoon, a merryandrew and a theatrical assassin, but struck at him with even fouler and more terrible imputations. Walpole has described her letter and its sequel. 'Drunk with triumph she would give the mortal blow with her own hand, but, as the instrument she chose was a *goose-quill*, the stroke recoiled on herself. She wrote a letter in the *Evening Post* which not the lowest of her class, who tramp in pattens, would have set her mark to. Billingsgate from a Ducal coronet was inviting; however, Foote, with all the delicacy she ought to have used, replied only with wit, irony, and confounding satire. The Pope will not be able to wash out the spots with all the holy water in the Tiber. I imagine she will escape a trial, but Foote has given her the *coup de grace*.' Soon after he wrote to Mason, 'What a chef-d'œuvre is Foote's answer!' to which Mason responds, 'I agree with you in thinking Foote's answer one of the very best things in the English language, and prefer it in its kind: Mr. Pope's letter to Lord Hervey is nothing to it.' 'The Duchess is a clever sort of woman,' said a country squire who had received some services from her, 'but she was never so much out in her life as when she ventured to write a letter to Mr. Foote.'

Masterly and complete as the answer was, however, it was written with an aching heart. Openly Foote would not now shrink, but her stab was rankling in him. She did *not* escape her trial. She was arraigned for bigamy before her peers, was convicted, stripped of her title of Duchess, and, as Dunning threatened her, might have been burnt in the hand, but that meanwhile the death of her first husband's brother, Lord Bristol, had given her still the right to that privilege of peerage she claimed, and which, enabling her to leave the court punished only by a lower step in the rank of nobility, left the record of those portentous proceedings, partly a State Trial and partly a History of Moll Flanders, to carry its traits of dignified morality and justice down to succeeding generations. But though her trial was thus over, Foote's was but to begin. He resolved to drag forth the secret libeller and fight the matter out with him. He recast the *Trip to Calais*; struck out Lady Kitty Crocodile; put in, under the guise of a low Irish pimp and pander whom he called Dr. Viper, his hidden slanderer Dr. Jackson; and announced the first night of the *Capuchin*.

The comedy was played at the Haymarket a few months after the Kingston trial, when Foote played Dr. Viper and threw into it his bitterest pungency of manner as well as words. It was successful, yet with a difference from old successes. The house

was packed with enemies, and, though the friends were strong enough to carry it against opposition, the opposition was also strong enough still to make itself heard. Jackson's libels had not been without their effect even within the walls of the Haymarket. 'There was great applause, but rather more disapprobation,' says Miss Wilkes, when she saw it, some nights after the first. Nevertheless it was acted until the theatre closed. Jackson had meanwhile resolved that if possible the theatre never should reopen, and he took his measures accordingly.

Such was the character of the libels against Foote, and their inveterate frequency between the closing of that season and the opening of the next, that it soon became obvious the matter could not rest where it was. The impression became general that, without first applying authorised means to arrest the calumny, the Haymarket must remain shut. Notices to this effect appeared in respectable journals. But, whatever Foote may have felt, his attitude betrayed no discomposure. He took no public notice of the rumours. His advertisements appeared as usual, only a little later, and at the close of May he opened his season of 1776 with *the Bankrupt*. The house was crammed, men of rank and men of letters were in all parts of the theatre, and something too evidently was expected. It broke out as soon as Foote appeared, when such was the reception given him by a small knot of people stationed in the gallery that all the ladies present in the boxes immediately withdrew. But even then he showed no lack of courage, and the spirit and feeling with which he at once stepped forward and addressed the audience produced a sudden revulsion in his favour among those who before had shown indifference. He appealed to their humanity and justice. He had summoned his libeller into the Court of King's Bench, and that very day the rule had been made absolute. Were they not too noble and too just to discard an old servant without giving him time to prove that he had never been unworthy of their favour, and would never disgrace their protection? The comedy was permitted to proceed, and a riot was not again attempted.

But Jackson had not yet thrown his last stake. He had hardly been convicted as a libeller in the highest common-law court, and publicly dismissed from the paper which had to make a formal apology for his libel, when there appeared suddenly at Bow-street a discarded coachman of Foote's, a fellow of the worst character, whom the subsequent proceedings branded with unspeakable infamy, who preferred a charge against his late master giving open, confessed, and distinct form to all the unspeakable rumours for which Jackson had been convicted. We spare the reader the miserable detail. For months Foote



was kept with an accusation hanging over him, of such a kind as to embitter the most unsullied life against which it might be breathed. Every artifice was used to prolong the time of trial. But meanwhile he proved his friends. There was not a step in the preparation of his defence which was not solicitously watched by Garrick. 'I have been most cruelly used,' Foote at last writes to him, 'but I have, thank God, got to the bottom of this infernal contrivance. God for ever bless you.' 'My dear, kind friend,' he writes the following day, 'ten thousand thanks for your note. I shall make the proper use of it directly. I am to swear to an information this evening. My spirits are much better, but I am fatigued to death with such a crowd of comforters; I have this instant got rid of a room-full. May nothing but halcyon days and nights crown the rest of your life! is the sincere prayer of S. FOOTE.'

With such crowds of comforters flocking round him, he was able to play his various comedies as usual, and is said never to have played better. So far from being abandoned, so far from any one doubting or turning from him, Cooke says that 'his theatre, from the first moment of the charge to the close of the trial, exhibited a continual assemblage of rank, learning, fashion, and friendship. Among the two former classes particularly are to be numbered two royal Dukes, the late Duke of Roxburghe, the Marquis of Townshend, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Fitzherbert, many foreign noblemen, and a group of others of the first respectability.\* Mr. Dunning was his counsel, and, the case having been moved into the King's Bench, Lord Mansfield was his judge. The charge had scarcely been stated before it was demolished, and the special jury, even refusing to turn round in the box, at once cried out together, Not guilty. But hardly could it have been guessed, until this issue was known, what a deep and sensitive suffering Foote's manliness and spirit had concealed. Murphy hastened from the court to Suffolk-street to be messenger of the glad tidings, when his old friend, instead of manifesting joy, fell to the ground in strong hysterics.

His theatre was soon let to Colman, and under the new management he played but thrice. A few months before that final appearance we get our last near glimpse of him, and see one of

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\* Cooke does not mention, but it is well worth recording here, that the King also took occasion during the interval to command the Haymarket performances, when perhaps the solitary instance occurred of a play damned in the presence of royalty. It was the *Contract*, taken by Doctor Thomas Franklin from the *Triple Marriage* of Destouches, and was played after one of Foote's comedies. When Foote lighted the King to his chair, his Majesty asked who the piece was written by? 'By one of your Majesty's chaplains,' said Foote, unable even then to suppress his wit; 'and dull enough to have been written by a bishop.'

the last flashes of his humour. It is at the Queen's drawing-room in January, 1777. Greeted heartily by all around him, made to feel that his infamous persecutors had not been able to sully his name, singled out for recognition by his sovereign, the old spirit for a while reasserts its sway. 'Sir George Warren,' says Cumberland, who also was present, 'had his Order snatched off his ribbon, encircled with diamonds to the value of 700*l*. Foote was there and lays it upon the parsons, having secured, as he says, his gold snuff-box in his waistcoat pocket upon seeing so many black gowns in the room.'

In May, 1777, he played at the Haymarket for the last time, in the *Devil on Two Sticks*. Cooke saw him, and says his cheeks were lank and withered, his eyes had lost their fire, and his person was sunk and emaciated. Five months later he left town for Dover, not without the presentiment that he would never return. He had a choice collection of pictures in Suffolk-street, among them a fine portrait of the incomparable comedian, Weston, who had died the preceding year; and on the day before his journey, after examining them all in a way wholly unusual with him, he suddenly stopped as he was leaving the room, went up again to Weston's picture, and, after a steady and silent gaze at it for some minutes, exclaimed with tears in his voice, 'Poor Weston!' and then turning to Jewel, with what sounded as a tone of sad reproach for his own fancied security, 'it will very soon be poor Foote, or the intelligence of my spirits deceives me.'

He reached Dover on his way to France on the 20th October, 1777, attended by one servant. He had suffered much fatigue on the journey, and next morning at breakfast was seized with a shivering fit, under which he sank in three hours. Jewel had at once been sent for, and arrived only to take charge of the body for removal to London. But before he left Dover he wished to leave some memorial there of the death of a man so celebrated, and this faithful servant and treasurer, who had been for years in attendance on him, who knew all his weakness, all his foibles, all that most intimately reveals a man's nature in the hard money business of the world, could think of nothing more appropriate for his epitaph in the church of St. Mary than to express how liberal he was in spending what too many men use all their care to keep, and he therefore ordered to be cut upon marble nothing about his humour or his genius, about his writing or his acting, but that he had a 'hand open as day to melting charity.' And so we may leave him. He lies in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, without any memorial either in stone or marble.

## I N D E X

TO THE

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